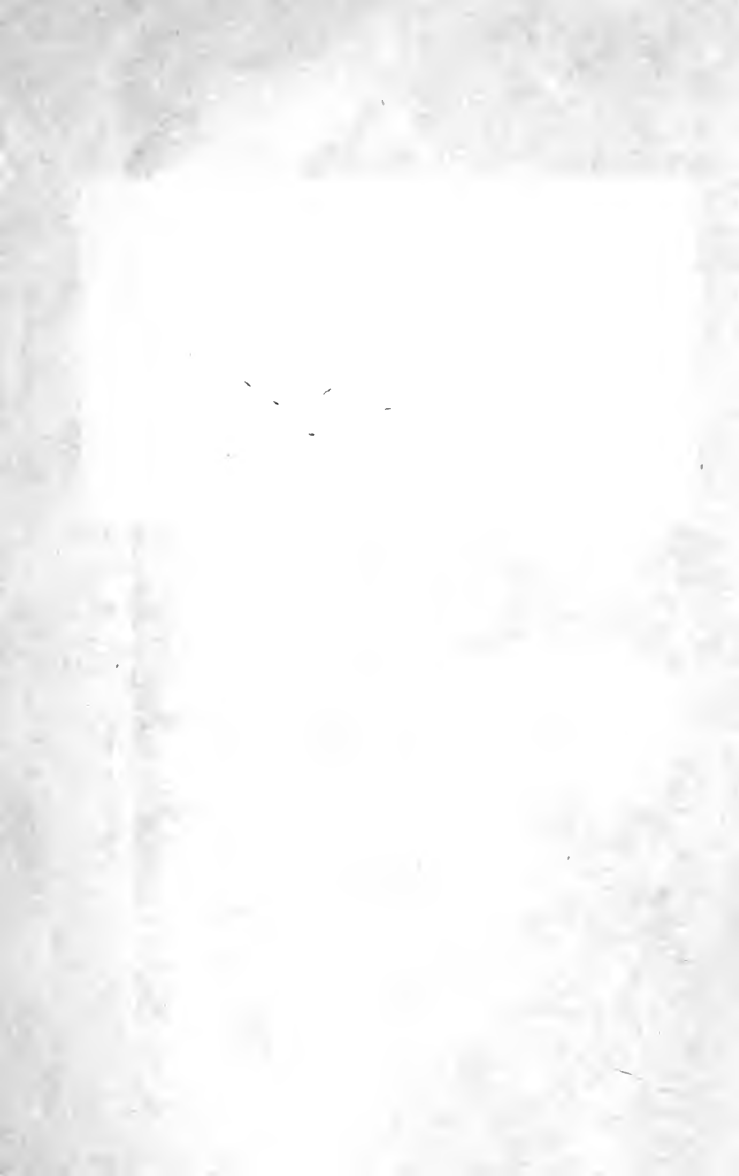


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JAMES II. AND HIS WIVES

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

BEAUTIES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

THE FLIGHT OF THE KING

SECRET CHAMBERS AND HIDING-PLACES



JAMES, DUKE OF YORK
FROM THE PAINTING BY LELY AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE

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JAMES II. AND HIS WIVES

BY
ALLAN FEA

WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

UNLIKE his unfortunate ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots, James II. is not a popular subject for a monograph, we therefore take the liberty of introducing his two wives in the title-page, though perhaps the only monarch justified in point of number to an equal share of prominence would be Henry VIII.

We do not undertake the responsibility of an attempt to whitewash the last Stuart king, our aim being to present him as he appeared to his contemporaries, and to give prominence to the side-lights of his history.

The Earl of Ailesbury's *Memoirs* (published of recent years by the Roxburghe Club) and James II.'s own *Memoirs* (now in Windsor Castle, and edited nearly a century ago by the Rev. J. S. Clarke) are our chief authorities, which are supplemented by some of the Camden Society's and the Historical Manuscript Commission publications, and the invaluable *Diaries and writings of Clarendon, Reresby, Pepys, Evelyn, Sydney, Hyde, Dangeau*, etc., etc.

Among those to whom our thanks are due for

kind permission to reproduce original portraits, etc., are :—His Gracious Majesty the King; their Graces the Dukes of Fife, Buccleuch, and Portland; the Marquis of Ailesbury; Dowager Marchioness of Bute; Earl Spencer; Viscount Dillon; Lord Lilford; Lord Peckover; Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard, Bart.; S. G. Stopford Sackville, Esq.; F. Holbrooke, Esq.; E. E. Leggatt, Esq.; Mrs. Trollope; Captain J. Bagot; S. H. H. Isaacson, Esq.; Thomas Barrett-Lennard, Esq.; the Wardens and Fellows of Wadham College, Oxford; Freeman O'Donoghlan, Esq.; F. J. Sandy, Esq.; J. Lemaitre, Esq.; Mrs. O'Shea; J. L. Rutley, Esq.; the Rev. George Ford; S. M. Ellis, Esq., and W. Walter Whitmore, Esq.

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JAMES II. AND HIS WIVES

THE YOUNG ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

OBSTINACY and arrogance were the cause of all the troubles of the last Stuart king who sat upon the throne.

James the Second would never admit that he was in the wrong or take the advice of others. With the experience before him of his brother's ruling, one would have expected at least a little caution or tact, instead of entirely ignoring the lessons he had been taught. The marvel is that this skilled seaman, in his blind endeavours to sail so reckless a course against contrary winds, did not sooner run his craft upon the rocks.

Had James been a Protestant, the probability is he would have been a success, and would have made a more dignified exit, for, take him all round, he was sincere, and had exceptional capacity for business. Of course, Charles, too, had a good head for business when he chose to set his mind to it, which was not often; but was Charles ever sincere in anything?

One cannot but admire James's loyalty to his religion. He fought in this field valiantly against overwhelming odds, with the only possible result—

defeat. And were it not for his obstinacy and arrogance he would not thus have shut his eyes to the inevitable. Charles, on the other hand, had not the moral courage to declare that he also belonged to the same faith, and for the very good reason that had he done so the throne would thenceforward have been ten times more insecure than it was.

With all his faults, James was not so despicable a character as he has been popularly dubbed. It was the case of kicking the fallen man. Comparatively little has been said of the lies that were scattered broadcast by the Whigs to bring about his downfall. In the reign of George I., the agitator Hugh Speke had the audacity to publish "The Secret History of the Happy Revolution," in which he openly confessed that he forged the printed declaration that set the mob upon the Catholics. For such good services he expected to be handsomely rewarded.

Can one wonder that against such public feeling of animosity the hero of the "warming-pan" fabrication should not have been more ambitious to recover the lost throne. In his years of retirement at Saint Germain, James II. makes a pathetic and even noble figure, against whom none of his enemies could say a word but praise. The harsh and despotic traits of his character gave way to unselfish and kindly actions, nor was the dethroned monarch ever heard to complain of his ill fortunes.

Had the troublous times permitted James, as a youth at the most impressionable age, to be under proper discipline and control, instead of being taught by those around him that he lost dignity by being governed, he would have bid fair to make as excellent a ruler as did his younger brother, the Duke of

Gloucester. Had fortune allowed the guardianship of that loyal and gallant soldier, Lord Byron, to continue in place of the rebellious teachings of Colonel Bampfylde, Sir Edward Herbert, and others equally ill-suited, James would not have had so early a belief in his own importance. But fate, which gave both Charles and James a harsh, practical training in military and naval tactics, had taught also independence, and we can readily understand that neither of them were ready to submit to their excitable mother's endeavours to rule their actions. From their earliest age their royal father instilled into their minds a spirit of resistance, viz. to fight against any attempts the Queen would probably make to draw them to her own religious faith. And truly Henrietta Maria did her utmost in this direction, but failed. Probably out of sheer obstinacy, James, though his inclinations were in sympathy, would not admit in her lifetime that he was a Roman Catholic; but three years after his mother's death it was an open secret.

Although he was thus severely handicapped, there were many who, tired of the lax ruling of the merry monarch, expected great things when James came to the throne. The astute philosopher Evelyn remarked that he observed "infinite industry, sedulity, gravity, and great understanding and experience of affairs in His Majesty, that I cannot but predict much happiness to the nation as to its political government, and that if he so persist, there could be nothing more desired to accomplish our prosperity."*

But the only thing in which James did persist was in trying to turn the country back again to the

Evelyn's "Diary," September 17, 1685.

old faith, in a blind belief that his ecclesiastical supremacy was as powerful as that which had existed in the time of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth: that he could make his will also as absolute as that of Louis XIV. His early experiences of seeing the nation struggle free from despotic government was a lesson not to be disregarded. He knew his subjects were loyal, and that the country had had enough of civil war, but he did not consider the victory that had been won by the Parliament. To ignore this and fight again for kingly power as it had been; to prove his father's mistake, as it appeared to him, of giving way and acceding to its demands, instead of opposing it—what policy could have been more disastrous? With tact Charles, by proroguing and dissolving his Parliament, had managed to keep upon the throne, and with tact James would have done so. But James was no dissembler, and soon showed that in the flurry of his first promise "to preserve the Government both in Church and State, as it is now by law established," he did not really mean anything of the sort.

In the many existing portraits of James in his young days we have a handsome and intelligent face, with usually that sad and thoughtful expression so familiar in the portraits of his father. The face is more refined than his brother Charles's—longer and thinner, with a proud and rather cynical curl to the upper lip, which in manhood looks contemptuous and scornful. His proud spirit rebelled against his mother's dictation; but for a time at least he was forced to submit to the ruling of his elder brother, and with the self-knowledge that he of the two was the more sedate, diligent, and ambitious, it was not infrequently a bitter pill to swallow when he had to

act in subservience. Still, James was ever loyal to Charles, as indeed was Charles to his younger brother.

Their haughty and vain cousin, Montpensier, has handed down a sketch of both the princes as they appeared to her upon their coming into France. From the first the elder made a bad impression, owing to his indifference to her charms. She was very anxious to create an impression, but failed miserably, and never forgave the slight upon her vanity. The young Charles did his best to be polite and ceremoniously courteous, but it went sadly against the grain, and the ice was really never broken. His lack of Court-polish and his undisguised preference for honest English fare to French kickshaws made the Duchess sneer at the idea of having such raw material to cultivate as a possible suitor; while Charles on his side made no attempt to disguise his feelings when a pretty face really caught his fancy.

But when James came under his cousin's observation she at once made favourable comparisons. "With the Queen," she says, "I found her second son, the Duke of York, a charming young Prince, between thirteen and fourteen years of age—very handsome, very well made, and of fair complexion. He spoke French with admirable fluency; which in my eyes gave him an immense advantage over the King, his brother; the remarks he made were much to the point, and I enjoyed his conversation exceedingly. There is nothing in my opinion so unbecoming to a young man as inability to express his thoughts and feelings. During the three days that I remained in Paris my apartments were crowded with visitors of all parties; but as my principal object in going thither was to comfort the Queen

of England, I devoted most of my time to her,—visiting her daily, and frequenting the promenades, escorted by the Duke of York, in whose society I enjoyed much pleasure.”*

James had been his mother's favourite son (although she admitted that Charles had the better nature of the two), perhaps because he had been the prettier baby, but she was not the sort of woman readily to give up maternal control, and when James showed signs of independence and wanted to break loose from the leading-strings, there was a battle royal in every sense of the word, in which James, like his brother before him, won the day, and went to seek his fortune and experience independently of her wishes.

It was in the loyal Isle of Jersey that Charles had first experienced the sweets of real freedom. Here his will was law, and here he learned his early lessons of kingcraft; and when James accompanied him to Jersey in September, 1649, he too was here a far more important person than he had been at Paris, Saint Germain, or the Hague.

Chevalier, the chronicler of the period, hands down a graphic picture of the royal brothers and their suite attending divine service at the old church of St. Heliers, where the aisles were strewn with rushes after the ancient, pretty, but now nearly obsolete custom. Charles made a fine appearance, and looked noble and sedate, though he always was, when he chose, easy and affable. He was dressed in deep mourning, viz. robed in purple, with purple scarf and garter, the housings and holsters of his horse of the same colour, with no ornament beyond a silver

* “Autobiography of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.”

star upon his cloak. "The Duke of York," says Chevalier, "was tall for his age and slight in figure, but remarkably lively and pleasant in his manner. His Highness was attired in an entire suit of black, without any ornament or decoration than the silver star displayed upon his mantle. He also wore a purple scarf across his shoulders."*

In crossing to Jersey from the mainland, James had an opportunity of showing his discernment at a critical moment, when the laxity of his elder brother might have led to disastrous consequences. The worthy Bishop of Coutances entertained the royal brothers at the episcopal palace, and at the seaport, Cotainville, where they were to embark, a sumptuous banquet awaited them. This and the good company proved so attractive that Charles proposed postponing the crossing until the next day; but James, with better judgment, drew attention to the fact that by so doing they would run the risk of encountering the Parliamentary ships, which, lying off Guernsey, could not now reach them, for the wind had only just changed in an easterly direction.

A Lord High Admiral of the fleet at so tender an age, with a Vice-Admiral who had never been to sea, is strangely suggestive of a popular modern operetta, yet such was the state of things when the Duke arrived from England in his fourteenth year. That part of the fleet which had not gone over to the Parliamentary side, for want of organized discipline, had fallen into mutiny, but his arrival at Helvoetsluys was welcomed with joy. James, however, was not going to have it all his own way, for the high-handed Lord Jermyn, Colonel Bampfylde (who, as

* "Charles II. in the Channel Islands," vol. ii., p. 324.

will be explained, had managed the young Dukes' escape out of England), and Dr. Goffe (the Queen's chaplain, and he who afterwards became Monmouth's tutor), all had contrary opinions as to who should take over the command; so, to settle matters, a messenger had to be despatched to Charles, in Paris, requesting him to come and put things in order.

Upon arriving from Calais (in July, 1648) Charles himself took over the command, and the Lord High Admiral had to return to the Hague and take the slight as best he could, which was the more difficult to do, because the Vice-Admiral, Lord Willoughby, was retained. The sailors, long discontented with inaction and very little beer, were soon satisfied, and when the ships were sufficiently provisioned, sail was set for the Downs.

Leaving Charles with the fleet (the ex-Parliamentarian Vice-Admiral Sir William Batten taking over Willoughby's command shortly afterwards), we must follow James, but must first go back a few months to see how he obtained his liberty from St. James's Palace.

A GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

OF all the lines of kings, the Stuarts undoubtedly were the most remarkable for the disguises they donned at various times. James V. of Scotland used to masquerade in disguise for the fun and romance of it. With the ill-fated Queen of Scots it was a matter of life and death, and her masquerading in her vain attempts to obtain her liberty had had also plenty of romance intermixed. The great-grandson of this ever-fascinating Stuart also, in his various disguises in 1651, makes a very attractive serving-man, not without its humorous side; nor must be forgotten the adventures of the last claimant of the Stuart throne, when he wandered through the western isles of Scotland.

In 1646, when the little Duke of York was left in Oxford city to fall into Fairfax's hands, Charles I. made a secret exit as a cleric, a disguise he afterwards changed for another before he gave himself up to the tender mercies of the army at Newark. A year later, when he was a prisoner at Holdenby, by the aid of loyal friends variously disguised, and complicated cyphers, he was ingeniously maturing the plan for his son's escape from the hands of his guardian, the Earl of Northumberland. It is interesting to picture the royal father, up to the last, when daily watched with redoubled vigour, still receiving and dispatching

secret letters and messages to those who were endeavouring to effect his freedom. The excitement of so deadly a game must, at least, have relieved the monotony of the weary hours of confinement at Carisbrooke. A perfection of sign-signalling had been arrived at with an attendant at table. To serve a dish in one hand or the other had its meaning, and to ask such simple questions as to whether his Majesty would partake of this or that, or to state that such and such a thing was in season, was a message in disguise of dire importance.*

So early as September, 1646, when in the Scottish camp at Newcastle, Charles wrote to Queen Henrietta—

“I have not told thee, nor had yet, but that the French ambassador tells me that he hath acquainted the Cardinal of my design to send the Duke of York to thee, for things of this nature, if they hit, are ever well, and was loath to make thee to expect so uncertain a business, the secrecy of which is earnestly recommended to thee.”

In the letter he refers to Colonel Bampfylde, who, presumably, was recommended as a secret agent by the Marquis of Hertford, to the end one of the King's most loyal and devoted friends. The Colonel, as he proved in after years, was not a person in whom to place implicit trust; still, in this service of helping to get the young Duke out of the country he acted sincerely and with discretion. But the merit perhaps of the skilful accomplishment of the transaction was more owing to the tact of a woman, and one who, as the daughter of the King's old tutor, would be a person to be trusted in such matters. This was

* See “Memoirs of the Martyr King.”

Anne Murray, whose father, Robert Murray, of Tullibardine (afterwards Provost of Eton College), had been preceptor to Charles I.*

An ingeniously arranged plot was brought to a successful issue in April, 1648. Only a few months previously a cypher key had been found in the little captive's room. This led to the discovery that an attempt to escape was about to be made. Caution, therefore, this time was doubly necessary, and the clever device was hit upon for James to accustom those in charge of him at the palace to brief periods of absence.

Anne Murray thus describes the proceedings: "All things beeing now ready, upon the 20 of April, 1648, in the evening, was the time resolved on for y^e Duke's escape, and in order to that itt was designed for a week before every night as soon as y^e Duke had suped, hee and those servants that attended his Highnese (till the Earle of Northumberland & y^e rest of the house had suped) wentt to a play called *hide and seek*, and sometimes hee would hide himselfe so well that in halfe an howers time they could not find him. His Highnese had so used them to this that when hee wentt really away they thought hee was butt att the usuall sport. A little before the Duke wentt to super that night hee called for the gardiner, who only had a treble key besides that w^{ch} y^e Duke had, and bid him give him that key till his owne was mended, w^{ch} hee did. And after his Highnese had suped, hee imediately called to goe to y^e play."†

Besides the Princess Elizabeth and her brother,

* Lyon's "Personal History of Charles II., p. 57.

† "Autobiography of Anne, Lady Halkett." Camden Society, N.S., vol. xiii., p. 21.

the Duke of Gloucester, there was another who enjoyed the evening game as much as any of them, and this was James's little pet dog, who scampered at his heels. The next thing was to lock this noisy playmate in his sister's room (who, of course, was in the secret, though her younger brother was not), and also secure the entrance to "the gallery," so that nobody from there could see him crossing the garden. Clarendon tells that the young royal prisoners were by no means strictly guarded, being allowed to roam about the grounds, and even into the park beyond *. At night, however, the garden doors were locked. That of which James had (probably by Bampfylde's bribery) obtained the key was a side exit but very little used, and therefore the most suitable for the occasion.

The young fugitive now hastened to the privy stairs, and was on the point of descending, when he heard two of his attendants talking in the passage below, so he had to conceal himself until they had departed. Another slight mishap occurred. "As he offered to slip down the stairs, his foot knocked so hard against that door which was left open that he thought the noise would occasion some looking about, and therefore stepped back to his bedroom, and there fell to read, as he frequently did of late. But no alarm being taken, he ventured down and out of the door."† Hastening across the garden "in which the statues are," says the same account, he reached the little-used door "to the tilt-yard-end, where Colonel Bamfield attended with a periwig and black patches," [and a cloak], "which the Duke having put

* See Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," book xi.

† "Clarendon State Papers," 1773, vol. ii., App., p. 47.

on, they hie to Spring Garden, as gallants come to hear the nightingale, and having passed through that, enter into a coach which one of the Colonel's friends had ready to receive them." Mr. Tripp, in charge of the hackney coach, drove them to Salisbury House (the Elizabethan mansion in the Strand, which was afterwards converted into the "Middle Exchange."* Bampfylde and his charge here alighted, and passing down a narrow subway in Ivy Lane leading to the river, took boat to the old Swan stairs by London Bridge, where they landed and entered a tavern, and went from thence to the lodgings of a surgeon named Loe. Here the services of Miss Murray came into requisition, for this lady was anxiously awaiting the fugitives with a petticoat and waistcoat of mixed mohair, of light brown and black, with under petticoat of scarlet, which had been previously made to measure.

"Ten o'clock did strike," she says, "and hee that was intrusted often wentt to the landing place and saw no boate. While I was fortifying myselfe against what might arise to mee, I heard a great noise of many as I thought comming up staires, w^{ch} I expected to be soldiers to take mee, but it was a pleasing disapointmentt, for y^e first that come in was y^e Duke, who with much joy I took in my armes and gave God thanks for his safe arrivall. His Highnese called 'Quickly, quickly dress me,' and putting of his cloaths I dresed him in the wemen's habitt that was prepared, w^{ch} fitted his Highnese very well and was very pretty in it. After he had eaten something, I made ready while I was idle lest his Highnese should be hungry, and having sentt for a Wood-street cake (w^{ch} I knew he loved) to take

* Pulled down in 1695.

in the barge with as much hast as could bee, his Highnese went crosse the bridge to y^e staires where the barge lay, C. B. [Bampfylde] leading him, and immediately the boatenmen plied the oare so well that they were soone outt of sight, having both wind and tide with y^m." *

As the bridge had to be crossed, Loe's house was evidently on the Southwark side, and presumably the barge that carried the fugitives to Tilbury was boarded at Billingsgate.†

The Colonel passed as a Mr. Andrews and the Duke as his sister, upon his way to join her husband in Holland, and had the actors played their parts well the barge-master probably would have swallowed the story; but as they were nearing Gravesend, the man, looking down into the cabin, was not a little shocked to see Mr. Andrews tying up his sister's garter, the latter's leg being stretched across the table in very unbecoming fashion.‡ His suspicions being thus aroused, and fearing the consequences, added to the fact that the wind had changed in a contrary direction, he was on the point of throwing up the job and returning to London, had not promises and threats, and an explanation that the adopted disguise was really to get the wearer out of the country, as he was heavily involved in debt, persuaded him to get them aboard the *Dutch Pride*, which was anchored off Tilbury.

The blockhouses at Gravesend were passed at considerable risk, for it was a moonlight night, but

* "Autobiography of Lady Halkett." Camden Society, N.S., vol. xiii., pp. 21-22.

† See Appendix, vol. ii., "Clarendon State Papers."

‡ James's own account of the journey in Clarke's "Life," 1816.

at this juncture fortune smiled by obscuring the moon with a mass of cloud. Lights were extinguished on board and the barge allowed to drift past with the ebbing tide. James had left St. James's on the Friday night, and before daylight had safely reached the Dutch vessel. But there were other anxieties. At noon Rainsborough's fleet was sighted in the Downs, and a calm kept the vessel almost stationary for three hours, added to which she sprang a leak, which kept the sailors busy pumping. Early on the Sunday morning they landed at Flushing.

That night the Colonel and his charge (still travelling as Mr. Andrews and his sister) put up at an inn in Middleburg, where the lady's immodesty again caused wonder and speculation. Their good hostess, anxious to make her visitors comfortable, sent her maids to attend the gentlewoman's toilet and get her into bed, but their services were rejected, and in favour of "Mr. Andrews," who occupied a bed in the same room. Whatever surmises may have been formed as to the correct relationship were set at rest next morning, when James appeared in his ordinary attire. Travelling to Dort (or Dordrecht) they were met by Lord Willoughby, Colonel Massey, and others, and, passing up the Maas towards Rotterdam, were greeted on all sides by signs of welcome. Not far from Muisland Sluice the coach of the Prince of Orange was waiting, and with his Highness was his gentleman of the bedchamber, Count Schomberg. The Prince went on board to give James greeting, and they drove to the royal residence, where "the Princess Royal came to the street door to embrace her brother." *

* "Clarendon State Papers," vol. ii., App., p. 47.

The command of the fleet under the Prince of Wales proved but a failure; Charles fell ill and funds were at low ebb. James, after the way he had been snubbed, naturally did not feel disposed to be used in the emergency, so the dashing Rupert had to come and save the situation, and his vigour and individuality soon set matters right.

Among the diversions at the Hague, the ex-High Admiral forgot his grievance, and while Charles, convalescent from an attack of smallpox, devoted his spare moments to the attractive Welsh girl, Lucy Walter, James was by no means blind to the "caps" set at him by the pretty faces at the Court of the Prince of Orange. But gloom was suddenly cast over everything. James had no sooner reached the impoverished circle of the Queen mother at the Louvre, whither he had been summoned, than the stunning news came of Charles I.'s beheading.

The summer following, the heir to the throne left the Hague to join his mother at Saint Germain, and in September he and the Duke of York started for the sojourn previously mentioned at the loyal island of Jersey. James was left behind when his brother returned to France in the following February, prior to his expedition into Scotland, and continued there seven months. Returning to Paris on September 17, James's position was far from a pleasant one, and he had to swallow his pride as best he could. His brother Charles had left him practically dependent upon the Queen mother, who herself was in remarkably straitened circumstances. Though Charles himself had rebelled against Henrietta's dictation, he had left commands that the Duke should conform himself entirely to her will and pleasure, except in matters of

religion.* And this was the very thing that James's disposition and early training made him disinclined to do. Moreover, the poverty of his retainers as compared with the lavish splendour of his French associates, drew down contempt upon him. Added to this the natural pluck and spirit of youth pined for activity, and when his favoured advisers, Sir George Radcliffe and Sir Edward Herbert, and his chaplain, Dr. Henry Killigrew, in their own ambitious wishes to get him beyond his mother's influence, came forward with a scheme of independent action, James willingly jumped at it.

Dr. Richard Stewart, who also was anxious to get James away from his mother's influence, received the following letter from Charles in Scotland :—

“December 18, 1650.

“MR. DEANE,†

“Being very well informed of Sir George Ratliffs ill tamperings with my brother the D. of Yorke, particularly that he did endeavour to persuade him he had enemies about me who did him such ill offices, as if he hiselfe had not beene in the way to sett all right againe, might have lessened my affection to my brother ; w^{ch} (in earnest) is such an untruth as there can be no ground or reason for, but that he may that way insinuat hiselfe into my brother, for his own ends how great and dangerous a disservice so ever is he to me. Because I understand my brother's chaplaines (especially Dr. Killigrew) has been instrumentall in this and are busy and active in other matters beside and beyond there calling, I believe

* Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," book xiii.

† Dean of the Chapel Royal.

only for the same ends, I thought to acquaint you with it, that you may (with such moderation and discretion as is fitt in so tender a case) represent the ill consequence of it to my brother. The truth is, if my brother could handsomely be persuaded to change for Dr. Earles, or Dr. Morly, or both, it would be a great satisfaction to me, and I believe such a service to my brother as we both shall find much advantage by. I need not give you any caution for the managing of this business, you know the consequences of it better than I can at this distance, and the way to it, and I therefore referre it to your discretion and myselfe to your praiers, assuring you that I am and allwaies will be true to my Principles and

“Your affectionate and constant friend,

“CHARLES R.”*

The truth was that a report of Charles's death in Scotland had hastened the action of James's advisers. Without explaining their plans, he and his suite abruptly departed for Brussels, where the Duke of Lorraine, putting faith in the rumour, was all affability, disbursing a sum of money for present needs, and quite willing to part with his daughter should the English Prince make a serious proposal; but as there was nothing authoritative to prove that this alliance, approved by James's friends, was desired by the highest representatives of the English Court, that idea was soon abandoned.

To justify the Duke's action in his sudden

* The above letter is in the possession of Oscott College, Birmingham, and I am much indebted to the bursar, Mr. F. J. Sandy, for a transcript.

departure, Dr. Richard Stewart (Ex-Dean of St. Paul's), who accompanied him, wrote to Secretary Nicholas:

"The Duke in this remove, hath not only done what is justifiable, but that indeed which, when all grounds are known, he deserves to be commended for, only there is so much secret in it, that it is better for his Highness to undergo some men's censures, than to put himself to the disadvantage of undermining them. Truth will out at last, and by the grace of God, time enough. I beseech you believe me to be neither of their opinion, who taught the last King of France to dishonour and despise his mother, nor yet of theirs neither, who think the Fifth Commandment makes a queen mother a queen regent."

Still pinched for money, James wrote to Sir Edward Nicholas for a loan of £2000. The straits to which he was reduced in November (1650) is revealed in a letter to Lord Culpepper, which runs as follows:—

"MY LORD,

"The King's horses are to be sold for money to pay for their meat. Some of them are much pris^d by his Ma^{ty} and cannot be sold to their worth: therefore I desire that you would laye downe the money due for their charges, so that the King's honor may be preserved, and the best of y^e horses still kept for y^e King's use: wth w^{ch} I am sure his Ma^{ty} will be well pleased.

"I rest your lovinge friend,

"JAMES." *

* Nicholas correspondence.

He had expected help from his brother-in-law; but the Prince of Orange had just died, leaving a young widow not yet twenty, and funds were low. From Rhenen he repaired to the Hague, where his reception by the Dutch people was none too cordial; consequently he withdrew to Breda, and at length, having run down to his last penny, he was forced to return to Paris, crestfallen truly, but the last person to admit that he had made an error.

Meanwhile peacemakers had paved the way, so James received a better welcome than he had expected, and something substantial, at least in theory, a settled allowance from the privy purse of France. The reception, however, of his advisers, who had so ill-managed his affairs, and who had no excuse to offer for their hurried departure for Brussels, was decidedly frigid. The breach between mother and son had by no means healed, and James found himself in a position almost as uncomfortable as before, for his pension was paid in a very intermittent fashion. Necessity compelled him to stand aloof from the gaieties and frivolities of his companions, and to look on and not participate must have had a souring tendency in one of his age, naturally high-spirited. He longed to throw in his lot with his brother now advancing towards Worcester, but was forced to remain inactive awaiting the result of the struggle.

At last came news of the disastrous defeat; monotony at least was relieved by the return of the vanquished Charles. James, having sent on his coach to his brother at Rouen, on October 30 went to meet him at Magnie, the Queen mother and a noble cavalcade receiving him at Mouceaux, near Paris.

Upon Charles's arrival in the city, Radcliffe,

having so ill-managed everything, had to give way to Sir John Berkeley's influence when the Duke's real governor, Byron, died; and Sir John did his best to improve his own position at the same time. The easiest way to accomplish this was to find James a wife with a well-filled purse.

"There was then," says Clarendon, "a lady in the town, Mademoiselle de Longueville, the daughter of the Duke de Longueville by his first wife, by whom she was to inherit a very fair revenue, and had title to a very considerable sum of money which her father was obliged to account for: so that she was looked upon as one of the greatest and richest marriages in France, in respect of her fortune; in respect of her person, not at all attractive, being a lady of a very low stature, and that stature no degree straight. This lady Sir John designed for the Duke; and treated with those ladies who were nearest to her, and had been trusted with the education of her, before he mentioned it to his Royal Highness."*

James, seeing the advantage of a good dowry, was quite willing to make a match of it. He was never very particular about the good looks of his lady-loves, which brought forth the sarcastic observation from his brother that they were given to him by his priests as a penance. As the prospects of the exiled Stuarts were not very brilliant, this alliance was as distasteful to the French Court as that between Charles and the Duchess de Montpensier. So there was an end of it, and James had to look elsewhere for a spouse.

* Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," book xiii.

THE DUKE WINS LAURELS AND LOSES HIS HEART

IT would be interesting to know from what time James's secret leaning towards the Roman Catholic faith may be dated. Though in opposition to his mother and in obedience to his brother he would never own his real convictions in religion, he showed from youth a tendency to Catholicism, but was far too discreet and cautious to openly acknowledge it. His few weeks' sojourn with the worthy fathers of the Abbey of St. Amand, upon his way from the Hague to Paris in February, 1648-9, probably had some influence, although he afterwards declared that nobody had made an effort to bring about his conversion. In the winter of 1650, when James was in Brussels, he attended several services in the Catholic church, as Dr. Stewart said, mainly to hear the music and to watch certain ceremonies; "but he always sat incognito where very few saw him." * The Royalist Secretary of State, Sir Edward Nicholas, was much scandalized at such proceedings, and wrote frequently, denouncing it as a mortal sin. On her side the Queen mother was far from vexed, and when her elder son had quitted Paris for Scotland, she dismissed her Protestant chaplain, Cosin, with the

* Letter from Dr. Stewart to Secretary Nicholas, December 8, 1650. Cary's "Memorials."

explanation that the Queen Regent of France would no longer tolerate a Protestant chapel within the royal palace.

The Protestants of Henrietta's household naturally cried out bitterly, and sought the intercession of the Chancellor Hyde, who prayed her to consider "what ill impression this new order would make upon all the Protestants of all the King's dominions, upon whom he was chiefly to depend for his restoration—likewise whether this order, which had been given since the departure of the Duke of York, might not be made use of as an excuse for his not returning." Henrietta saw the truth of this, and finally promised that Cosin should still receive his salary, and that those who wished could have their devotions privately in their own dwellings, but that the former place of worship (an underground room in the Louvre) would no longer be devoted to that purpose.*

Upon his return to Paris, it was James's ambition to become a volunteer in the French army, but the emptiness of his purse debarred him from obtaining a decent outfit. Charles, poor as he was himself when he came from England, was shocked to find his brother so hard up, and helped him as far as he could out of the small pension he was receiving from France. After much debating it was at length decided at Mazarin's suggestion that the Duke should try his metal under Marshal Turenne, and in this period of his career James shows to the best advantage, not only displaying marked zeal and courage, but endearing himself to everybody with whom he came in contact, including the famous general.

The most important steps in James's career were

* Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," book xiii.

usually surrounded by a certain amount of mystery. His departure therefore from Paris to join Turenne before Chartres in April, 1652, was necessarily enveloped in his usual secrecy.

That absurd and complicated civil war, the Fronde, was raging in its third edition. Mazarin, the cause, had so shaken up the dice-box that the game had taken a fresh footing. Condé and Turenne, the greatest soldiers of the age, had changed about, and were fighting on opposite sides. Turenne, now for the Court party, was commanding the army of his former enemies, and Condé for the Frondeurs fighting with a combined army of French, Germans, and Spaniards against former allies.

The action of this war is suggestive of two of the greatest actors wasting their art and energies upon a feeble and worthless play. The Royalists had a determined opponent in Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who, holding the town of Orleans, forced them to cross the Loire to Gien. Here Turenne encamped while Marshal d'Hocquincourt made his quarters at Bleneau. At midnight the latter was attacked and put to rout by Condé, but next day at Gien the presence of his formidable enemy changed the state of affairs. Again, at Etampes, Condé suffered another defeat. On July 2 a fierce encounter took place at the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which Turenne had the advantage, until the spirited Montpensier played upon his army with cannon-balls from the Bastille while Condé effected his entrance into the city. The Prince for the moment being master of Paris, the Court fled in alarm to Pontoise; but in disgust at the treachery of the Cardinal de Retz, he shortly afterwards quitted the capital and joined the Spanish

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GENERAL COUNT SCHOMBERG
FROM THE PAINTING BY WISSING AT ALTDORF

army under the Duke of Lorraine, while Louis XIV., escorted by Turenne, returned in state to the Louvre.

The royal Stuart volunteer was in the thick of the engagement at Etampes. Valiant Marshal Schomberg (who, by turn of the wheel of fortune, was fighting against James at the Boyne in 1690) received a wound while standing by his friend's side, but James came out without a scratch.

The third campaign under Turenne included the relief of Arras (of which James gives a detailed but dull account in his memoirs*), and the fourth the sieges of Landrecy and Saint Guislain. At Arras Condé and his Spanish forces lost heavily, three thousand prisoners falling into Turenne's hands; but the Prince turned the tables on Turenne at the siege of Valenciennes in 1656, the general himself with four thousand men being captured. Eventually a treaty between Mazarin and Cromwell put James in a predicament, and the next year found him fighting against his old general and friends in the French army, on Condé's side for the Spaniards.

On the losing side at the battle of the Dunes, James had several narrow escapes. He fought with marked valour. In a desperate charge made by his horse guards, he says, "All at the head of my own troop were either killed or wounded; of which number I had been one had not the goodness of my arms preserved me." But another assault was more successful. "I put myself immediately at the head of my forty guards," he says, "and charged that battalion so home that I broke into them, doing great execution upon them . . . we ran a great danger by the butt ends of their muskets, as by the

* See Clarke's "Life of James II.," 1816.

volley which they had given us. And one of them had infallibly knocked me off my horse if I had not prevented him when he was just ready to have discharged the blow, by a stroke I gave him with my sword over the face, which layed him along upon the ground."* The Spanish army, however, was routed, and James, Condé, Don John, and the rest had to fly for their lives. With the surrender of Dunkirk, Spain, having been at war for a quarter of a century, thought it was about time to cede for peace.

The Duke's secretary, Sir William Coventry, paid him a great tribute by recounting his valour some years after to Mr. Pepys. No man, he said, was in "hotter service" or did braver things in desperate straits; he had ready and independent judgment and was "naturally martial to the highest degree, yet a man that never in his life talks one word of himself or service of his owne."†

In his flitting visits to Paris between his several campaigns, James presented a far more dignified bearing than formerly. Military activity had improved his spirits, and he had become more manly. "The Duke of York," said one of the *Intelligencers* in London, "is in high favour, and is cried up for the most accomplished gentleman, both in arms and courtesie that graces the French court." Charles, always prone to be jealous of his younger brother, and desirous of keeping him in the background, inwardly deeply resented the way he was now flattered, and the comparison between his own indolence galled him with the knowledge that his own position was now almost as insignificant as James's

* James II.'s Memoirs (Clarke's "Life," 1816).

† Pepys' "Diary," June 4, 1664.

had been before he had won his laurels. Secretary Thurloe wrote that his advisers strongly recommended a visit to Scotland in preference to dancing day and night and being pressed with creditors. In the summer, therefore, of 1654 the exiled king removed to Spa, and thence to Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne. Here he endeavoured to reform his lax mode of living, outwardly at least, for he had sense enough to know that his future prospects depended upon it. Charles next held Court at Bruges, where he remained until the welcome news was brought of Cromwell's death, at which juncture both James and Charles removed to Brussels.

Some time before this, in the winter of 1656, James became captivated with the charms of the lady who was eventually to become his bride. Anne Hyde, eldest daughter of the great Lord Clarendon, attended the Princess Royal when she came to Paris to visit the Queen mother and be introduced, for the first time, to her younger sister, Henrietta. The young widow was feted with a continual whirl of entertainments, which, after her comparatively dull Court at the Hague, proved very fascinating, and the maid of honour on her side was enraptured with the gaiety after the starched decorum of her father's house at Breda. James met his sister on the frontier, and the handsome young soldier who had won laurels with Turenne doubtless made a great impression on Mistress Hyde. The Prince, like his brother, was of an amorous disposition, but good looks did not always count first with him. Cleverness and wit usually had more weight than mere external daintiness. But Anne Hyde, then not quite twenty years of age, was not the coarse and fat woman that

most of her portraits painted in after years represent her to be. The portrait of her with which one is most familiar is a vulgar, cook-like person with her hand up to her head, an attitude she principally affected, presumably to show her plump arms off to advantage. Her expression in these is forbidding, and justifies Burnet's observation that she could be severe with those she did not like. But the biassed bishop also spoke truly when he said, "she had great knowledge and a lively sense of things."

Anne's mother was Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Ailesbury, in whose residence, Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, she was born on March 12, 1636-7. A few months after Charles I.'s execution, Clarendon's wife and children quitted England for Antwerp, where they remained during the Chancellor's embassy to Spain; and while he was with the exiled King at Paris they were provided with a house at Breda by the Princess of Orange, who in 1654 placed Mistress Hyde in her household. The young maid of honour had been carefully and strictly brought up, particularly in regard to religion, and though ostensibly a Protestant she did not declare her real belief until after the Restoration. From the age of twelve until then, it had been her custom to secretly confess to her father's friend, George Morley, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

Contemporary records have not much to say about the attachment between James and Anne Hyde in its early stages. James himself declared that from the time he first saw her he resolved to marry her, and it is very evident she had sufficient wit and ambition to fan the flame she had created. It is doubtful, however, whether James's intentions were

entirely honourable. His brother Charles at this period was a notorious libertine, and the probability is James, with his brother's example before him, would have preferred to possess the lady rather as a mistress than a wife. It will always be doubtful whether Charles did not really go through a form of marriage with Lucy Walter, and she certainly possessed some important documents which were afterwards got out of her possession.* James may have had the same intention in view when he was contracted to Anne at Breda on November 24, 1659. That, at any rate, was Lord Sandwich's opinion, who said by stealth he had actually got a paper promising marriage, signed with his blood, out of her cabinet, and it was not the first time he had done this sort of thing abroad.† Be this as it may, James eventually set matters right by having another marriage ceremony performed in London a few months after the Restoration.

During the last two or three years of their exile, Charles and James were by no means on a friendly footing, and the elder brother was not consulted or let into the secret of James's infatuation for Anne Hyde; when, therefore, the story of the marriage was told he was angry and indignant. With a good match in view for his favourite child, Clarendon, soon after the festivities of the Restoration, instructed his daughter to come over to England. But when she arrived a terrible blow was in store for him. Knowing that the secret must shortly come out, James made an open breast of the affair to his brother with tears, begging permission on his knees that he might

* *Vide* "King Monmouth."

† *Vide* Pepys' "Diary," October 7, 1660.

publicly marry Mistress Hyde before an expected arrival made its appearance. It was a delicate matter, and one beset with difficulties, for as yet both the lady's father and her future mother-in-law were in ignorance how far matters had gone. Charles showed his usual tact by consulting two noblemen who were Clarendon's most intimate friends: the Marquis of Ormonde and the Earl of Southampton. The father's feelings may best be judged from his own words (referring to himself in the third person)—

"They no sooner met than the Marquis of Ormond told the Chancellor that he had a matter to inform him of that he doubted would give him much trouble, and therefore advised him to compose himself to hear it, and then told him that the Duke of York had owned a great affection for his daughter to the King and that he much doubted that she was with child by the Duke, and that the King required the advice of them and of him what he was to do. The manner of the Chancellor's receiving this advertisement made it evident enough that he was struck with it to the heart, and had never had the least jealousy or apprehension of it. He broke out into a very immoderate passion against the wickedness of his daughter, and said with all imaginable earnestness, 'that as soon as he came home he would turn her out of his house as a strumpet to shift for herself, and would never see her again.' They told him that his passion was too violent to administer good council to him, that they thought that the Duke was married to his daughter, and that there were other measures to be taken than those which the disorder he was in had suggested to him. Whereupon he fell into new commotions, and said if

that were true he was well prepared to advise what was to be done ; that he had much rather his daughter should be the Duke's whore than his wife ; in the former case nobody could blame him for the resolution he had taken, for he was not obliged to keep a whore for the greatest prince alive ; and the indignity to himself he would submit to the good pleasure of God. But if there were any reason to suspect the other he was ready to give a positive judgment, in which he hoped their lordships would concur with him, that the King should immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard that no person living should be permitted to come to her, and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off her head, to which he would not only give his consent, but would very willingly be the first man that should propose it. And whoever knew the man will believe that he said all this very heartily."

Charles himself now tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by persuading his minister to pacify his grief and advise him what he would wish him to do under the circumstances, for his brother had declared that if he would not sanction the union he would at once leave the Kingdom and spend his life abroad. The weighty discussion ended in nothing definite, for into the room walked the Duke himself, and Charles, evidently fearing a scene, adroitly turned the conversation, and, taking his brother's arm, led him out of danger.

The feelings of the unfortunate Mistress Hyde all this time must have been far from pleasant. She was in her father's house awaiting the bomb to burst at

any moment. And the crisis was not far off. The interview at Whitehall over, Clarendon returned, commanding his wife to keep Anne practically a prisoner in her own room. Fathers in these days were not treated as nonentities by their grown-up daughters, who took their punishments meekly like little nursery children of to-day. The Duke, however, did not take his half-share of the punishment in good part, and complained to the King, who tried to talk the stern parent into leniency. The Chancellor, however, justly pleaded that as the prisoner had not discharged the duty of a daughter there was no reason why the duties of a father should be neglected and he humbly begged his Majesty not to forbid anything that his own dignity required. Anne therefore still enjoyed the privacy of her own chamber to entertain the royal Duke in his nocturnal visits, for as her custodians were sympathetic, James was thus enabled to prolong the romance of this clandestine love affair.

JAMES MARRIES THE CHANCELLOR'S DAUGHTER

BEFORE speaking further about the marriage between James and Anne Hyde we must go back a little to events preceding the Restoration. After the long spell of misfortune, the dark cloud overhanging the Stuarts at last showed signs of melting away. The political changes following Cromwell's death no longer necessitated Charles and James to hold aloof from French territory. With General Monk's invitation to return, great people from all quarters who had turned the cold shoulder now courted and congratulated. What a feast for the eyes, after such poverty, to see gold to the amount of thirty thousand pounds, which the English Commissioners brought with them to Holland. Charles had the money spread out that his brother might enjoy the sight of this once scarce commodity.

The eve of the Restoration, naturally enough, was one continual flow of gaiety. We have very interesting and accurate pictures of the State ball given at the Hague, and of the banquet given by the States General in Charles's honour. The former, a painting by Janssens at Windsor, depicts the young King gracefully stepping it with his sister, Mary of Orange, who spreads her skirts like the lady in Frith's well-known "Claude Duval." James is seated by the

Princess Henrietta, and next to her, Queen Henrietta ; Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, is also seated. The young Duke of Gloucester and his nephew, the little Prince of Orange, are also there, and among the ladies in attendance, of course, Mistress Hyde.

Of the other picture, by Torenvliet, there is a brilliant engraving in the contemporary work of Charles's sojourn at the Hague prior to his embarkation. The portraits in it are as accurate as the inimitable Samuel Cooper's. Beneath a canopy of state, at a raised table loaded with a plentiful supply of small birds (with only one spoon among the whole party to manipulate them*), sits Charles, between his rather wrinkled mother and the Princess Royal. On the Queen mother's right sits the long-faced Duke of York, and next to him his brother Gloucester, and opposite to James a little boy, who, twenty-eight years afterwards, was to drive him from his throne. There are many noble lords-in-waiting and others enjoying the good fare ; but ladies, excepting the two already mentioned, are conspicuous by their absence. The saloon is elaborately decorated and lighted with numerous candles, formal arrays of which stand in rows in the window-casements.

Sir Edward Montagu (soon after to be created Earl of Sandwich), in command of the English fleet, was cruising the coast of Holland awaiting orders for the King's crossing to Dover. Pepys, with the little boy of "my lord," as he prematurely called him, landed at Scheveling on May 17, and introduces us to the royal family with his vivid flashes of realism : "So to the Hague," he says, "intending to find one

* It is amusing to note that in a recent large sale this framed engraving was described as "Charles II. supping with Lucy Walter."

that might show us the King incognito." He hadn't to wait long, for happening to meet a certain Captain Whittington and a Dr. Cade, "a merry mad parson of the King's," they were taken off "to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's and the Princess Royal's hands."

Charles, whose clothes not long before had not been worth forty shillings, was now attired in raiment befitting his rank. He gave the diarist the impression of being a very sober man. Next they were introduced to the great Clarendon, who was in bed with the gout; then the Queen of Bohemia and Dr. Fuller. Speaking of Queen Henrietta, who received them respectfully, he says, "She seems a very *débonnaire* but plain lady." Three days later Pepys returned to his ship. On the 22nd the Lord High Admiral, the Duke of York, "in yellow trimmings," accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, "in grey and red," arrived from the shore in a Dutch boat. Having given some instructions regarding the ships, James and his brother dined with Montagu, a harpist performing during the repast. The royal brothers then returned to the shore to join the King, in whose honour a continual salute was fired, Pepys himself firing one of the guns and nearly blowing out one of his eyes! Next day Charles joined his brothers, and with the Princess Royal and other great people came on board and rechristened the *Naseby*, in which he was to sail, with his own name—

"The *Naseby* now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles his name."

The *Richard* henceforth was to be *James*; the *Dunbar*,

Henry; the *Lambert*, *Henrietta*; the *Speaker*, *Mary*, and so forth.

The ceremony performed, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the *London*, and the Duke of Gloucester the *Swiftsure*. "Which done," says Pepys, "we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England." Charles and his brothers having breakfasted off peas, pork, and boiled beef, "I spoke with the Duke of York," continues Pepys, "about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour." This promise he did not forget; but the worthy clerk of the Admiralty well earned royal patronage, for the great improvements in the Navy during this reign, for which James gets sometimes the entire credit, were originally mostly Pepys' suggestions. These reforms, however, were principally after 1673, when Pepys was appointed Secretary of the Navy.

James had ever the welfare and glory of the fleet in view, and never was it improved with such rapid strides. Not the least important of the acts brought about by his efforts was the planting eleven thousand acres of oak trees in the forest of Dean, in 1668, for the use of the Navy. In James's reign bombshells first appeared in sea engagements, as well as experiments for armouring men-of-war. During his brief reign, no less than sixty vessels were added to the fleet. Notwithstanding the vast improvements he had made for the men and officers in the service, when Dutch William came over James had the mortification of seeing every one of his fighting ships turn traitor. Many commanders, truly, had



JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, AS LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.
FROM THE PAINTING BY RILEY IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF ...

the decency to resign, but the majority went over readily to the new monarch.

The joyful entry into London on Charles's birthday, May 29, must have been a sight to dwell in people's memory. "I stood in the Strand and beheld it and blessed God," says Evelyn, who describes the twenty thousand horse and foot brandishing swords and shouting joy; flower bedecked roads, streets hung with tapestry, bells ringing, and fountains of wine; "lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking even as far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two in the afternoon till nine at night."*

The Dukes of York and Gloucester had their separate little Courts at Whitehall. They were much in one another's company, enjoying gaieties which their late necessitous circumstances tended to enhance. When the handsome brothers were in the park or at the play there was a marked flutter among the ladies. Nor were the young Dukes by any means indifferent to the fair sex. Sir John Reresby tells us that the two were as amorous as their crowned brother, and that the aggressors were usually the women.†

But, alas! the hours of the younger Prince were numbered, and the rejoicings of the Restoration had scarcely ended when his sudden death cast the first gloom over the reinstated House of Stuart.

Among the Duke of York's most intimate friends at this time was the nephew of his former governor,

* Evelyn's "Diary," May 29, 1660.

† Reresby's "Memoirs," September 10, 1660.

Lord Berkeley of Stratton. Sir Charles,* like the Duke, had distinguished himself in the campaigns abroad, and being of an ambitious nature, like his uncle, had made himself a very agreeable companion, not only to James but to Charles, by pandering to his fancies. Though his tastes and morals were of a low order, by nature he was generous and kind. The devotion of his family to the Stuarts, however, in him could only be displayed in a despicable and sycophantic form. Charles was ever ruled by his pleasures, and Berkeley, like Buckingham and the rest of his boon companions, had brains enough to aid their own advancement in accordance. The part Sir Charles Berkeley acted at the time that Mistress Hyde was clamouring for the rights of her marriage being duly acknowledged by the Duke of York, however, was both ignominious and despicable. In the hopes of extricating James from an entanglement which was far from creditable in the eyes of the royal family, he circulated various scandalous stories, which, by arrangement with some of his associates, could be confirmed by their declaration; moreover, he volunteered to victimize himself by marrying the lady who was so anxious to be owned a wife. How far James or Charles were in this plot it is difficult to conjecture, judging by those days of complicated intrigue, but, anyhow, Berkeley was the cat's-paw, and eventually made a very sorry figure, and the marvel is that James, usually credited with an unforgiving nature, should ever overlook such an insult.

Bishop Burnet confirms what Clarendon says, that in this marriage of his daughter's, he foresaw his own

* He was the second son of Sir Charles Berkeley, of Bruton, and brother of Admiral Sir William Berkeley.

downfall; but the position taken up by the Chancellor when matters had gone so far, is far from creditable to a parent. To the King he declared that upon the matter he looked "with so much detestation that, though I could have wished that your brother had not thought it fit to put this disgrace upon me, I had much rather submit and bear it with all humility than that it should be repaired by making her his wife; the thought whereof I do so much abominate that I had much rather see her dead with all the infamy that is due to her presumption." *

By Clarendon's lengthy version of the story he only succeeds in making himself appear as much a sycophant as Sir Charles Berkeley, and it is remarkable that an indignant father should not have vented some of his pent-up indignation against the object of all the trouble. Yet, strangely enough, the subject is never broached when the Duke appears upon the scene. James, in the House of Peers, says Clarendon, "frequently sat by him upon the wool-sack, that he might the more easily confer with him upon the matters which were debated, and receive his advice how to behave himself, which made all men believe that there had been a good understanding between them. And yet it is very true that in all that time the Duke never spake one word to him of that affair." † The painful subject, however, at length was broached by the Duke himself, who had heard erroneous rumours that Clarendon was about to complain of his wrongs to the Parliament. But upon this occasion, when one would have expected he would have championed his daughter's cause, he placidly declared he "was not concerned to vindicate"

* Continuation of the "Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon." † *Ib.*

her from improbable scandals, as she had "disobeyed and deceived him too much for him to be over confident that she might not deceive any other man."* Nevertheless, the Chancellor was so far interested to make sure of his daughter's hold upon the Duke. According to Pepys, he got the pair of them, with "her woman, my Lord Ossory and a doctor to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom concerning all the circumstances of their wedding."† The proofs she had to produce, says Burnet, were examined, by order of the King, by some clerical and legal authorities,‡ with the result that Anne was publicly acknowledged to be the Duchess by right, in ample time before the little Charles, Duke of Cambridge, made his appearance on October 22, 1660.

At Worcester House, in the Strand, then Lord Clarendon's residence, on September 3 previously, between the hours of eleven at night and two in the morning, Anne Hyde and James were remarried according to the rites of the English Church, by Dr. James Crowther, the Duke's chaplain, Lord Ossory giving the bride away. Clarendon can scarcely have been in ignorance of the date, but his misplacing events is strangely confusing. He places the death of the young Duke of Gloucester, which occurred ten days after Anne Hyde's marriage, as happening before he had any knowledge of James's relations with his daughter. Moreover, he states that when Queen Henrietta came over to England (which was in the beginning of November in this year) James asked his mother's pardon "for having placed his affections so

* Continuation of "Life of Clarendon."

† "Diary," February 23, 1660-1.

‡ Burnet's "Own Time."

unequally, of which he was sure there was now an end ; that *he was not married*, and had now such evidence of her unworthiness that he should no more think of her." *

Of all who were opposed to the alliance, the Queen Dowager was the most bitter. Her departure from France was hastened with the hope that she would be in time to prevent it, and naturally the Princess Royal was equally opposed to a match that would place her socially beneath her own maid of honour. James was severely tabooed for a time, and the passionate Frenchwoman declared that whenever that woman should be brought to Whitehall by one door, she would go out by another, and never enter again.

It was probably at this time of discord that Sir Charles Berkeley did that heroic act in trying to fabricate a base scandal. Jermyn,† another gay spark of the Court, was accommodating and chivalrous enough to turn innocent flirtations that had taken place between him and Mistress Hyde at the Hague into less savoury reminiscences. But Berkeley's plot only succeeded in bringing discredit upon himself. James never believed his story, though he may have wished it to appear so for a time, and the fact of his forgiving so readily is sufficient proof that for a time he winked at it.

That his wife should forgive as readily is another matter, and remarkable in the face of the fact that usually she did not readily forget an injury. For the spirit and determination by which she eventually obtained her rights one can have nothing but admiration, and it must indeed have been a triumph when the

* Continuation of "Life of Clarendon."

† Harry Jermyn, afterwards Lord Dover.

maligners of her reputation had to cower in abject submission, owning the stories they had invented to be base and false. When the Duke brought Berkeley to the Duchess, he cast himself at her feet, says Clarendon, "with all the acknowledgments and penitence he could express, and she, according to the command of the Duke, accepted his submission, and promised to forget the offence."

And the humiliation of Jermyn, Killigrew, Talbot, and the Earl of Arran, upon being introduced to the Duchess, was no less galling to those gentlemen who had tried to cast a slur upon her character. Nor did the Queen mother take her departure without relenting her harsh conduct. Seeing how far things had gone, her austerity was less severe, especially when her animosity was not approved by the weighty Cardinal in France, so the Duchess was graciously received as her henceforward beloved daughter. As for the Princess Royal, she had made a premature departure, never to return, on December 24, only a little over three months after the death of her brother Gloucester. But she expressed sorrow on her death-bed that she had been so unkind to her sister-in-law.

A curious sidelight to the amicable settlement of this unfortunate affair is related by Evelyn: "There dined with me" (October 7, 1660) "a French Count, with Sir George Tuke, who came to take leave of me, being sent over to break the marriage of the Duke with the daughter of Chancellor Hyde. The Queen would fain have undone it, but it seems matters were reconciled on great offers of the Chancellor's to befriend the Queen, who was much in debt, and was now to have the settlement of her affairs go through his hands."

JAMES AND HIS FIRST WIFE

THE humiliating position of the Chancellor's daughter during the latter months of the year of the Restoration, when she was practically a prisoner in her father's house, must have been trying for a woman of her spirit and pride; and when the eventful day arrived of the appearance of the Duke's son and heir, in the presence of the great ladies of the court, the Bishop of Worcester thought fit to put some questions to her of a very embarrassing nature. The select committee, however, were satisfied with her answers, and a favourable report having been sent to the Duke, after he had received Berkeley's admission that his story had been fabricated to get his royal friend out of the difficulty, his Highness sent "gracious message that he would speedily visit his wife, giving her instructions to "have a care for his son." *

But, alas! the little Charles Stuart, Duke of Cambridge, died before he was seven months old. † The title seems to have been fatal to James's sons, for the succeeding Dukes of Cambridge all passed away in their infancy. In July, 1663, the second Duke, James, appeared; and in the same month of the following year, the third, with a twin brother, Duke of Kendal. ‡

* Continuation of "Life of Clarendon." † *Ob.* May 5, 1661.

‡ *Ob.* May 22, 1667.

Edgar, Duke of Cambridge, was born in September, 1667,* following another son born July 4, 1666.

Of his daughters, Mary and Anne, of course, succeeded to the throne, but there were two younger sisters, Henrietta, born in January, 1669, and Catherine, born in February, 1671, neither of whom lived a year. So altogether James's misfortunes fell upon him from the early years of his married life. But of the children more anon.

The year 1661 dawned with sunshine for the Duchess, and she took up her new position with the dignity well befitting the spouse of one so versed in formal etiquette. A shrewd contemporary says her air of majesty and grandeur came naturally, as if she had been born to support so high a rank,† and the French ambassador observes, "She upholds with as much courage, cleverness, and energy the dignity to which she has been called as if she were of the blood of kings."‡ Bishop Burnet says she overdid her part in this direction, and "took state on her rather too much," and her haughtiness eventually created many enemies. But no one represents the gossip of the day so well as Mr. Pepys, who dubs her "the proudest woman in the world." The reaction from the subjection in her father's house to so exalted a position doubtless caused jealousy among those formerly above her, who would naturally be on the alert to notice the less favourable side of her character. But for all her pride she possessed many very excellent qualities, and was a kind and faithful friend to those she liked. But she possessed little of that gentleness

* *Ob.* June 8, 1671.

† De Gramont. *Vide* his "Memoirs."

‡ Letter from Cominges to Louis XIV., August 7, 1664.

which is the sweetest part of woman's nature; consequently, people rather feared than loved her. She was shrewd, clever, and witty, which last justification seems to have had great weight with both Charles and James, though the former required grace and prettiness as a necessary accompaniment to those ladies who took his fancy.

As before stated, the Duchess of York could not be called a beauty, judging by the majority of her portraits. Had she been considered so she would undoubtedly have figured in the set of ladies painted by her order by Lely, to decorate the Queen's bedroom at Windsor. Pepys, no bad judge of good looks, saw her at Whitehall in April, 1661, and describes her as a plain woman like her mother.* On other occasions, he says, though she was "no handsome woman" she had "a most fine white and fat hand," and this is noticeable in some of her portraits. He saw the full-length painting of her which is now at Hampton Court, before it was finished, in Lely's studio (June, 1662), which he says is a "rare thing," but is silent regarding her attractions. It is one of the most favourable of her portraits, the figure is not so robust and coarse-looking as most; the face is strong, intelligent, and pleasant, but not beautiful. Yet we have Sir John Reresby alluding to her as a very handsome personage.† And she must have appeared so in the eyes of Henry Sidney, who was captivated for a time and caused the Duke much uneasiness of mind.

At a later date, however, we have Pepys again

* Clarendon's second wife, Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Ailesbury.

† *Vide* "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century."

speaking of Lely at work on another portrait of the Duchess which he was painting at Whitehall in the Duke's lodgings. And by this it appears the artist has not handed down to us a very reliable portrait. "I was pleased to see," says the diarist, "that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in his work, which is now the second, if not the third, time, as there was of my wife's at the very first time, nor do I think at last it can be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face." *

The Duchess impressed foreigners much as she did her own countrymen. Cominges, who, as before stated, was struck with her noble bearing, wrote to Louis XIV. that she was as worthy a woman as he had ever met. † Count Gramont speaks of her capacity for discerning merit in those about her, and such as possessed good qualities or talent would never fail to be distinguished from the rest by her. She was strict also in the decorum of her maids of honour, and not a little jealous of the flirtations of her husband. Her court was always considered select, and was kept up in great state and extravagance. The dignified decorum of the Duchess, however, after three or four years seems to have suffered from the lax morality that pervaded the court. How far she encouraged the handsome brother of Waller's "*Sacharissa*" it is difficult to determine, but at the time the liaison was a public scandal, so much so, that it was the cause, not only of the loss of her husband's affection, but of his callousness in regarding the publicity of his own amorous intrigues.

* "Diary," March 24, 1666.

† Jusserand's "French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II."

Henry Sidney, the younger brother of Robert, the reputed father of Monmouth, was by no means an unformidable lady-killer, being the handsomest and best made man of his time. And this Adonis, at the age of twenty-five, was flattered to find that his winning ways with the generality of the fair sex found no exception in so exalted a person as the Duchess of York. Reresby says that she was kind, though innocent enough, but that Sidney was "greatly in love" with her. That one so universally favoured by the handsomest women of the Court should lose his heart so utterly to one whose beauty was by no means remarkable, without some overtures first being made on her side, seems unlikely. Admittedly, she had been somewhat of a flirt, and as a hero worshipper when he returned from the wars had first attracted James's notice. Sidney, being in the Duke's train, had every facility for making the world believe what it was prone to do at this time if at no other—the worst; and gossiping Bishop Burnet sided with the world, and with execrable taste repeated what it said many years afterwards in the presence of the Duchess's own daughter, the Princess Mary.* The rumour of the day naturally is recorded by Pepys, who infers that Sidney had a rival in Henry Saville, another handsome libertine, who for some time was groom of the bedchamber to the Duke of York, and afterwards vice-chamberlain to the King. It was during a sojourn of the Duke and Duchess at York in the summer of 1665 † that Sidney's infatuation was noticed. By her desire he had been recently promoted to be Master of the Horse, but so far James

* Spence's "Anecdotes."

† They set out on July 27, *vide* Verney MSS.

had not had his suspicions aroused. In September he journeyed to Oxford, where the King went to meet Parliament, the Duchess remaining for a time at York, and on her return journey halting at Welbeck, then the residence of the Duke of Newcastle. It was probably during this separation that the story of the Duchess's infidelity got about. Pepys speaks of it in November, and in the following January hears "how great a difference hath been between the Duke and Duchess, he suspecting her to be nought with Mr. Sidney. But some way or other the matter is made up, but he was banished the Court, and the Duke for many days did not speak to the Duchess at all."

Publicity certainly was the more given to the affair by the precipitation with which Sidney was dismissed from office.* This man of mode (who, as Master of the Robes to Charles II., had a reputation for the good taste of his Majesty's clothes and ribbons†) afterwards was one of the most prominent supporters of the Prince of Orange, and if he had a favourite when he was settled on the throne, it was Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney.

Though James, like Charles, was a thorough sportsman, and never happier than when carrying a gun or following the hounds, business, as a rule, came first; but the reverse was decidedly the rule with his brother.

The Duke's official receptions of the clerk of the Admiralty at Whitehall, however, were by no means formal, and when, after waiting occasionally for some time until his Highness had arisen, James made his appearance in his night habit (which, by the way, must

* Burnet. † Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 546:

not be mistaken for our modern idea of a night gown) and with cropped hair, before his periwig was donned, one can picture the observant Mr. Pepys making a mental note that, unadorned, the Duke was "a very plain man." James first followed the new mode of wearing a wig in February, 1663-4. The startling surprises of these sudden metamorphoses must have led to ludicrous situations, for when Pepys first wore his false locks James scarcely recognized him, and a striking example of the transformation was when the bald-headed Father Huddleston, to escape recognition, came to Charles II.'s death-bed wearing somebody's wig. The dying king himself did not know him.

In the autumn of 1661, the Duke of York visited Portsmouth to set the garrison in order, and in the following July sailed with his fleet to bring the Queen mother over, when the weather was so violent that the ships were driven back from near Boulogne to the Downs, with serious loss of masts, cables, and sails.

James made frequent excursions to the Downs to inspect his ships. Charles, who occasionally accompanied him on nautical trips, was never in better form than when on board. His merry Majesty found particular pleasure in watching the effect of the motion of the sea on those of his courtiers who were not good sailors like himself, and lengthened their unpleasant symptoms by protracting his return to terra firma. The French ambassador, who noticed these peculiarities, was greatly struck by the appearance of the English ships. "I must confess," says Cominges, "that nothing finer than all this navy can well be imagined, nothing grander and more impressive than this large number of ships ready made or being built. This vast quantity of guns,

masts, ropes, planks, and other things used in this sort of warfare." *

War with Holland was imminent, and James was fully occupied at this time in having his ships armed and stored. The *Royal Charles* (the ex-*Naseby* that had brought the King over in 1660) was selected by the Duke as his ship. Evelyn had seen "ye greate ship newly built by the usurper Oliver" in 1655, and describes her as a vessel of a thousand tons, carrying ninety-six brass guns. Cominges, however, in 1664, numbers the guns at eighty, two of which in the fore-castle were culverins of prodigious length. The old figure-head of Oliver being crowned by Fame, as his horse tramples under foot England, Scotland, Ireland, as well as France, Spain, and Holland, naturally was very offensive, and the previous year had been publicly burned, after the protector's effigy had been elevated on a specially erected gibbet.†

The fleet set sail from Harwich on April 21, 1665, towards the coast of Holland; but not until June 2 did James and the Dutch fleet, commanded by Heer van Opdam, come into collision off Lowestoft. The terrible news reached Paris that the Duke of York's ships had been blown to atoms and that he had been drowned, which came with such a shock to his sister Henrietta, that she had hysterics and became seriously ill. In London, however, more reliable information had been received: a glorious victory for the English. It was Admiral Opdam that had been blown up, and twenty-four of his ships had been captured and sunk. The English lost, so said the report, some seven

* *Vide* Jusserand's "French Ambassador at the Court of Charles II."

† See Pepys' "Diary," December 14, 1663.

hundred men, against eight or ten thousand of the enemy killed and taken prisoner.* But among those who fell on our side were some gallant men, including Lords Muskerry, Falmouth, Marlborough, Portland, the Earl of Burlington's son, Richard Boyle, Rear-Admiral Sansun, and several others of known valour.†

The Duke of York had an extraordinary escape, for he was standing on the quarter-deck close to Falmouth, Muskerry, and Boyle, when one cannon-ball killed the three of them. He was spattered with his friends' blood, and the unfortunate young Boyle's head struck him so forcibly that he was knocked over. James, as he usually was under such circumstances, remained remarkably cool and self-possessed. His intrepidity in all sea engagements, says Lord Ailesbury, was unparalleled‡; but his dog, who was also on board the *Royal Charles*, did not share his master's valour, for James afterwards told Evelyn he concealed himself during the engagement in the safest place in the whole ship.

On June 16, James and his courtiers were again to be seen at Whitehall, "all fat and lusty and ruddy by being in the sun," says Pepys, which reads as if they had just returned from a lazy holiday instead of from a great sea-fight! But at the end of the month he had returned to have a look at his somewhat battered fleet. In August came the York expedition, which has been related.

So far the more serious concerns of James up to the summer of 1665.

* The figures were greatly reduced by a later account.

† Sir John Lawson died also from a wound received in this fight.

‡ Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury.

Let us look at him now as a sportsman. Whenever he had leisure he was off with the hounds, riding hard all day, and returning frequently so fagged that he had to go to bed, and on these occasions those ladies of the Court for whom he had especial admiration did not miss him much, for if he remained up and honoured them with his conversation he not unusually fell asleep, which was scarcely complimentary to captivating damsels.

James was a desperate hunter, sometimes quite reckless; on one occasion his collar-bone was broken, on another an unexpected collision with the bough of a tree necessitated some unseemly black patches on his nose, by which he might have been mistaken for Lord Arlington. Blowing gales or raining tempests were all the same to the Duke, off he went in the highest spirits, returning drenched to the skin, through wading rivers. But when his Highness thus indulged in his grandsire's favourite pastime to the extent of three times a week, things looked as if pleasure were getting the upper hand.

His attachment to the ladies also had a demoralizing effect, which caused the business-side of Mr. Pepys to much deplore.

THE DUCHESS DIES

AS before stated, James was a great admirer of the fair sex, and, as Bishop Burnet tells us, was constantly roving from one amour to another; but, strange to say, the two ladies besides his wives particularly favoured with his notice were neither of them remarkable for their good looks. "I wonder," observed the Countess of Dorchester upon one occasion, "for what qualities James chooses his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he has not enough himself to find it out."

But if the candid Countess and the Duke of Marlborough's frail sister were not noted for their beauty, the same cannot be said of Lady Denham, the young wife of Sir John, the poet, one of those selected by the Duchess of York to be immortalized by the brush of the court painter as the representative female loveliness of the day. Nor was the Countess of Chesterfield plain by any means, and in addition to this quartette were a host of others, who at one time or another found James's attentions too marked to be pleasant and occasionally quite justifying a show of the cold shoulder.

The Duke had a somewhat exalted opinion of his condescension towards some of these high-spirited damsels, and it must have been very galling to have

his private billets-doux, surreptitiously handed, scattered to the public gaze. Such was the punishment inflicted by one of his Duchess's maids of honour, the vivacious blonde, Frances Jennings, elder sister of that remarkable woman, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, whom in some respects she resembled, having not only good looks above the average, but also high intellect and wit. She was rather *petite*, but had a good figure, keen expressive eyes, brilliantly fair complexion, and a wealth of flaxen hair, which last adornment is conspicuous in her portraits, curled in the fashionable mode of the day. Naturally so charming a creature had a host of admirers, from the King downwards to the youthful Marquis de Berni, who of all those at her feet, during his brief sojourn in England, was the most youthful and the most sincerely devoted.*

James did his utmost to win the lady's good graces. His eyes spoke volumes had she only condescended to meet them instead of looking at things less eloquent. Nor was he more successful when he ventured to speak and plead his cause. Miss Jennings had brains enough to avoid these attacks and await more honourable proposals, and years afterwards, when she entertained the exiled King James in Dublin Castle, these early days of frivolous courtship must have been looked back to as a fairy tale.

The beauteous Elizabeth Hamilton, sister of the witty Anthony (who so skilfully penned the memoirs of the Count who married her), for a time caused the susceptible Duke to sigh and cast his eyes in that direction; but she again was far too sensible to

* *Vide* "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century."



FRANCES JENNINGS
FROM THE PAINTING AT BLADON CASTLE

be flattered by royal courtship, and his Highness had to look elsewhere if he wanted to find one who would feel flattered by such overtures. And there were many such: Lady Robartes, for example, and the Countess of Chesterfield, both of whom were carried off miles into the country by their respective husbands, as the only expedient to keep them out of danger. Lady Robartes, like Miss Jennings, was remarkable for her wonderful complexion, which her daughter evidently inherited, for Pepys alludes to her as "a very fine skinned lady."* Her husband had few friends, was crabbed and morose, and, though ambitious, was too fond of his wife to accept any advancement that would take him away from Court while she should adorn it; and in this he showed his good sense by not following the example of my Lord Castlemaine.

As for Elizabeth Butler, Miss Hamilton's cousin, she was wonderfully attractive in every way and an out-and-out flirt, and her large, expressive blue eyes did not wander off like those of Miss Jennings, but responded in a dangerous fashion. Her husband, Lord Chesterfield (who, by the way, had never been so devoted a spouse as Lord Robartes), had his suspicions aroused, not without cause, and her ladyship was hurried off to his country seat in the wilds of Derbyshire. The Duchess of York got an inkling of the affair, and complained to the King as well as her father; the result of which was that it was rumoured that Chesterfield would have to vacate his position of Groom of the Stole to the Queen. But the true version of the story soon leaked out. "This day," says Pepys, on January 19, 1662-3, "by Dr.

* "Diary," April 27, 1668.

Clarke I was told the occasion of my Lord Chesterfield's going and taking his lady (my Lord Ormonde's daughter) from Court. It seems he not only hath been long jealous of the Duke of York, but did find them two talking together, though there were others in the room, and my lady by all opinions a most good, virtuous woman. He the next day (of which the Duke was warned by somebody that saw the passion my Lord Chesterfield was in the night before) went and told the Duke how much he did apprehend herself wronged in his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonour, which the Duke did answer with great calmness, not seeming to understand the reason of complaint, and that was all that passed; but my lord did presently pack his lady into the country."

An old flame of Lord Chesterfield's, the Lady Anne Hamilton, daughter of the second Duke of Hamilton, was likewise an object of his Highness's attachment. Earl Southesk, who had wedded this fickle damsel, was a man of different mettle to her early admirer, for when he discovered his wife's liaison with the Duke of York, he hadn't Chesterfield's pluck in speaking his mind or showing any straightforward signs of resentment. One day he had unexpectedly returned home from a bull-baiting entertainment to find his wife entertaining Royalty, and departed to plan some secret revenge. The story, related at length in De Gramont's "*Memoirs*," has, like most of the incidents related therein, its humorous side, for Dick Talbot (the future Duke of Tyrconnel, who married the pretty Miss Jennings before mentioned) on this occasion was an accomplice on James's side, and, not recognizing Southesk,

succeeded in compromising his friend in a most disastrous fashion. Talbot, says Burnet, was the chief manager of the Irish interest, and "one of the Duke's bedchamber men, who had much cunning and had the secret both of his master's pleasures and of his religion." Her ladyship was *passé* when Pepys saw her at the play in 1668: the paint upon her face was most conspicuous.*

James's attachment to the beautiful wife of the poet Sir John Denham was a much sadder affair. When introduced to court by their kinsman, the Earl of Bristol,† her ambition had first tempted her to encourage the flatteries of the King, but Charles being kept in order by Lady Castlemaine (the poor Queen had not a say in such matters), and the Duke at that time having a grievance against his Duchess he could not easily forgive, she was ready enough to smile upon him. But at this time Sir John, her senior by some thirty years, stepped in, proposed, and was accepted. Things would have probably ended happily if Sir John had followed the example of Lord Robartes before alluded to; but his wife had set her heart upon being in the train of the Duchess of York, so had to pay for the consequences, and was not only very easily reconciled to questionable relations with her royal admirer, but soon was anxious to be openly acknowledged. Pepys, on the authority of Pierce the surgeon, says, on June 10, 1666, "The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in

* "Diary," December 3, 1668.

† He was a rather distant connection, her stepfather's brother-in-law. *Vide* the author's edition of "The Memoirs of Count de Gramont."

Scotland-yard, she declaring she will not be his mistress as Mrs. Price,* to go up and down the privy stairs, but will be owned publicly, and so she is." There were many, including John Evelyn, who were much scandalized, for until now James had had the decency to keep such matters as far as possible from the eyes of the world.†

Margaret Brooke was married in May, 1665. In the beginning of the year 1667 she was dead. A sudden illness with which she was seized a couple of months before, and which finally ended fatally, was, as in the similar case of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, attributed to poison. Both cases, however, have been proved to rest on supposition only, and in the face of strong contemporary proof that both deaths were due to natural causes, it is a pity to find modern biographers sometimes making sweeping accusations without sufficiently weighing the evidence on both sides. The Duke "was troubled" for his loss, and declared he would never have another public mistress again—information as consoling to his wife as that of one of the George's, who declared to his dying consort he would never marry again—only keep mistresses!

But after Lady Denham's death, Lady Bellassis, the widow of Sir Henry Bellassis, was very freely courted by his Highness. Her husband died in August, 1667, from a wound received in a duel with Tom Porter over some very trivial cause. Burnet says she was "a woman of much life and great

* Goditha Price, maid of honour to the Duchess of York and sister of the Queen's maid of honour, Henrietta Maria Price. *Vide* author's edition of "The Memoirs of Count de Gramont."

† Pepys' "Diary," September 26, 1666.

vivacity, but of a very small proportion of beauty: as the Duke was often observed to be led by his amours to objects that had no extraordinary charms." And her portrait at Hampton Court confirms this statement, though she looks far too melancholy to give the impression that she was very lively.

As will have been judged, the Duchess of York had ample cause of jealousy. When the affair with Lady Chesterfield had opened the eyes of his dignified spouse, they did their best to make the world believe that they remained upon the most affectionate terms; but spoiled it all by overacting. Pepys was much perplexed to see their Highnesses, usually noted for their starched decorum in public, "kissing and leaning upon one another" during a performance of Killigrew's play *Claracella*. Such indecorous behaviour struck the scribe as most unnatural.*

Nobody loved the Duchess, but she managed to command respect until she showed her weakness respecting the handsome Sidney. But still she held her head high, although the ladies of the Court were inclined to look down their noses. As for James, after that episode, he made no more public demonstrations of affection; her lofty bearing and the knowledge of his own short-comings held him rather in subjection. But she never regained the influence she had formerly had over him, although he always stood more or less in awe of her. At one time Charles had ridiculed his brother for being ruled by his wife, but James was far too obstinate for that.

The personal attractions of the "Nan Hyde," who in her teens had caught James's fancy, as she neared thirty were considerably on the wane. She had

* Pepys' "Diary," January 5, 1662-3.

always been a great eater, and high living did not improve her complexion. In 1668 Lady Chaworth writes to Lord Roos. The Duchess "breaks out so ill of her face visibly—and of her leg again as people talke—that she was yesterday (May 4) blooded and kept her bed."* There was but little improvement in March next year, when the same writer told her brother the news of the Duke's closet being broken open, "a chest in itt also and a cabinet, and all his papers taken, but watches and some plate never stir'd, and one box wherein he had monney not touched nor nothing wanting but papers. This is now the great talk and amazement of the wholle towne, and some so foolish now to cry the Duchess hath done it to looke out for love letters; but it's so idle that none creditts it. Alas, she is both to wise, and to much indisposed to be so curious, being all this time broken out in severall places of her face and body, and now in phisick that she is not seene."† Other accounts of the story, however, were quite at variance with the above. Several valuables, including gold medals, watches, etc., and money to the amount of seven hundred pounds, were missing, but the papers, though searched, were all left behind.‡

At great Court functions her Highness, with all her dignity, looked vulgar compared with the popular favourite, Frances Stewart, whom we can picture dazzling everybody with her fresh young beauty, shown to advantage "in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed in diamonds." She and the young Court ladies could don the latest eccentricities of fashion, such as masculine velvet coats and other new modes, and only command

* Belvoir MSS. † Ibid. ‡ Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7 App., p. 531.

admiration. Not so the Duchess, though her "fine white hand" could hold its own with the rest, and our friend Pepys was flattered when he had to do homage by kissing it.

In her later years the Duchess showed signs of wavering in her religious belief, though she always declared herself to be a Protestant. Her husband then ostensibly was also a Protestant, and attended divine service in Whitehall chapel. This was situated near the river by Whitehall stairs (not the privy stairs, which were higher up). Pepys speaks of the King's closet, which looked into the chapel, and from here Charles used to see the maids of honour laugh outright when passages were read about marriage and constancy.* But the King had his private oratory, and James and his wife a private Catholic chapel, which they frequently attended; but not until her death was it generally known what had been her real belief, though in 1669 she had admitted it to a few. The Duchess of York breathed her last at St. James's Palace, March 31, 1671. For many months her health had been rapidly failing from a complication of disorders, but the end came more suddenly than was expected. Only the day before she had dined at Lord Burlington's house in Piccadilly, as was her wont somewhat heartily.† The same evening she was taken violently ill, with what probably now would be attributed to appendicitis. Her chaplain was sent for to pray with her, and next morning Dr.

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 93.

† The present building of the Royal Academy, which was built by Sir John Denham and refronted by Lord Burlington. The grand colonnade, which so impressed Horace Walpole, was also an addition by Lord Burlington. This of course was removed last century.

Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, came to perform the last rites. Meanwhile, however, she had expressed to her husband the wish that should any of the Protestant bishops be admitted, the fact of her conversion should no longer be kept secret.

Blandford, upon learning how matters stood, expressed his regret. When he was admitted to the death-chamber, says Burnet, he discovered Queen Catherine seated at the bedside, and for this reason he refrained from beginning prayers which would have driven her Majesty away. She pretended kindness, and would not leave her, that was the uncharitable way of putting it. He, Blandford, happened to say, adds Burnet, "'I hope you continue still in the Truth'; upon which she asked, 'What is Truth?' And then, her agony increasing, she repeated the word 'Truth, Truth, Truth,' often," and a few moments after she died.

A letter from Dr. William Denton to Sir Ralph Verney gives a few more details: "The Queen and Duke," he says, "were private with her an hour and more on Friday morning, and no priest, but Father Howard and Father Patrick were attending according to their duty on the Queen in the next room. The Duke sent for the Bishop of Oxford out of the chapel, who came, but her senses were first gone. In the mean time, the Duke called, 'Dame, do you know me?' twice or thrice, then with much stirring she said, 'I'; after a little respite, she took a little courage, and with what vehemency and tenderness she could, she said, 'Duke, Duke, death is terrible, death is very terrible,' which were her last words. I am well assured she was never without three or four of her women, so that it was impossible a priest could come to her."

But on better authority we have James's own assertion that she died with great resignation, having received all the Sacraments of the Catholic Church. The situation when Charles II. died was almost identical. Huddleston, it will be remembered, was then secretly admitted by James, and in this instance Father Hunt, a Franciscan friar, administered Extreme Unction. Hunt had received the Duchess into the Church some six months previously, the King having expressly wished her conversion to be kept a profound secret.

The Sunday following her death, the body was embalmed, and the burial took place privately next day in Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster, in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots.

"We are all going into mourning for the Dutchesse of Yorke," writes Lady Mary Bertie to her niece, on April 4, "and they say the Duke of Cambridge cannot live about a fortnight, our Lady Anne above six months." * The poor little Duke, however, lingered on until June, while the Princess, then just over six, of course, flourished like her elder sister Mary, then nearly nine.

A pretty picture of the latter is depicted by Pepys two years before. "Stepping to the Duchess of York's side," he says, "to speak with Lady Peterborough, I did see the young Duchess, a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely so as almost to ravish me, her ears (*sic*) were so good, taught by a Frenchman that did heretofore teach the King." On another occasion we find James romping with his little daughter just like an ordinary father, which evidently struck the worthy scribe as quite remarkable!

* Belvoir MSS.

JAMES MARRIES AGAIN

THE popularity of James, never very great, did not increase after his wife's death. Her decease had called attention to the fact that, though not openly avowed, he was a Catholic, and this he confirmed by discontinuing to attend Communion with the King, as up till the time of his Duchess's death he always had done so. The country began to think gravely of the consequences that would follow, and many looked to the dashing young illegitimate son of Charles to save the situation by proving to the world that his mother had been legally married.

Until political affairs had set up a rivalry, James had shown much kindness to his nephew, and his patronage had advanced the latter considerably in military affairs ; not that he was entirely disinterested, for at the time that through his influence Monmouth was placed in Schomberg's position, he hoped himself to benefit by the change by directing matters himself, for Prince Rupert was also out of favour. But the Test Act, his stumbling-block through life, put an end to any such design.

Monmouth always spoke in the highest terms of praise of his uncle's valour when they fought together in the Dutch war, and years afterwards, when the former invaded England, he spoke with enthusiasm

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ELIZABETH BAGOT, COUNTESS OF FALMOUTH
FROM THE PAINTING BY RBY AT CROWCOMBE COURT

to Brigadier Matthews, who accompanied him from Holland, of James's dashing bravery.*

When the anti-Catholic statesman, Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, came forward to tempt Monmouth's ambition, the real rivalry began. By his efforts the Test Act was passed, which, when illegally set aside by James, proved the final blow to the Stuart throne. From this time forward it was a continual see-saw who should be uppermost in the King's favour—James or Monmouth. The balance depended upon the King's tact in managing his crafty ministers. Much as he loved his son and brother, he could not ignore the leaning of public feeling, but when it came to the push that one of the two must go under, Charles was ever loyal to his brother; and this was one of the best qualities of that most popular of kings.

The anti-Catholic climax, however, was not reached until the villain Oates came upon the scene: the Test Act was but the forerunner of evil days to come.

To return to the Duke's domestic affairs. Though rumours were afloat that the widowed Countess of Falmouth might succeed the Chancellor's daughter as Duchess,† Lady Bellassis, whom we have previously mentioned, had gained so much influence that he contemplated marriage with that scheming widow, and, as in the case of Anne Hyde, actually gave her a written promise to make her his wife. This came to Charles's ears through the lady's father-in-law, the gallant cavalier Lord Bellassis. The King sent for his brother, and told him plainly that he had played the fool once, but that he would not suffer it a second time, and at his age he ought to know better, which plain

* See Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 343.

† See "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century," p. 115.

speaking put an end to the widow's ambitious projects. Moreover, a little pressure was brought to bear. The documentary evidence which the Chancellor's daughter had preserved had been an object-lesson. The lady was threatened, and gave up the paper, whatever it was. But for all that she kept an attested copy of it until her death in Queen Anne's reign. But if her ladyship failed in this transaction, at least she had the satisfaction of knowing there were others with as great, if not a greater, claim upon his Highness. Conspicuous among these was the sister of the young soldier then rising to fortune, Arabella Churchill, who, if she did not possess useful documents, had arguments in the form of babies of whom James was the father. The oldest of these was born, some seven months before the Duchess's decease, at Moulins, a town in central France, whither the young maid of honour had found it wise to retire for a time.

When Arabella made her *début* in the gay Court it is difficult to determine, but early in 1669 we find the Duke's physician giving her physic, she figuring in that year in the official list of the Duchess's maids of honour. Her illustrious brother was two years her junior, and at this period, when still in his teens, was causing a flutter among the ladies, and not a little jealousy among the men, including Charles himself. His valour, good looks, and popularity paved the way for his sister, whose personal graces or mental qualities otherwise would not have brought her forward, saving the credentials that the Churchills had been loyal and had become impoverished in the Civil War. Count Gramont's portrait of her is far less pleasing than the portrait that hangs in the picture gallery at Althorp, for in the latter she looks, if not a beauty,

pretty and pleasing ; " a tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone," must have been a cruel caricature.

Save as the mother of four children, James, Henry, Henrietta, and Arabella, Miss Churchill figures but little in the memoirs of the period. In 1676, three years after the birth of her second son, she was occupying a house on the west side of St. James's Square, having as a neighbour the actress Moll Davis, whose humorous acting had captivated the King nine years before and raised her to distinction. Some time before the end of Charles's reign she had transferred both her name and address, and as the wife of Colonel Charles Godfrey was living in Great Windmill Street, Piccadilly. Godfrey occupied the official position as Comptroller of the Household and Master of the Jewel Office, which probably he received as a legacy with his wife. She lived into the reign of George II., and was one of those interesting old ladies who could speak from intimate personal experience of the Court of the merry monarch.

In the British Museum there are several letters from James to her daughter Henrietta, to whom he was an indulgent father. One written from Windsor on Restoration Day, 1683, bids her come to England. The Princess Anne was shortly to be married, and perhaps he felt the void that was to be made in his domestic circle ; or, more probable, he had a match in view, for a few months later, at the age of fourteen, she became a wife also—

" You have now been long enough where you are of an age proper to know whether that kind of life will agree with you or no ; to know which and the desire I have to see you has made me desire this

bearer, Sir Henry Tichborne, to bring you over to England along with his wife to his owne house, where I shall have the opportunity of seeing you when we go to Winchester * this sommer, and letting you see that I shall always be very kind to you."

The next letter is written to "the younge Lady Waldegrave," for her newly wedded husband, Sir Henry Waldegrave, had just succeeded to the baronetcy.†

"*Windsor, June 9, 1684.*—Till the Duchesse came to this place I did not know that Sir Charles Waldgrave was dead or else I had written soner to you to have told you I was sorry to heare of it; and now that Sir Henry is come to the estate I must recommend to you both to be good managers and to be sure to live within what you have, and be sure to have a care not to run out at first. Now that the Duchesse is here I shall seldom go to London. When I do I shall be sure to lett you know it that you may meet me there. To-morrow I am to go a-hunting and on Friday to Hampton Court, and at any tyme when you do come hither take care that it be not when I am abroad that you may not mise me. Let me heare from you and be assured I shall always be very kind to you."‡

Mary Kirke, another maid of honour to the Duchess of York, must not be forgotten among the list of the Duke of York's flames, who preceded the most notorious of the lot, Catherine Sedley. Moll and Diana Kirke were the daughters of George Kirke,

* Tichborne House is about seven miles from Winchester.

† Sir Henry, the fourth baronet, was created a peer on the accession of his father-in-law. He was Controller of the King's Household, and afterwards Envoy Extraordinary to the French Court.

‡ Ellis's Original Letters.

Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles II. Their mother,* who had been bedchamber woman to Henrietta Maria, according to the lampoons of the day, was a worldly woman, and by no means a strict guardian, and their reputations suffered in consequence. In the year 1675, Moll, not having withdrawn from Court in sufficient time to cover a scandal, had nothing to do but resign her position. The lady appears to have been encouraging three admirers at the same time—the Duke, his handsome nephew Monmouth, and Lord Mulgrave. Monmouth stole a march upon James, and Mulgrave upon Monmouth, so the three lovers came to loggerheads, and the rivalry between the two Dukes became more deadly since this amorous complication—at least, Mulgrave, when Duke of Buckingham, declared that this was the real cause of rupture.†

But in 1675 James was no longer a widower, and the Duchess of York above alluded to was, of course, his second wife, Mary of Modena, who made her appearance in England in the autumn of 1673, she being only four years the senior of the little Princess Mary. The Duke had not yet openly declared his real religion, though everybody knew it, but his marriage with a Catholic was another step towards unpopularity, and when he no longer wished to disguise his faith, the good citizens of London—indeed, the whole Protestant country—was as alarmed as if the Holy Inquisition would be a natural consequence.

James's search (or rather that of his proxy) for another wife had about it all the elements of romance, and for that reason he should have followed his father's

* A fine full-length portrait of her by Vandyck is at Panshanger.

† "Memoirs of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham."

example, and gone incognito himself and climbed the garden walls of foreign palaces to catch a glimpse of the lady to be wooed as one would expect from a Stuart lover.

Political interest, however, was of the first importance. Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough,* had been selected to make a tour of inspection, and his task was far from a pleasant one, for no sooner had he found as he thought a suitable damsel than the ever-changing interests of the powers at Court demanded a change of tactics. The wonder is that he did not throw up his mission in disgust, for one lady, the Princess Mary Anna of Wurtemberg, had practically been selected, when the ambitious hopes that had been raised in the heart of a school-girl accustomed only to the rigid and monotonous routine of convent life were cruelly dashed to the ground. The Princess had been reported to be all that was attractive and modest and grave—to wit, qualities but little known at Whitehall—but these minor considerations had to give way to a match more favourable in the eyes of Louis XIV., so his lordship had to make the best excuses he could and hurry off to Italy and probe the possibilities of securing the daughter of the Duchess of Modena.

But the young lady in this instance did not so readily fall in with the proposal as did the German princess. A dark-eyed damsel this, with much spirit and a will of her own. She didn't fancy the prospect of marrying a man of forty and was very decided about it. She pleaded, too, she intended to devote her life to the Church, saying that there were many other girls of noble birth who would be willing to become

* The second Earl.



HENRY MORDAUNT, EARL OF PETERBOROUGH
FROM THE PAINTING AT LILFORD HALL

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Duchess of York if only they were asked. And truly there was the Duchess de Guise and Mademoiselle de Rais, both good matches, but unattractive ladies; and the Duke of Newburgh's daughter, who was as different from the Modena princess as night from day, being a buxom blonde. Then there was Marshal Turenne's niece, Mademoiselle d'Elbeuf, but she was rather too juvenile to be seriously considered.

An obstacle in the Modena match was that a dispensation of the Pope would have to be procured, for James was not yet an avowed Catholic, nor likely to be if the King his brother could help it; for that merry but tactful monarch clearly saw breakers ahead in that direction. The young lady's objections, however, were the first obstacles to be removed, and these her mother and a letter from his Holiness in Rome at length overcame. Her mission in England was to be one from which great results might be expected. "The orthodox faith reinstated by you in a place of honour," wrote the Pope, "might recover the splendour and security of former days, an effect which no exterior power could accomplish, and which might become due to the victory of your piety." *

Documents sanctioning the marriage under certain conditions were to be duly forwarded, but there were weighty political reasons that the contract should be settled without delay, for Parliament was on the point of meeting, and it was a foregone conclusion that the Commons would oppose the match. Between James pressing for expedition and the Pope's delays to ensure the liberty of Mary of Modena's religion,

* See letter from Clement X. to Mary d'Este. Martin Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena," p. 21.

for Charles was frightened to sanction a public Catholic chapel at Whitehall, Peterborough was in a tight fix. The fact that James did not declare his religion publicly could not be overlooked in Rome, and the fact was equally obvious that once Parliament met the Duke would not be permitted to marry as he chose. The only thing to do under the circumstances was to do as affianced lovers do when their union is not sanctioned by their parents—go through the marriage ceremony and trust to Providence to be forgiven.

But this, again, under the circumstances, was not to be accomplished without difficulties, for the Bishop of Modena dared not incur the Pope's displeasure. The holy office, however, was undertaken by an English priest named Jerome White,* or the court chaplain, Dom Andrea Roncagli.†

The wedding by proxy having been duly solemnized on the last day of September, 1673, the youthful bride (then not quite fifteen), crying her eyes out, started upon her journey to England, accompanied by her mother, the Prince Reynaldo, and other Italian grandees. Upon arriving at Dover, James was there to meet his new wife, and was much more favourably impressed with first appearances than she was. Charles, who received them in state at Greenwich, made a far better impression, and to his death the elder brother was a great favourite.

In every way the new Duchess was a striking contrast to her predecessor. Slim, graceful, and remarkably handsome, the portraits we have of

* "Memoirs of the Earl of Peterborough"; also Welwood's "Memoirs," p. 189.

† Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena," p. 26.

her painted when she was young compare favourably with contemporary Court beauties. There is a dreamy loveliness in the face and not a touch of sensuousness: a refined, intellectual face, in which one can read a depth of serious thought. But the pain of separation from her native country and parental home once past, her brilliant black eyes could sparkle with merriment.

"Those radiant eyes whose irresistible flame
Strikes envy dumb and keeps sedition tame,"

wrote the poet peer, Lansdowne.

Her proxy husband's report of the beauty of Mary Beatrix d'Este is no less enthusiastic: "Eyes so full of light and sweetness that they charmed and dazzled." Her fair complexion was enhanced by her jet-black hair and eyebrows. In figure, too, she was tall and graceful. Her disposition also, at least in the first year of her coming over, seems to have been in harmony with her good looks, and her innocent cheerfulness and obliging manners came as a pleasing contrast to the haughtiness of the late Duchess.

But there were those, of course, who tried to discover the less pleasing side of the picture, and traits of character which were said to underlie the surface were by some said occasionally to show themselves. Her amiability was attributed to artfulness and her pleasantry to a satirical temper. However, a sweet and attractive surface goes a long way to overcome preconceived prejudices. Her reception in London, it had been anticipated, would be far from cordial with the rabble, as the people had got it into their heads that their new Duchess

to be, was a daughter of the Pope!* But her youth and beauty quickly turned the balance in her favour, for a time at least. Members of Parliament certainly were brutally candid in expressing their opinions of the match; but the prospects of a wife of fifteen are not easily overcast. The cares of state troubled her youthful head as little as they destroyed the pleasures of her royal brother-in-law, but with domestic troubles it was another matter. Years afterwards, in exile, she used to say, "I only knew happiness in England from the age of fifteen to twenty; but during those five years I was always having children, and lost them all, so judge that happiness."

* "Sir J. Williamson's Correspondence," Camden Society.

THE PAPIST SCARE

THOSE who shake their heads at the short-sighted policy of reducing the expense of the Navy must sympathize with the Lord High Admiral in Charles II.'s reign, who, after giving the Dutch a drubbing, and who, being anxious to follow up his victory by defending the mouth of the Thames adequately against a very probable attack, had to contend with Clarendon's schemes of economy.

After his recent narrow escape in the sea fight off the eastern coast, James, much against his will, had been persuaded by the King and the Queen Dowager to give up active command in favour of Lord Sandwich. In 1667 Pepys deplotes the sad scarcity of funds. "God knows what the issue of it will be," he says; "but the considering that the Duke of York, instead of being at sea as Admirall, is now going from port to port as he is at this day at Harwich, and was the other day with the King at Sheerness, and hath ordered at Portsmouth how fortifications shall be made to oppose the enemy in case of invasion, especially after so many proud vaunts as we have made against the Dutch." *

And the Duke had not been wrong in his calculations, for, early in June, the citizens of London were mortified to hear the roar of the enemy's guns, as

* "Diary," March 22, 1666-7.

their fleet sailed triumphantly up the Thames, destroying the English men-of-war. On June 11 the diarist records that Sheerness was captured after two or three hours' dispute. The chain which had been placed across the river at Chatham, just a month before, was forced, and by official report twenty or twenty-two Dutch ships passed the narrow neck of water where derelict vessels had been sunk, and after a couple of hours' hard fighting "one guardship after another was fired and blown up and the enemy master of the chain."*

Vandervelde's drawings, made on the spot, of our ships being burned, give a graphic idea of this everlasting disgrace.† The fine ships the *Royal Oak*, the *Royal James*, and the *London* were destroyed on the spot, but the *Royal Charles* that had brought the King over in 1660 was coolly carried off in triumph. No hands being on board, her capture was easy enough. A Dutch flag was stuck up and, the tide not serving, she was heeled to her side so as to draw little water, and piloted in a most extraordinary and skilful manner.‡

During this disaster the Duke was not so actively engaged as he had been during the great fire,§ but he was by no means idle, giving orders for sinking ships at Barking Creek and so forth, in case the Dutch should venture higher up the Thames. The insult to the Navy was a blow not easily forgotten.

* "Calendar of State Papers," 1667.

† They are preserved in the British Museum.

‡ Pepys' "Diary," June 22, 1667. Another ship, the *Charles*, launched March 3, 1668, and built by Shish (whose family had been builders at Deptford for over three centuries), must not be confounded with the *Royal Charles*.

§ *Vide* Evelyn's "Diary."



THE BATTLE OF SOLE BAY
PENCIL SKETCH ON THE SPOT BY VANDERVELDE

After an interval of nearly five years we again find James in his element. Under his watchful eye the fleet had steadily improved, and with the French squadron made a formidable show. France had now declared war with Holland. With the dissolution of The Triple Alliance the Grand Monarque found the opportunity he had been waiting for, and joined hands with England in fighting the "nation of shop-keepers," as he called the Dutch a century before the birth of Napoleon. The fleet comprised about one hundred and seventy ships, a hundred of which were men-of-war.

Admiral Michael de Ruyter, who had served under Van Tromp, was a man to be dreaded after his triumph at Chatham, and his fleet appearing unexpectedly, after some clever manœuvres a desperate battle took place in Southwold Bay,* better known as Sole Bay, on May 28, 1672. The Dutch Admiral had the wind in his favour and centred his attention upon James's squadron. His own ship, the *Prince*, was a successor to the vessel that had perished in the Duke of Albemarle's encounter with the Dutch in 1666. After being raked for three hours this noble vessel was disabled, and the Duke of York took up his position on the *St. Michael*.

As usual, James showed undaunted bravery and great coolness in the heat of the battle. In the beginning of the engagement his experiences were much the same as in the naval fight of 1665, a cannon-ball killing Sir John Cox, who stood close beside

* There is an old house in High Street, Southwold, in which James used to lodge when commanding the fleet. The state bedroom is still to be seen, with fine decorated ceilings bearing the Royal badges of England and France.

him. The Earl of Ailesbury, referring to this narrow escape, says: "His first captain of his ship, Sir John Cox, was killed at his feet, and the brains of that person flew in the Duke of York's face, and one that was present told me that he calmly wiped his face with his handkerchief, with these words, 'He was a brave and an honest man, and I pity his wife and children, for he had a numerous family.'"*

The squadron commanded by the Rear-Admiral of the fleet—that splendid seaman, Lord Sandwich—meanwhile had received the attention of Admiral Van Ghent, and the Earl's ship, the *Royal James* (a successor to that which had been burned by the Dutch off Chatham in 1667), came worse off than James's flag-ship; but before she was fired she had the satisfaction of sending Van Ghent into the next world.† But the English Admiral fared no better, for his ship was blown up and his scorched body was afterwards discovered floating in the sea. In the previous naval battle on the east coast, Sandwich had not suffered much damage, and in consequence of misrepresentation and the cowardice of others, had quite unjustly been suspected of want of courage. To so brave a man this gross injustice was a blow from which he never recovered. Evelyn gives a pathetic picture of their last parting, and pays the highest tribute to his character: "Shaking me by the hand," he says, "he bid me good-bye, and said he thought he should see me no more, and I saw to my thinking something boding in his countenance. 'No,' says he, 'they will not have me live. Had I lost a fleet (meaning on his return from Bergen, when he

* "Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury."

† See Clark's "Life of James II," 1816.

took the East India prize) I should have fared better, but, be as it pleases God, I must do something, I know not what, to save my reputation.'" Sandwich was not rash like Rupert or Albemarle. The fault some would find was that he would rather save a fleet than have it wantonly destroyed, and this caused him in the present action to be reckless also. James himself admits he was in the centre of such hot action that he could not get to his rescue, and so he perished, says Evelyn, to gratify the envy of others.*

James for a second time vacated his ship, for the *St. Michael* had suffered so severely that he had to board the *London* (a successor to that burnt by the Dutch in 1667); but this vessel had been severely knocked about, so it was as well the day was coming to a close, and the admirals on either side thought they had had enough of it. Next day, after some manœuvring but no fighting, the Dutch fled.

The battle of Sole Bay was far less disastrous to the Dutch than the fight of 1665 had been, for they lost but four ships: one sunk, one burnt, one captured, and the fourth practically destroyed. The French, however, could not share our honours, for the victory certainly was ours, as their ships, which had made so grand a display in sight of Dover, had but little hand in the action.

Referring to an old ground-plan of Whitehall Palace,† we find the lodgings of the Duke of York, like the King's, in the southern block of buildings which faced the river to the south-east of the existing banqueting-hall of Inigo Jones. The King's apartments were on the city side, and the Duke's on the

* *Vide*, Evelyn's "Diary," May 31, 1672.

† Dated 1680, but should be 1670, or earlier.

Westminster side, near the bowling-green, to the west of the privy garden, the site of which is now occupied by Montagu House. Between the privy garden and this block extended The Stone Gallery, leading by several little courts and passages into the several suites of rooms, and above The Stone Gallery was The Matted Gallery, with its ceiling painted by Holbein, which is mentioned by Pepys as an approach to the Duke's private chambers in his amorous intrigues.*

In the spring of 1663 his Highness removed for the summer to St. James's Palace, the first time that mansion was occupied as a residence by royalty bearing its name, saving, of course, the time he was there as a boy under the Earl of Northumberland's care. Later on he lived there principally, but in the first few years after the Restoration, if a change of scene was required, York House, Twickenham, was the favoured spot. Here, according to a modern topographical work, "the royal Duke and his much-beloved bride passed some years in uninterrupted happiness," which, on the face of events previously here recorded, is rather more poetic than true. However, the Princesses Mary and Anne (according to Cobbitt) were born there,† and the state chamber thus made historical has survived to the twentieth century to give a more accurate idea of Charles II.'s day than many of the more modernized apartments adorned to suit the taste of subsequent celebrities. York House was originally given to Lord Clarendon by the King, and, according to tradition, when his daughter made good her claim upon the Duke, the

* *Vide* Pepys' "Diary," June 24, 1667.

† By some accounts Anne was born at St. James's Palace.

house was presented to them by the Chancellor as a wedding gift; and before he fell into disgrace and went abroad, the statesman did much of the writing here that helped to fill his ponderous works.

The birth of the Princess Mary in April, 1662, was not greeted with joy.* Strange to say, when the Duke's first child fell ill and died, just over a year before, there was a contrary feeling. "The Duke of York's son is this day dead," writes Pepys, on May 6, 1661, "which I believe will please everybody, and I hear that the Duke and his lady themselves are not much troubled at it." There were, however, great rejoicings at Court when James's fourth son (the third Duke of Cambridge) appeared on September 14, 1667. "It will settle men's minds mightily," says Pepys on this occasion. But alas! the poor little boy died in his fourth year.

The Princess Anne's birth on February 4, 1665, is not alluded to by Pepys; in fact, she is not mentioned by him at all, and yet while in tender years her Highness was a person of some importance. At the age of five she had her special Page of the Backstairs, her three "rockers," as well as a dresser and a sempstress, while her elder sister, aged seven, in addition to Backstair Page, dressers, rocker, and sempstress, had her dancing and singing masters.

The young step-mother, only four years Mary's senior, being better suited to the nursery than the dignity of her new position, was a capital playmate for the young Princesses, and she was much more at home romping with them than in her husband's company, or presiding at official functions at St. James's. But the Duke was now less awe-inspiring

* *Vide* Pepys' "Diary," May 1, 1662.

and formal than under the reign of his first wife. The animation and amiability of his new spouse made him younger, and he could unbend and be frivolous when he chose. From the Belvoir MSS. we get a sidelight of the high-spirited young brunette pelting her husband with snowballs, an undignified proceeding which her predecessor would never have stooped to.

When her kinswoman, the beauteous Duchess of Mazarin, came to Court, though her reception was not very cordial, she made herself so agreeable in entering heart and soul into Mary d'Este's childish amusements, that James was very kindly disposed, and placed at the service of the ever-youthful Mancini a house in St. James's Park he had purchased from Lord Windsor.* Here, though there was more room than in those apartments of the Duke's in Whitehall Palace which had been vacated for her use, there were less opportunities of conquering the heart of Charles; but, after all, that was easy under any circumstances.

James's young wife, little skilled in Court intrigues and tactics, by her friendliness to her cousin incurred the wrath of a very formidable woman. Louis XIV.'s secret agent, the King's mistress, Portsmouth, had received the cold shoulder from Mary d'Este, which slight she had not forgotten, and when Mazarin's visits to the Duchess of York facilitated the access of Charles to that handsome adventuress, the fat was in the fire. James, well aware of the Duchess of Portsmouth's power, endeavoured to rectify matters by a formal but tardy introduction, the result of

* Thomas, Lord Windsor, afterwards created Earl of Plymouth. Charles II.'s son by Catherine Pegg succeeded to the earldom.

which was only to incur the wrath of the Queen. Her Majesty and the young Duchess had not been the best of friends since she, by the King's desire, had forbidden her to offer up her devotions in the Catholic chapel at St. James's, and in consequence she had to use a private oratory.

James, meanwhile, was daily becoming more unpopular as the crafty statesman Shaftesbury was pushing Monmouth forward. The country that had looked alarmed at the Catholic marriage, had been gradually worked up to believe that the national religion was tottering. At the top of this came Oates's monstrous fabrication, which brought such a scare of the murderous plots of Papists that ladies rarely ventured out without carrying little loaded pocket-pistols in their muffs. The fury of the fanatical furnace soon burnt itself out, but there were ready maniacs to fan the expiring flame. One enthusiast, for instance, partially cut his throat and lay bleeding in a much-frequented alley near Chancery Lane, in the hopes that the deed would be attributed to a poor innocent Irish Catholic who was then in Gloucestershire.*

The position of the Duke of York as well as of the Queen and Duchess of Portsmouth became precarious. The last in this dilemma smiled for a time (in concert with the French ambassador Barrillon) upon the Monmouth party, and this, of course, spelled disaster for James. There was nothing for it but to quit England as speedily as possible and wait until the storm had blown over. James was far from pleased at having to leave the country and being ordered to go to Flanders. If he had to go

* *Vide* Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

anywhere he would prefer France, but just then there were strained relations between Charles and Louis, and the latter would not receive him. So James climbed down a little from his former hostile attitude, pleading the protection of the Grand Monarque. This pleased Louis's vanity, by whose influence James eventually was recalled, a diplomatic move on the French King's part, for upon his return the policy he advised and adopted was more than ever of an arbitrary character, and by no means opposed to governing by foreign subsidies.

The Duke's dismissal came as a surprise to everybody. His departure had taken place four days prior to the meeting of Parliament, and, says Reresby, "some said the Treasurer had obtained it to get the King to himself: others said it was to avoid the violence of both Houses against the Duke from the suspicion of some that he was of the plot. But it was, I presume, chiefly to remove all jealousy from the Parliament, that his Majesty was not at all influenced by popish councils—no, nor his brother's." *

James being out of the way, the Protestant party pushed their *protégée* to extremes. His rightful claims to the succession were vaunted on the face of the discovery of documentary proof of Monmouth's legitimacy; and speeches and libels against the Duke of York were cried in the streets "with shameful liberty," says Evelyn.† But the King was not going to sacrifice him to his son's ambition. Writing from Brussels, May 28, 1679, the Duke, upon the subject of the Exclusion Bill, says to Lawrence Hyde, "You cannot imagine how great a consolation it is to me to hear from all hands how kind his Majesty continues to

* Reresby's "Memoirs," p. 163.

† July, 1679.

me: I cannot have more duty for him than I had, but this great goodness of his makes me support my misfortunes more cheerfully than I could have done otherwise; and by what you say to me I have some hope left that by what his Majesty does, and the endeavours of my friends, that bill may die in the House of Commons." *

Much as Charles loved his illegitimate son, his brother's interests came first, and Monmouth was mortified to find that his argument and vague documentary evidence had little weight against a public declaration from his father that he had never been married to the Welsh girl, Lucy Walter. This severe blow to Monmouth's ambition was to be followed later on by a request for his removal to temporary seclusion.

A sudden illness of the King had brought this about, which had hurried James over from Brussels (where he occupied the same house [still existing, though much modernized] where Charles had lived during his exile). "The Duke, who had been sent abroad," says Reresby, "came home unexpectedly to see the King, who had not been very well, as was pretended.† The Duke of Monmouth, who thought he had the King then entirely, knew nothing of it until his Highness came to Windsor. And there were not above ten people who knew of it till he arrived; so close could the King be where he found it necessary. My Lord Feversham, who was the chief instrument in the Duke of York's being

* "Correspondence of Hy. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon," vol. i., p. 44.

† There can be no doubt about the reality of this first apoplectic fit of the King's, though an uncharitable view may have been taken of it by some.

recalled, told me afterwards the whole story." * But the Duke's reception, save by the King, was far from encouraging, and as he stood by his brother's side when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen came to offer their congratulations for his Majesty's recovery, no congratulations were offered for the Duke's return. He was still under the cloud raised by the anti-Catholic party, and wisely but not too willingly withdrew from the metropolis for a sojourn in Scotland. Except at times of fanatical demonstrations against his party, his safest place was with his royal brother. Nobody knew this better than James himself, who clearly expressed this view in a letter to Lawrence Hyde from Brussels on July 24, 1679. "As for what is proposed, that I might have leave to go into England and not be with his Majesty," he says, "I do by no means approve of it; for I should make so strange a figure anywhere else but with him, and should be liable to so many affronts and other accidents without being able to do myself any good; and besides, how can I expect any good so long as my enemies do absolutely govern and are at the head of affairs? And without I were with his Majesty, how could I ever hope to prevail with him, or get the better of my enemies, who you say will turn everything against me? So that except I can be with his Majesty, and be assured of his sticking by me, I shall not desire to be in England, and must have patience till a more favourable conjuncture." †

* Reresby's "Memoirs," p. 177. *Vide* "King Monmouth," pp. 76-77.

† "Correspondence of Hy. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon," vol. i., p. 46.

POLITICAL AND DOMESTIC TROUBLES

UPON his way to Brussels in 1679, James had paid a visit to his recently wedded daughter, the Princess of Orange, in Holland. That marriage of convenience had been as obnoxious to the Princess Mary as had been the English match to her step-mother, Mary d'Este. She had left her father and the gay Court with floods of tears. James had by no means favoured this Protestant match, having had the Dauphin of France in view for his eldest daughter; however, the Lord Treasurer, Danby, had impressed upon the King the political advantages of the union, and Charles gave his niece, with little regard to her or her father's feelings.

The Princess's chaplain and tutor, Dr. Lake, records in his diary on October 21, 1677: "The Duke of York din'd at Whitehall; after dinner returned to Saint James', took Lady Mary into her closet and told her of the marriage designed between her and the Prince of Orange, whereupon her highness wept all that afternoon and the following day. That evening the marriage was declared in Council. Nov. 4, at nine o'clock at night, the marriage was solemnized in her highness's bed chamber. The King who gave her away was very pleasant all the while, for he desir'd that the Bishop of London would make haste

lest his sister* should be delivered of a son and so the marriage be disappointed. When the Prince endowed her with all his worldly goods hee willed to put all up in her pockett for 'twas clear gains. At eleven o'clock they went to bed, and his Majesty came and drew the curtains." A week later, when preparations were being made for her departure to Holland, the tutor says she was very tearful and disconsolate in her closet. On November 15, the Queen's birthday, a great Court ball was held, where it was noticed Dutch William took but little notice of his bride. That same evening she was told "immediately to undresse herself and go abroad," says Dr. Lake; but the wind being in the wrong quarter, the departure had to be postponed for three more days. On the morning of November 19, "the wind being westerly, their highnesses, accompany'd with his Majesty and royal highnesse, took barges at Whitehall, with several other persons of quality. The Princesse wept grievously all the morning," requesting the Duchess of Monmouth to think often of her, and to come and see her sister often. The Princess Anne, by the way, then laid up with small-pox, was not told of Mary's departure for over a fortnight after. As it was, the parting was far too tearful to please the stoical husband. "The Prince of Orange and his wiffe went not till Munday morning," writes Lady Chaworth to her brother at Belvoir, "the wind being contrary, and there was a very sad parting betweene the Princesse and her father, but especially the Duchesse and her, who wept both with that excesse of sorrow that the Prince, tho' the wind still is so bad that they can tug but eight

* Sister-in-law, Mary d'Este.

miles a day, will not returne againe, as he says, to make a second scene of griefe."* The weather, however, was so rough and the ladies so sick that they had to put ashore at Sheerness, and take coach to Canterbury, stopping there a few days, and eventually embarking from Margate on November 28. But the troubles were not all over, for landing near Ter-Heide, coaches could not approach the spot within a distance of four miles, so the "poore Princesse was fayne to walk that in a frost."†

Leaving the young Princess of Orange at her new home in the Hague, we must return to England. The joyful event expected by Charles happened shortly after the Princess's wedding. "Last night," writes Dr. Denton to Sir Ralph Verney on November 8, "the Duchess, by the help of three incomparable midwives,—the King, the Duke, and the Prince,—was brought to bed of a boy."‡ But, alas! he, like the rest of James's sons, was doomed to die. The first of Mary d'Este's children, Catherine Laura, born on January 30, 1676, lived scarcely nine months. Her successor, Isabella, born in the following year, was reared with difficulty to the age of nearly four and a half, when she died. Charles, Duke of Cambridge, whose nativity has just been mentioned, lived but a few days over a month (his decease being attributed to the ignorant doctoring of a lady nurse). These terrible disappointments were followed in 1681 and the following year by two others—a child that lived

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 12, App. pt. ii., p. 42.

† Ibid. p. 43. See also MS. Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, Camden Society, 1846.

‡ Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 494.

only a few hours, and Charlotte Mary (born in August, 1682), who lived only a few weeks.

James accepted this hard ruling of fate with fortitude, but his poor Duchess, especially after the death of her boy, was inconsolable, and would receive visits from no one. It was about this time that Catherine Sedley made her appearance in the Duke's household. A vacancy had occurred among the Duchess's maids of honour by the marriage of Anne Howard (daughter of William, fourth Earl of Berkshire) with Sir Gabriel Silvius, who had received an appointment under the Prince of Orange. The promotion of Sir Charles Sedley's daughter came as a surprise to everybody, for Mistress Sedley was notorious for her sharp and indelicate wit. Some years before, when little over fifteen, Evelyn speaks of her as "none of the most virtuous."* When on one occasion she described her father as vicious and her mother a mad woman, one may guess what sort of training hers must have been; but though cuttingly caustic, her remarks were usually true. One has but to glance through Pepys' pages to see the standard of Sir Charles's morality; but he was a man of brilliant talent, like most of the boon companions of the merry monarch. Sedley was a handsome man, but his daughter did not inherit his good looks, if she did his brains. But though her face was not beautiful, her portrait at Althorp is not so plain to warrant the King's sarcastic remark about his brother's lady friends,† and she looks more intelligent than many of the sleepy-eyed maids of honour. Her figure was well proportioned, and her arms and hands were so graceful and shapely that sculptors

* "Diary," June 13, 1673.

† See Bishop Burnet's "Own Time."

sought to immortalize them in their works. But this was in her youthful days, for afterwards she became ungainly, and spoiled her appearance by over-dress and paint. Her bold and cutting repartee was so deadly a weapon that few would venture to cross swords in wordy warfare. Restraint or discretion in speech was quite unknown to her. She would startle everybody by her outspoken observations, and thus to distinguish herself in Charles II.'s Court speaks volumes for the quality of her language.

It is difficult to fix a date to James's infatuation for this lively but dangerous damsel, but judging by others thus favoured and promoted she probably did not become his recognized mistress until 1678, possibly a year later. She had been considered a suitable match for young Churchill, but that handsome young soldier had an eye for beauty, and the lady had no wealth to recommend her. The arrangement with James was easily settled; she met the proposition halfway in unceremonious fashion by saying of the two alternatives, the Duke or obscurity, she preferred the former. She was not rapacious like Portsmouth. "I wonder what value," she said, "that miss placed upon her virtue, for, Good lack! the commodity has long since fetched its price."

Meanwhile the cheerfulness of the young Italian Duchess was on the wane. The Duke, though very attentive to his wife, had as yet no intention to reform, and Mary d'Este, like Anne Hyde, had very just cause of jealousy. But another great cause of dejection was the fact that as yet there was no heir to carry on the Stuart dynasty, for the Queen was childless, and the future now rested with her.

James, having fetched his Duchess and daughters

back from Brussels, now set out for Scotland as Lord High Commissioner, determined to make himself as popular as possible with the people. His wife accompanied him, but the Princesses for the present remained at St. James's Palace. Mary d'Este had been far from pleased with her exile abroad. She had not, she said, had a happy hour since she left England.* A visit from her mother had revived her spirits, but the prospect in England looked gloomy. On October 27 the Duke and his suite set out for the north, but the city took little notice of his departure. The Honourable Artillery Company, however, gave him a banquet, which would have been a success had not some ill-disposed persons pasted placards on the doors of the hall and on the staircase that it was a meeting of Papists.†

At Welbeck the royal party was sumptuously entertained by the Duke of Newcastle. The Duchess of York's quaint old jewel-case, by the way, may still be seen in this historic mansion, which in the seventeenth century Evelyn considered a melancholy seat. At Pontefract a halt was made on October 28, and next day Sir John Reresby and fifty country gentlemen received the royal party upon their entry into York. But the Duke's reception by the city magnates was by no means cordial, and the gentleman who had consented unwillingly to give up his house for his Highness's occupation was so uncivil as to remove his furniture. The night before his departure (November 6) James gave a banquet, and was very merry.‡ His reception in Scotland was far more cordial, and Edinburgh made a far better impression than York

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 476.

† Ibid.

‡ Reresby's "Memoirs."

by its marks of loyalty ; but the bare rooms of Holyrood, with its sad memories of James's unfortunate ancestress, were far more melancholy than Welbeck.

Monmouth, whose departure from England had so gone against the grain, was far too important a figure-head to be abandoned at this juncture. He had no sooner arrived in Holland than the cunning Shaftesbury was again playing on his ambition, with the result that he was induced to try his luck by returning without permission. When he made his appearance the populace of London held out its arms with joy ; but not so the King, who rewarded his son's impertinence by depriving him of his various remunerative offices.* The only result obtained was that he was told not to dare to show his face again at Court, while James, pending the postponement of the meeting of Parliament, was invited to return. James, though at first alarmed at his nephew's audacity, now hastened back, and upon being affectionately received by the King, was promised he should remain ; but the day before Parliament met in October the Duke and Duchess again withdrew for a period to Scotland, the journey this time being made by sea.

Charles, hard up as he was for money, held out firmly for his brother's rights ; he would agree to anything for securing the Protestant religion so long as the direct line of succession was not diverted. But there were fears he would eventually give way to the popular cry for the Bill of Exclusion—more particularly as by bribery the persuasions of that powerful political woman, the Duchess of Portsmouth, just then leaned in that direction. Much to James's alarm, the Bill passed the lower House. But the violence

* *Vide* "King Monmouth."

with which Shaftesbury and his party had persecuted the Duke, and the shameful perjuries of Oates, and shallow basis of other fabulous plots had set up a reaction. The Bill was thrown out by the Lords, mainly owing to the eloquence of the Earl of Halifax. "One would think," says Reresby, "that so signal a piece of service as this could never have been forgotten by the Duke, yet when he came to be King he removed him from Lord Privy Seal, where he found him, to Lord President of the Council, to make room for another, and afterwards laid him quite aside."

But Charles had his own reasons, for what the French Ambassador, Barillon, said of him in writing to Louis XIV. was perfectly true, viz. "What he seems to be doing for the Duke of York is really in order to make an opening for a compromise by which the Prince of Orange may benefit." In addition also to Halifax working in Dutch William's interests there was that treacherous statesman Sunderland, and his equally crafty wife, secretly plotting for the end that eventually came to pass. Nor was the intriguing Duchess of Portsmouth opposed to the scheme, for in her wavering between the interests of Monmouth and the Duke of York at one time she was daring enough to declare openly for the Prince of Orange, which showed that Sunderland then was at her back.

The marvel is how she managed to hold her position in thus, for the time, opposing the interests of France. Though Charles was under her subjection, he had once or twice nearly got away from her toils. It was only by fear of losing Louis XIV.'s support that he retained her. The Duchess of Monmouth, speaking in George I.'s time of these days, recalled how weary Charles had grown of his mistress, in



CHARLES II

FROM THE PAINTING BY LEYBURN AT BELHUS

proof of which "was the manner he spoke to one of his lords who was with him in the Duchess of Portsmouth's chamber, when the doctors said she could not live half an hour, and that she had sent to the King to take her leave of him and recommend her son to his protection. The King stood pretty carelessly at the window, and this lord came up to him and lamented over the Duchess (whom he thought dying) to the King. To whom he replied, 'God's fish!' (that was his common oath), 'I don't believe a word of all this; she's better than you or I are, and she wants something that makes her play her pranks over thus. She has served me so often so, that I am as sure of what I say as if I was part of her.' "*

Even when the Duchess favoured the Duke of York's interests James had but little confidence in her fidelity. She was one of the "rotten sheep" alluded to by Dartmouth, who could be well dispensed with. "Do not think," he observes to Lawrence Hyde in one of his letters to that statesman, "that if there should be anything to do with France, that of necessity it must fall into her hands; for not only we, but all others do now know her so well as not to care to trust or make use of her." †

* Diary of Lady Cowper, March 10, 1716.

† "Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon," vol. i., p. 48.

OTHER ANXIETIES

JAMES having set out for Scotland, as before stated (on October 20, 1680), Monmouth again put in an appearance. After exploiting the country in royal fashion he now had the audacity to attack the Duke of York in the House of Lords in the presence of the King, his excuse being that he had to protect his father from the Duke's malice by voting for the exclusion. However, Halifax won the day, and Charles, to avoid difficulties, prorogued and then dissolved Parliament. Then followed Shaftesbury's impeachment and imprisonment in the Tower, which for a time kept Monmouth quiet. The latter, however, had the satisfaction of bailing his friend out in November, 1681. During his brother's absence, the King, seeing no other way out of the difficulty, tried in vain to persuade him to attend the services in the Protestant church, but all arguments were useless; James remained firm to his religion. The topic had frequently been broached by his well-wishers, but invariably had been rejected with scorn. "Though I were sure it" (his conversion back to the Protestant faith) "would restore me into the good opinion and esteem of the nation which I once had," he wrote to Lawrence Hyde, "I desire that neither you, nor none of my friends, will ever mention it to me, or flatter themselves that I can ever be brought to it." * Again,

* "Correspondence of Henry Hyde," vol. i., p. 45.





CHARLOTTE FITZROY, COUNTESS OF LITCHFIELD
FROM THE PAINTING BY KNELLER AT DITCHLEY

upon another occasion, "Pray do not wonder if I can never be brought to what you and other of my friends do so press me in concerning my religion, since I could not do it without deserving a severer and more terrible sentence from the Great Judge of all the world." *

James was far more popular in Scotland than he was in England, notwithstanding his religion, which their Parliament declared could not alter the succession to the throne. After the tyranny of Lauderdale's rule James was just, and only where severity was deserved, owing to rebellion and disloyalty, did he exercise it. The stories of James's cruelty have been greatly exaggerated. Lord Ailesbury, who knew his character thoroughly, said he was usually inclined towards mercy. "I know," he says, "so many instances as to his temper of mind in relation to blood, that in some cases well known to me then, he pardoned, if one may term it so, to a vice." † The probability is that James was credited with the cruelties of the Covenanters' deadly enemy, Claverhouse, and the anti-Catholic party would be only too ready to confirm such reports. The very fact that the Duke made himself popular in Scotland by the justice and impartiality of his rule after his predecessor, the hated Lauderdale, is contradictory of these calumnies. From the Duke's letters to his niece, the young Countess of Litchfield (the Duchess of Cleveland's daughter, Charlotte Fitzroy), we get glimpses of his Highness in unofficial hours: "This place affords but very little newse, all things being very quiet," he writes (from Edinburgh on June 6,

* "Correspondence of Henry Hyde," vol. i., p. 51.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 77.

1681), "and like to continue so, for here fals witnesses dare not come, perjury being death, if it had been so in England so many innocent people had not suffered, and things would have been quiater then they are; we have here very long days and no hot weather, and this toun begins to be very empty of company. I hear you are going to Windsor, but no apearance of my seing you there this summer." July 18: "I hope as well as you that it will not be long before I may have the satisfaction of seing you there, since his Ma. affairs go so well, but in that I must be governed and submitt to his pleasur as I allways have done. My daughter arrived here yesterday morning early, having had a very good passage." He describes how the Duchess and the Princess Anne "ride abroad almost every day," how "some tymes we go to the plays; these players come out of Ireland and are pretty tolerable. I am going to see them this afternoon" (October 18), which reads like a modern matinee of a provincial company. Again, on November 26, "I assure you that we here do not passe our tyme so ill as you in England thinke we do, for we have plays, ride abroad when 'tis good weather, play at Bassett and have a great deele of good company, but for all that, one wishes on's self with on's freinds at London. I am sure I do, but when that will be God and the King knows. My daughter acted on Thursday last for the third and last tyme her play. There were five of them that did their parts very well, and they were very well drest, so that they made a very fine show, and such a one as had not been seen in this country before."

In December the Duke wrote that his Duchess had had a terrible fall from her horse. "'Twas a miracle,"

he says, "she was not spoyled and 'tis a great mercy she had no more harme. She is now, God be thanked, as well as can be expected after such an accident, and her legs meend a pace, but yett she is tyde to ly on hir bed or sitt in a chaire, and it must be yett some day before she must walk." January 11, 1681-2: "We have now right winter weather, which is the first we have had this season, so that there is no sturing abroad, which is a great mortification for me, that love best the diversions without doors, then those within. The Dutchesse plays often at Bassett and my daughter dances country dances as offten, which the Dutchesse cannot yett do, her leg not being quite well enough for that tho' she walks about." On the 31st the weather had mended, for his Highness was "abroad every day and playing at goffe, which is the only diversion I can have without doors, this not being a good hunting country." * He still longed for London, where just then the Ambassadors from Russia and Morocco were the talk of the town, the former diverting playgoers by his mild drink of a pint of brandy warmed with a spoonful of white pepper! the latter by his aversion to the fair sex, which was carried to such an extent that he forbade any of his suite to come near a woman on pain of death†—a strange lesson from the East to the English court at this period!

Meanwhile the political intrigue surrounding the English throne was well calculated to drive a monarch into a madhouse, but Charles, so long as he got money, did not trouble his head much. He therefore accepted

* "Some Familiar Letters of Charles II. and James, Duke of York" (preserved at Ditchley), by Right Hon. Viscount Dillon, P.S.A.

† Belvoir MSS., December 18 and January 26, 1681-2.

Louis XIV.'s bribery and prorogued his Parliaments. The all-powerful French mistress, with the new treaty, found it her best policy to court the Duke of York, and one of her ladies in attendance, Mistress Wall, who was a favourite with the Duke, probably helped matters to an amicable settlement. To James's joy, therefore, he was invited to join his brother at the Newmarket races in March, 1682. Landing at Yarmouth, he slept the night at Norwich, where he was cordially received.

On March 22 James wrote from Newmarket to his niece that he had been busy receiving friends and congratulations. Notwithstanding the vile weather he was delighted again to be in his brother's company.

"The King and the Duke are come this afternoon to town," writes Charles Bertie, from London (Saturday night, April 8), to the Countess of Rutland, "and the streets are all lightened with bonfires for joy . . . we hear the Duke will fetch his Dutchesse from Scotland after a short stay there."*

James was doomed to disappointment, for on reaching Windsor the weather was worse than it was at Newmarket. "It keeps us prisoners," writes the Duke (April 30),† "for there is no sturing out farther than the little Parke, the waters being still so much out, and the ways so durty that I have not been able to go farther, and this day has been so very rainy that I have not been able to walke abroad at all, but a little in the morning early upon the terrasse." He was then on the eve of his return trip to Edinburgh, which proved more disastrous than the rains and floods. "I shall go straight to the yacht and not call in at London at all," he

* Belvoir MSS. † Ditchley Letters, edited by Viscount Dillon.

told his niece, "and this I do by advice and not by inclination for I should have been very glad to have stay'd there one night, but pray do not take notice that I have sayd this to you," he cautiously adds.

The Duke quitted Windsor on May 3, going by river to join the *Gloucester* at the Nore. A few days later news reached London from Hull of an alarming shipwreck, the *Gloucester* had struck on the Lemon and Ore sandbanks in Yarmouth Roads, sixteen leagues off the mouth of the Humber.* There are various conflicting reports as to who was actually to blame, Captains Ayres, Gunman, or James himself. The pilot either made some blunder in his signals or misjudged the distance of the danger, anyhow Ayres was victimised. The *Gloucester* stuck for a time on the sand, then going into deep water, foundered. Among the nobles on board were Lords Churchill, Dartmouth, Montrose, Perth, Middleton, Roxburgh, and O'Brien.† The last two were drowned with about a hundred and thirty men on board. Only at the last moment would James consent to enter the shallop, knowing that when he left the ship all hopes of saving her would be abandoned. "I humbly desired his Royal Highness to have his barge hoisted out to serve his Royal person," says Captain Berry in his account of the disaster. "His Highness being unwilling to have any boat hoisted out considering the condition we were in, hoping (as I did) the ship might be saved; but the water increasing although we employed all our pumps and materials

* Letter from Henry Savile to Lord Preston. Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 351.

† His widow (Lady Catherine Stuart) was sister and heiress of Charles Stuart, Duke of Richmond, husband of the beautiful Frances Stuart.

for baling and no manner of hope left but that the ship must be lost, I did again request his Royal Highness to go away in his boat to the yacht, to which his Royal Highness was pleased to condescend." [Rather a necessity than a condescension one would think!] "The barge was hoisted out and his Highness took as many persons of quality with him in the boat as she could carry."* James not only had the presence of mind to save his strong box, but transferred some of the documents therein into his pocket, to keep them from getting wet.† Indeed, he seems to have been more concerned about the safety of the papers than anything else, if one may judge by the account Lord Dartmouth gave of his father's version of the catastrophe.‡

Poor men's lives were evidently not counted for much, judging from the following account by the Earl of Ailesbury: "There were about four in the shallop besides the Duke, next the stern. A bold, saucy fellow, Tho. Jewry, a foot huntsman, had the address to get into the shallop and lay under where the Duke sat, and it was imagined that some baggage had been thrust in, but they perceiving him at last, the mariners would have thrown him into the sea, but the Duke forbid them, saying he was a Christian, a very pious and Christian thought but ill interpreted." And this was true enough, for Bishop Burnet of course implies that the unknown people who were saved were priests.§ Several of those

* "Correspondence of Henry Hyde," vol. i., p. 73.

† Ibid. Letter from James to the Lord Treasurer, May 9, 1682. Hyde Correspondence.

‡ Ibid., vol. i., p. 68, footnote.

§ Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 67-8, and Bishop Burnet's "Own Time."

who were saved clung to the wreckage until they were picked up by the accompanying yachts, upon one of which, the *Catherine*, was no less familiar a figure than Mr. Pepys, who, writing to his friend Hewer on May 8, attributed the disaster to "an obstinate over-weening" on the part of the pilot "in opposition to the contrary opinions of Sir J. Berry, his master, Col. Legg, the Duke himself, and several others concurring unanimously in not being yet clear of the sands." * Pepys' fellow diarist, Evelyn, wrote to him in June from Sayes Court, "I have been both very sorry and very much concerned for you since your northern voyage, as knowing nothing of it till you were embarked (though I saw you so few days before) and that the dismal and astonishing accident was over, which gave me apprehensions and a mixture of passions not really to be expressed till I was assured of your safety, and I gave God thanks for it with as much sincerity as any friend you have alive. 'Tis sadly true there were a great many poor creatures lost and some gallant persons with them; but there are others worth hundreds saved, and Mr. Pepys was to me the second of those same." † James, having boarded one of the other yachts, continued his journey without further trouble. But his return was delayed some days by contrary winds. "This accident has not discouraged the Duchesse from going by sea," says James in a brief letter from Edinburgh, "and I hope to sett out from hence by Monday next." The Duchess, if a bad sailor, had plenty of pluck, and the return voyage had no fears for her. The

* Pepys' "Life Journals," &c., 1841. Quoted in Wheatley's "Pepysiana."

† "Correspondence of John Evelyn."

reception on their arrival was most cordial, but the joy of reunion was marred by one of those attacks which eventually carried the King off.

"Saturday their Royal Highnesses and Lady Ann arrived safely at Whitehall," writes Giles Hancock to Lord Preston on Restoration Day, 1682, "where they met their Majesties, who very early came to town for that purpose and dined together at the Lord Arlington's; the same evening their Majesties went for Windsor, but their Royal Highnesses reposed themselves at St. James's. The next day we had the unhappy news of his Majesty's indisposition, being seized in the chapel with a shaking fit and symptoms of fever, and was immediately carried to bed, but had not a physician at Windsor; the fit continued some time upon him; about six he arose and was pretty cheery. An express was immediately sent to the Lord Mayor, who sent his sword bearer; at two o'clock this morning his Royal Highness having likewise notice, immediately posted away thither, as did also many of the nobility, together with his physicians. They being come, found his Majesty somewhat amended, having had a pretty good night's rest. But his physicians advised bleeding and took from him this morning about seven o'clock ten ounces of blood; his Majesty some hours walked about, and through the blessing of God we hear is in a hopeful way of recovery."*

A reaction had been gradually working in James's favour, and this shipwreck brought much sympathy. Charles, with his usual tact, was no doubt at the bottom of the suggestion at a political meeting that a demonstration should march to Windsor, asking

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 405.

the King to take his brother into the government.*

The Duke's triumphant return was a blow for Monmouth's party, and the rabble did their best to extinguish the bonfires that were kindled to welcome him, and those who drunk his Highness's health were cried down with louder blessings for the Protestant Duke, who was still in the King's disfavour. The Duchess was glad to get back to England. Her health had been indifferent and there were expectations of a new arrival. She remained at Windsor, while James's time was fully occupied in flitting between the Castle and St. James's, when he was not at his favourite hunting, yachting with the King, or attending to state duties.

The happy father wrote on August 18, from Windsor, "The Dutchesse is now, I thanke God, very well. She was a little out of order yesterday, it being the third day, but I have heard this day that she is much more at ease, the child is a lusty one as they tell me and very well."† This was Charlotte Mary, born on August 15, who, with the ill-luck of the majority of Mary's children, only lived a few weeks. This misfortune came on the top of another, for the little Princess Isabella, who had been left at St. James's, had died during her parents' absence.

And there were other troubles, for the Princess Anne, then aged seventeen, was suspected of giving encouragement to the attentions of John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, a dangerous person where ladies were concerned.‡ The Earl was then just double

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 497.

† Ditchley Letters, edited by Viscount Dillon.

‡ See "Diary of Henry Sidney," vol. i., p. 141.

Anne's age, and, as before stated, had figured as a rival to James and Monmouth in another love affair, otherwise he had been a staunch friend to the former. To Charles also he had been a rival, for he had been enamoured of the widowed Duchess of Richmond, not to mention his attentions to Lady Conway and Henrietta Boyle, Countess of Rochester.

The result of his liaison with the Princess was he suddenly found himself dismissed from court, and his lucrative positions of Groom of the Bedchamber, Governor of Hull, etc., bestowed on Lords Feversham, Windsor, and Chesterfield.* "'Tis said Lord Mulgrave has written to the King to know the reason of his displeasure," writes John Verney to Sir Ralph on November 16, 1682. "Some report Lord Hyde got him in disgrace because he was too great an admirer of his Viscountess, and Mulgrave obtained his ends by her friendship with Lady Anne's governess; but I believe this is but to salve the repute of the Lady Anne, to whom some say Lord Arran,† son of Hamilton, makes his addresses."‡ Dr. Denton, writing on the same subject to Sir Ralph Verney, says, on November 13, "Mulgrave hath not been told his crime, the town lays on Lady A's account, which he knows; and it's said that he writ letters to her and that his Majesty hath them; with which I taxed him, who assured me that he never writ one to her and I believe him; some will have his crime only ogling."§

The story that the Earl was sent to Tangier in a

* Reresby's "Memoirs."

† This was James Hamilton who succeeded Richard Butler as Earl of Arran in January, 1685-6.

‡ Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 480.

§ Ibid., p. 498.

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LADY CATHERINE DARNLEY, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM
 FROM THE PAINTING AT WELBECK

leaky vessel, to get rid of him, is more sensational than true, for he went there with the Earl of Plymouth (Charles II.'s son by Catherine Pegg) two years before his disgrace, returning at the end of July, 1680. Plymouth, says the story, had his suspicions of his friend's danger and determined to share it;* he, however, came off the worst of the two, for he was seized with fever and died a few months after his arrival at the African seaport.

In 1684 Mulgrave's offices were restored to him, and next year he was made Lord Chamberlain. But he was not promoted in the peerage until some years later, although he kept staunch to James. Queen Anne had not forgotten her early love passages with the lady-killer when she raised him to the dormant Dukedom of Buckingham. His grace's third wife was the widowed daughter of James II.'s mistress, Catherine Sedley.† Some months before Mulgrave's dismissal, the match had been discussed between the Princess Anne and Prince George of Denmark. On May 3, 1683, the Danish Envoy arrived at Windsor with a formal proposal, and the marriage took place in July following, at St. James's Palace. "The marriage is to be this night," writes James to his niece, on July 28, "and I write now, because should I stay till then, I should not have tyme to do it, the post going away this night, for their Ma. will be both there and I beleve will stay at St. James's till they are bedded, the Dutchesse, Lady Anne, and Prince George are gone to the play, and I am sent for to attend his Ma."‡

* Biog. Brit., vol. vi.

† Lady Catherine Darnley's previous husband was James Annesley, Earl of Anglesey.

‡ Ditchley Letters, edited by Viscount Dillon.

Evelyn saw the Prince on his arrival, and sums him up briefly: "He had the Danish countenance, blonde, of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but reported to be valiant, and, indeed, he had bravely rescued and brought off his brother the King of Denmark in a battle against the Swedes, when both those Kings were engaged very smartly."* Altogether he was a much more amiable husband than Anne's elder sister had been blessed with, for, from the first, George, fat and easy-going as he was, was devoted to his wife. Of the two Princesses, Mary had the nicer disposition by far. Burnet says she was majestic and created respect, like her mother, but had a sweetness of manner that charmed everybody, and the good grace with which she bestowed favours always enhanced their value. Anne was fond of flattery, full of prejudices, and not too amiable, except to the particular favourites who pleased her fancy.

* "Diary," July 25, 1683.

MONMOUTH VERSUS YORK

THE illness of the little Princess Charlotte Mary brought the Duke prematurely back from the autumn races at Newmarket, but he was so accustomed to the inevitable fate that her death on October 6 did not change his ardour for hawking and horse-racing, for a week later he had returned to these diversions.

The end of the year again found James in Scotland, whither he was sent to put affairs in order, a temporary diplomatic removal also from the metropolis. "I shall not press my being sent for sooner than what was resolved on when I came away," writes James to Hyde, "which was to be in January, for by that time I shall have informed myself as well as I can of the affairs of this kingdom, and be ready to offer my thoughts to his Majesty upon it; and truly though I think it very hard to expecte all people here to be very good friends one with another, yet I hope to be able to offer that to his Majesty which may make them all join in serving him, and secure this country entirely to him, and in the meantime shall take no notice of the expectation I have of being sent for, till the moment I receive his Majesty's commands, which I hope will now come speedily to me, that I may be going from hence about the first week in January, for then will be a light moon, and both the Dutchesse and I have a mind to go back by sea, having been

extremely tired by our land journey hither, which must need be much worse than when we came."

In March the Duke was back at Newmarket, writing grumblingly to his niece of the vile weather, which, however, did not keep him from fox-hunting and cock-fighting, or the Duchess and the Princess Anne from taking the air on horseback.

Monmouth, meanwhile, being suffered to remain in the country was more than ever the favourite with the crowd. His attitude was becoming bolder. "I see by yours of the 1st," writes James to Lord Hyde from Edinburgh on December 7, 1682, "that the Duke of Monmouth continues steady in his disobedience, but that does not at all alarm me, so long as his Majesty continues the same to his resolutions, which I do in no manner doubt; and my enemies were very much mistaken if they thought I could have followed his example, and gone without leave. I do not know what judgment you make of the Duke of Monmouth's carriage to the King, but I cannot think it proceeds from anything else, but measures he has taken to make himself the head of the fanatical and republican party; for had he not these thoughts in his head he could hardly have behaved himself as he has done; and I hope this good will come of it, that it will open his Majesty's eyes to see how ill a man the Duke of Monmouth is, and confirm him in the resolution he has taken, for there could be nothing expected but visible ruin in altering of measures at this time." *

The audacity of Monmouth soon called for a sudden check. While exploiting the midlands in regal state, causing disturbances everywhere, he was arrested by

* "Correspondence of Henry Hyde," vol. i., p. 81.

order of the King and brought up to London. But there were many willing to bail him out. Shaftesbury, released from his imprisonment, also had been busy stirring up the rabble to a general rising. He also was wanted, but was clever enough to keep out of the way, managing, however, to be sufficiently near to keep his agents active. Monmouth was not for a moment lost sight of. He was the cat's-paw to work the cunning statesman's ends, and the innocent victim, as was also poor Lord Russell, of an underlying deadly plot, devised by the more desperate section of the conspirators.

Shaftesbury at last found his burrows so netted that he slipped off to Holland at the first favourable opportunity, leaving his victims to get out of the mire as best they could. The various supporters of the revolutionary rising were all at sea without their leader, but the more murderous schemers continued in their villainous plot, and had the royal carriage containing the King and the Duke of York returned on the day appointed from Newmarket after the races, Charles's reign would have been cut short, and James would have been spared the ignominy of flight. Little did the royal brothers know what they had escaped when the carriage trundled past the Rye House a few days earlier than had been expected. The fire at Newmarket, that had altered plans, was certainly a providential one: not until two months later did Charles II. know of his narrow escape.

The unfortunate Sidney and Russell were committed on June 28. On July 21, 1683, Lady Chaworth wrote to her brother: "Lord Russell's scaffold-making and hanging with blacke in Lincoln's Inne Feelds where he is to be beheaded this day." And

in a postscript, "Lord R. is beheaded, and was first carried into Lord Marquess Winchester's house, where his head was put on, and from thence in a hearse (his own coach only attending him) to Southampton House."* Burnet, in his animosity against James, does not forget to observe in his history that it was reputed by some that he suggested the Earl should be executed before his own residence in Southampton Square. Though the King afterwards told Monmouth that he had to sacrifice Russell and Sidney to satisfy his brother, we have Lord Ailesbury's assertion that at the former's trial the Duke was inclined to mercy. "It was laid to the Duke of York," says the Earl, "but I know that he stood a neuter and rather inclined to mercy."†

Sidney, in his deadly hatred of monarchy and endeavours to bring about a second Commonwealth, would be less likely to find forgiveness in James. In any case, regarding Russell, Charles was irresolute until the last, and a marked change was afterwards observable in his temper. In place of easy-going affability was a harshness that was foreign to his nature. This, however, was heightened by Monmouth's behaviour on the eve of reconciliation, when he would not humble himself sufficiently to accede to the written confession of his sins and submission being published to the world. Between his brother and his beloved son Charles was in a dilemma. He was anxious to receive the latter back into favour so long as he repented his sins and made a clean breast of his complicity in the Rye House plot. But James had another view. Though he was fully convinced that his nephew was innocent of the

* Belvoir MSS.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 77.

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GEORGE SAVILLE, MARQUIS OF HALIFAX

FROM THE PAINTING BY LELY

assassination plot, he had every reason to oppose a reconciliation, and the policy he adopted was an ingenious way of wrecking the power of his enemy.

In a private interview with the royal brothers, Monmouth had sufficiently humbled himself to please them both, ostensibly at least concerning James. Charles declared to a special council held next day that he had granted his son's pardon by the desire and entreaty of the Duke of York. And, strange as it may appear, James seems to have been very anxious to befriend his nephew upon this occasion. "I was eye witness of what the enemies to his Royal Highness could never believe," says Lord Ailesbury, "they represented him to be implacable and of an obdurate heart. 'Twas his Royal Highness that introduced that Duke [Monmouth] the next day to the Queen and the Duchess, and to all persons of the first note at both those courts, and I never saw him in so pleasant a humour." *

The terms, however, were not specified, and these were that the confession which had been given in confidence should be published in full in the *Gazette*. James was well aware that Monmouth had sufficient spirit not to submit to this degradation, which would disgust the Protestant faction and ruin his prospects, and in opposing its publication would again fall foul of the King. And this is exactly what happened, for when the *Gazette* appeared Monmouth publicly contradicted what was stated therein.

Halifax, who was working to the end to bring Monmouth back to Court in opposition to James, persuaded him to keep quiet, or at least to compromise matters by drawing up an amendment to

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 83.

the offensive statement in the form of a letter to the King showing how far he had been implicated in the plot. This Monmouth did, but it was much too evasive. Charles thereupon drew up a paper himself which his son refused to sign. In this the influence of the Duke of York was clearly perceptible, as among other things it boded danger to the younger Hampden.

Since James had returned from Scotland he had gained a certain amount of ascendancy over his brother, and Charles willingly threw on his brother's shoulders the weight of political cares so long as he could get peace and leisure. But his duplicity was as deep as ever; though outwardly uniting with his brother against Monmouth, he was plotting to save him. This is clear from the entry in the latter's diary. At the same time that Monmouth was told to withdraw for his safety, came a secret letter telling him to remain until he heard further.* And when he did retire to Holland, he received money and friendly messages, and was on the very point of being recalled when Charles died. From external appearances, it is difficult to fathom the depth of the King's diplomacy, for it is certain that much of Monmouth's action in leading the Protestant party was winked at as a counterfoil to the Catholic faction. One could thus be played against the other, as might best suit the tactics of this very tactful monarch. In this period of his reign, however, James certainly got the upper hand. The reins of the Government were practically put in his hands. His brother-in-law, Lawrence Hyde, the Chancellor's second son, had been created Earl of

* *Vide* Welwood's "Memoirs," ed. 1700, p. 376.



LAWRENCE HYDE, EARL OF ROCHESTER
FROM THE PAINTING BY RY



Rochester in November, 1682, and in April, 1684, was made President of the Council. In many ways he was like the Duke of York, sincere to his purpose, with high notions that the Government should be maintained with severity.

Monmouth had been courteously received by the Prince of Orange. This naturally did not please the Prince's father-in-law, who, having his own way as he did just then, got Charles officially to request his son's dismissal to Brussels. Some of the King's letters to the Prince, however, were not sealed with a special seal, the meaning of which was mutually understood to mean that such documents were not to be considered seriously, as the contents had been unwillingly drawn from him.* Halifax now, to regain his power against Hyde, was in secret communication with Monmouth and advancing his interests again with the King, and Monmouth actually came over incognito for an interview. Things again looked hopeful. Charles had been glum and pensive under his brother's rule, and was contemplating a plausible excuse for sending James away and bringing his beloved son back again. Hyde, also, was getting too arrogant, and with the reverse swing of the balance he probably would have found himself out of office.

And at this critical moment the popular King was seized with a violent attack of apoplexy and died. So James remained triumphant.

But we must go back a little. Notwithstanding the anxiety of politics and plots, James never lost an opportunity of throwing aside these cares. Side-lights of his favourite recreations (in which the

* Information from the Earl of Portland to Bishop Burnet. Burnet's "Own Time."

Duchess, health permitting, was always ready to participate) gleam from his cheery letters to the Countess of Litchfield. In them we see the Duchess and the Princess Anne joining for the first time a buck hunt with the King near Cranborne Lodge at Windsor. When the Court adjourned to Winchester in August, 1683, "the Dutchesse and my daughter," says James (on September 8), "have been severall tymes a hare hunting with little beagles, and are mightily pleased with that sport." Stag-hunting was more to the Duke's liking, and hawking to the King's.

Though James did not make his appearance occasionally until midnight, and then wet through, the evenings were usually devoted to cards, Catherine of Braganza and Mary d'Este holding Basset-tables, and the Duchess of Portsmouth one for Crimp. "Fubbs," as her Grace was nicknamed by King Charles,* had recently returned from taking the waters at Bourbon, looking "clearer" but not yet well. Then there were trips to Portsmouth and Southampton, Wilton House, Salisbury, etc. On September 25 the Court had returned to Whitehall, and James resumed his fox-hunting when he had time, for in December James observes, "now of late by the D. of Monmouth's being come back, I have really had so much businesse that I have had no time to myself."

In the summer of 1684 the Duchess of York went to Tunbridge to take the waters. Writing from Windsor (August 5), James says: "The waters, I thank God, agree very well with the Dutchesse. She intends to leave of drinking them on Saturday next, and to be that night at London, and here the next

* Ditchley Letters, edited by Viscount Dillon.



JAMES, DUKE OF YORK
FROM THE TAIN OF THE CRESSID

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week. I am to go to St. James's on Monday." On the 28th the Court again was at Winchester (where the King, by the way, was erecting a new royal palace). "We came hither," writes James, "on the 26. This morning I went out a hawking with his Ma.; and am just now a going a hare hunting with the Dutchesse, and to-morrow am to hunt the stag neare Alsford,* and am likely to be but little in the house whilst we stay here." James again was in his element at the autumn races at Newmarket. The inclement weather seems to have been as favourite a theme as sport, for his chats are of little else, and altogether as a correspondent the Duke shows far less ability than Charles. "The weather is now" (October 28, 1684), "so very cold," writes James to his niece, from St. James's, "and the ground all covered with snow, that I hope it will drive you out of the country sooner than you intended to leave it, for now there is nothing to be done without doors. I was a hind-hunting on Monday, but the snow beat us of after I had run two hours, and I intended to have hunted again to-morrow but the snow is not gone, and it freeses so hard there is no doing of it."†

So far his Highness's letters to the Countess of Litchfield, for unfortunately they discontinue at a critical time, viz. only a month before Monmouth came over secretly from Berlin to have an interview with his Royal father, the result of which, had the King lived, would have ended in his reconciliation.‡

* Alresford.

† Ditchley Letters, edited by Viscount Dillon.

‡ *Vide* "King Monmouth."

EXIT KING CHARLES

A GRAPHIC account of Charles II.'s death has been handed down by one of his grooms of the bedchamber, who was in attendance upon his Majesty. This was the Earl of Ailesbury, who, standing by the King as he sat with his knees towards the window, with the napkin around his neck ready to be shaved, was just in time to catch him in falling when the fit seized him. Sir Edmund King happened to be in the vicinity and at once produced his lancets to bleed him, while the Earl rushed off to fetch the Duke. James was dressing, and lost so little time in reaching the King's room, that when he appeared he had a shoe on one foot and a slipper on the other.* Meanwhile, Charles had been got to bed, but it was a long time before he showed any signs of consciousness. The Duchess of Monmouth, who years afterwards used to relate the particulars of Charles II.'s death, said he was unconscious from ten in the morning, when he had the seizure, until seven at night, "at which time coming to himself and staring violently about him he asked, 'What is the matter with me?' (for they, after trying all tricks possible, had clapped a hot warming-pan upon his head, which had brought him to himself), and 'What have ye done to me?' The Duke of

* "Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury," vol. i. p. 90.

York stood at the bed's feet near the King's head, which was turned that way, and cried out aloud to him, with great hardness, 'You have had a fit, sir! You have had a fit, sir!' He, however, made no reply, but fell into a heavy sleep." * The story of poor Charles apologizing for "the unconscionable time" he took in dying is well known. For three days his life hung upon a balance. The ante-chamber, divided off by heavy velvet curtains, was crowded by a throng of anxious inquirers, not the least sorrowful of whom was the Duchess of Portsmouth, who in decency was debarred from a final interview, the Queen at last being the first to be considered.

The King's lax way of living being notorious, this fatal seizure caused bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries of all descriptions to hasten to the rescue of his soul. The dying man listened to their ministerings, but delayed receiving the Sacrament. He intended to keep his secret until all hope of recovery had been abandoned. When James at last heard, through the Duchess of Portsmouth (who sent a message through the French Ambassador, Barrillon), that the King was really a Catholic, he did not lose a minute in seeing that his brother had the consolation that he required. Charles's only fear then was the consequences of this confession, and the construction that would be put upon it by his brother's enemies.

On the right-hand side of the royal bed was a hidden door, leading into a little ante-chamber, and thence by a private stair to what was called "the Spy Office" of Chiffinch, the Keeper of the Back Stairs and the King's secrets in general. This "Spy Office"

* "Diary of Lady Cowper," March 10, 1716.

communicated both by the privy stairs by the river, and with the little courts and passages communicating with the "Stone Gallery," King Street, etc. So eventually Father Huddleston (the same priest who had aided the exiled King's removal from Boscobel to Moseley Hall in 1651) made his appearance through that masked door to hear Charles's confession and give him absolution.

It is a wonder no historical artist has depicted this dramatic scene. One can picture the royal death-chamber dimly lighted by the rushlight (portions of which were afterwards preserved as relics), as the priest, disguised in wig and cloak, made his entrance to perform his solemn duty. The room had been cleared of all save two beside the Duke of York and Huddleston, viz. the Earls of Feversham and Bath; and witnesses were very necessary, for as it was, was not James accused by Monmouth of poisoning his brother? Lord Ailesbury says James did not bring Huddleston to the King until the Friday morning (February 6) that he died, but the priest himself says he was admitted on the previous night.

"There was so much affection and tenderness expressed between the two Royal brothers," says a contemporary correspondent, "the one upon the bed, the other almost drowned in tears upon his knees and kissing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extremely move the standers-by. He (Charles) thanked our present King (James) for having always been the best of brothers and of friends, and begged his pardon for the several risks of fortune he had run on his account." *

In vivid contrast with the glittering scene of luxury

* Ellis's "Original Letters," vol. iii., p. 335.

and dissipation depicted by Evelyn only a few days before, is the picture of poor Queen Catherine receiving condolence from the foreign envoys. "The Queen Dowager," he says, "on a bed of mourning, the whole chamber, ceiling and floor, hung with black, and tapers were lighted so as nothing could be more lugubrious and solemn." *

But this official mourning was at variance with the neglect shown to the Royal body and the mean funeral as described by Bishop Burnet. The burial took place at midnight on February 14. There was no lying in state. By the plain stone slab that marks the spot of his interment stood for years the dusty waxen effigy that may still be seen among that curious collection of figures in Westminster Abbey. Poor Charles, with all his sins and weaknesses, much as he was lamented, was soon forgotten in the sudden revolution of personal interests, and crafty politicians like Sunderland had to play their cards with care. Indeed, the clever way in which the Secretary of State held his office was remarkable since he had so favoured the Exclusion Bill, but the French mistress had saved him by advising him to climb down and make great submissions to the Duke. Bishop Burnet says he was looked upon as a man lost at Court when James succeeded to the throne, but he insinuated himself so well in the Queen's confidence that he was suffered to remain. Rochester was advanced to Lord Treasurer, while Halifax took his vacated and useless post of President of the Council. But this was only a step towards his dismissal, for we have seen that Halifax was busily engaged in Monmouth's interests at the time of Charles II.'s death; and when Hyde

* "Diary," March 5, 1685.

had been made Lord President, Halifax had remarked that he had heard of men being knocked downstairs, but not the reverse way, and by the irony of fate he found himself in the same position, and in his case felt the kick more than the promotion.

Lord Godolphin, a far more straightforward man than Sunderland, had not much to expect, for he too had favoured the Exclusion. But he was made Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, and owed his retention doubtless to her influence, for she esteemed and trusted him more than any other.* To Charles he had been a compliant statesman, "never being in the way or out of the way," as that monarch had wittily summed him up.

Hyde's brother, the second Earl of Clarendon, was made Lord Privy Seal. He was as discreet and clever a statesman as Godolphin, but had been a far greater favourite with Queen Catherine than Charles, owing to his natural resentment of his father's treatment at Court. He had more spirit, and was much less of a time-server than his brother Rochester, who was, though humble in adversity, haughty in prosperity.†

Nor must that important figure, Father Petre, be forgotten—a perfect novice in state affairs, who henceforward was to be the tool of Sunderland, who, in gratitude for retaining his position, began there and then to plot the new King's ruin.

"New brooms sweep clean." James was all fair promises, and nobody could complain of his first address to Council. His promise to preserve the Government in Church and State as it was by law established was a fairer prospect than many had

* Burnet's "Own Time."

† See "Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury."

anticipated to have been his views. But his Majesty's subjects were soon made to understand that the new King had championed the cause of his religion, and was going to make no secret of it. For this straightforwardness on his part, his Queen used to relate in after years, though it surprised the Protestants, they appeared to like him all the better, saying he was a straight and generous man, who wished to deceive nobody.* Evelyn, at least, was an exception. "To my grief I saw the new pulpit set up in the popish oratory at Whitehall," he says, a month after Charles II.'s death, "for the Lent preaching, Mass being publicly said and the Romanists swarming at court with greater confidence than had ever been seen in England since the Reformation, so that everybody grew jealous as to what this would tend."† But in December of the following year a gorgeous new chapel had arisen, with which this art connoisseur could not fail to be impressed—Gibbons' apostolic statues in white marble, Verrio's paintings, the closet opposite the altar containing their Majesty's throne, etc.‡

In the year of James's accession, sixteen years after Pepys' inimitable Diary closes, we find that worthy scribe putting the delicate question to his Royal patron about the late King's conversion. James unlocked a cabinet and produced a long document in Charles's writing which clearly stated his true belief.§ In addition to this proof, a trinket was taken from the dying monarch's pocket—a little gold cross enamelled

* Chaillot, *Journal Archives Nationales*. See Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena."

† "Diary," March 5, 1685.

‡ Ibid., December 29, 1686.

§ Pepys' copy is in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.

and embossed with table amethysts and a pendant pearl. Within it was a fragment of the Cross.* The King explained that for political reasons his brother had kept his religion a secret, and surely it would have been wise on his part had his zeal been less marked at the outset. Catholic places of worship were opened one after the other, and the King made his devotions as conspicuous as possible. He practically shouted his religion from the housetops in defiance to the nation's established Church, and in consequence was warned by the Pope himself against such indiscretion.

James now returned to Whitehall from St. James's, and handed over to Father Petre the apartments that he had occupied when Duke of York. The King's ruin is usually laid to the door of this hot-headed Romanist, and this is true enough; but the deeper intriguer, Sunderland, gets off lightly in comparison. The latter played upon the former's vanity and ambition, and Petre, clever enough in other matters, had not the shrewdness to detect the ultimate end that was aimed at, viz. the bringing over of William of Orange.

A peculiarity of James's character was that, when once he had taken an impression, that impression remained, and nothing could alter his opinion. The few in whom he put faith, to him had no faults. He had inherited this blind trustfulness in a favourite from his grandfather, James I., and that trait in his character was handed down to Queen Anne. That Petre should ever have been made a Privy Councillor is an example of the King's usual good judgment blinded by the faith placed in his minister Sunderland.

* Evelyn's "Diary," September 16 and October 2.

Bishop Burnet, of course, takes a biased view of the Jesuit priest, which, indeed, was a general one in a Protestant country so prejudiced against priests in general. Lord Ailesbury was fairer in his judgment. "I took notice," he says, "that all matters went prosperously until the two Cabinet Ministers—the Lay and the Churchman—got the entire ascendant—the former began to lay his plan to ruin and betray the King, the other to carry on his Church cause." Until these two gained the entire ascendancy, James probably did not contemplate anything so rash as to revolutionize the religion of the country. Beyond modifying the rigid laws against Catholics and allowing them to perform their devotions without molestation, he would surely never have ventured without pressure.

The Coronation, on April 23, was an impressive ceremony, as may be judged from Sandford's elaborate publication. This and James's memoirs and papers handed down to posterity show his ambition to be recorded as a mighty King. But, alas! of all our monarchs, poor James perhaps is the most despised!

Both Evelyn and Reresby speak of the pomp and splendour at the Abbey, but there was no gorgeous sparkling cavalcade through the city, such as had made the eyes of Mr. Pepys and party ache in April, 1661. Consequently, a great disappointment to the worthy citizens of London, and an omission which, if saving expense, did not add to the new King's popularity. Charles I. had also omitted the procession, which was considered very ill advised.

"The King and Queen went privately to the

Palace in Westminster," says Reresby, "where they, the nobility, and all the officers of the Crown put on their robes, and so went through the Palace yard—railed in and prepared on purpose—in procession to the Abbey where, the ceremony being ended, they all returned to Westminster Hall to a most sumptuous dinner." *

James and his Queen had kept the vigil of St. George in St. James's Palace, and on the morning of the great day the King and his attendants passed through St. James's Park to Whitehall, where they took the royal barge from the privy stairs to Westminster. The Queen meanwhile had proceeded in her sedan to Whitehall, passing thence with her ladies through the privy garden to Canon Row (a thoroughfare running from King Street to New Palace Yard), a special exit having been made from the former for the convenience of the chairs of the great people attending the Coronation, no coaches being permitted to pass through King Street.

The elaborate and costly "History of the Coronation," produced by command by Francis Sandford, Lancaster Herald of Arms, gives one a strikingly realistic picture of the ceremony. The whole procession as it passed from Westminster Hall to the Abbey is represented in graphic detail in the form of a dissected and glorified "Panorama view of the Lord Mayor Show" (that well-known hardy annual which serves its purpose, although quite half a century behind the time). But the form of the procession merely is suggestive, for Sandford's accuracy is remarkable, and those who take the trouble to compare the faces of the figures with authentic portraits of

* Reresby's "Memoirs."



MARY OF MODENA

FROM THE PAINTING BY KNELLER AT DALKEITH PALACE



the time will find that in most cases the likeness has been caught with extraordinary precision. For example, the portraits of James and his Queen are excellent, as are also those of old Aubrey de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford; Charles II.'s sons, the young Duke of Grafton (then Lord High Constable of England) and his brother Northumberland (who was very like his father, and is so here); then there is the Jewish face of the second Duke of Albemarle, and the handsome one of the proud Duke of Somerset; Dr. Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Dr. Mew, Bishop of Winchester; Lord Godolphin; Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, and his brother Clarendon; Halifax; the Lord Keeper, Guildford—all clever portraits. Then Nell Gwyn's old flame, Buckhurst, Earl of Dorset, is unmistakable, as is also the placid face of the infamous Judge Jeffreys.

The witty George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, follows close upon the heels of the eight Duchesses, who look in the highest spirits, perhaps, at some of his Grace's facetious remarks. They are particularly interesting. Here we have the Duchess of Monmouth, very shortly to become a widow; Fairfax's daughter, the slighted wife of Buckingham; Arlington's daughter, the young Duchess of Grafton, whom Evelyn raves about. Portsmouth is not there, of course, for she had gone back to France; but Cleveland may be recognized by her unmistakable nostril, and Frances Howard, Dowager Duchess of Richmond, who passed unpleasant remarks about Barbara Villiers, is also there.

One more character must be mentioned, one of the holders of the staves supporting the canopy over the King. This office fell to the thirty-two barons

of the Cinque Ports, who presumably in four sets took the eight supports in turn. It would be interesting to find that Mr. Pepys took the place of one of them, for the likeness of one of the foremost holders is remarkable, and the friendliness of James would perhaps facilitate a distinction of which he would indeed have been proud.

Between the first and second courses of the banquet that followed in the Hall, the King's Champion, Sir Charles Dymoke, wearing his Majesty's suit of armour, rode in on a white steed and went through the ceremony of throwing his gauntlet and drinking from a bowl of wine, which he carried off as his perquisites, together with the horse and armour. Other eccentric ceremonies followed, by which various people held their manors, such as presenting wafers—a "mess of grout," and other concoctions. But after the variety of the menu these things can hardly have been welcome. The mixture of a modern dinner is bad enough, but the spread of James II.'s coronation must have tried the stomachs and livers (if there were any in those days) of the most hardy diners.

The following extracts will suffice to give an idea of Jacobean variety: "Hot pigg, pickled oysters, sauc'd mullet, hot larded capons, cabbage pudding, periwinkles, trotter pye, spinach tart, bacon pye, cold blewmange in shells, hog's feet, cold bamboo, puddings in skins, girkins, broom-buds," etc.

The day was to wind up with a grand display of fireworks on the river-front of Whitehall, but the frequenters of the Palace felt too done up when the evening came, so it was postponed. The above display of viands, minus the wine list, would surely

be calculated to out-do anything in the pyrotechnic art!" *

* Evelyn mentions the curious fact that when the scaffolding of the seats for the Coronation in the Abbey was being removed, one of the choir men noticed a hole in Edward the Confessor's tomb, and seeing something glitter, put in his hand and drew forth from the shoulder-bones of the deceased monarch a gold chain, two feet long, formed of curious oblong links, and joined by a massive knob of gold, set with rubies. Attached to it was a gold cross, richly enamelled and hollow like the cross given to James by Charles on his death-bed.

By James's order the broken coffin was enclosed within a new one. The tomb had been opened in 1163, when the body was found to be "lying in rich vestments of cloth of gold, having on his feet buskins of purple and shoes of great price." The gold chain and cross that had been discovered in June, 1685, were afterwards presented by the Dean of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury to the King, and they descended to James's son, the Chevalier de St. George, and in 1715 were in charge of his wife, Princess Maria Clementina Sobjeska, when the royal jewels were sent to Rome, as appears by the entry in the inventory: "a box with a cross and chain found in St. Edward's tomb in the year 1685."

The cross, destroyed by the Faversham mob in 1688, was also said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor, at least so the writer of some "Particulars regarding the Escape of James II." (published in the *Britannic Magazine*, vol. v., 1797) so understood it to have been. James "having lost a wooden cross, he told us how much it was to be prized, for it was St. Edward the Confessor's, and had a piece of the true real Cross in it." See *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries*, New Series, vol. ix., p. 230; and also p. 198 of this volume.

THE END OF MONMOUTH

NOTWITHSTANDING the elaborate preparations for the Coronation, one of the most important details was overlooked. James's head was smaller than Charles's, and consequently when the crown was placed on his head it came down too far, so as to cover the upper part of the face.* Upon a less solemn occasion the result must have been somewhat ludicrous, especially when it slipped about so much that "the handsome Sidney" had to hold it on. But to the superstitious side of James's nature, which he had inherited from his father and grandfather, this was looked upon as an evil omen, as was also the fact that the canopy held over him had the misfortune to collapse.

Calling a Parliament so soon after the Coronation was proof that James was going to adopt a different policy to his brother; but though he intended to be independent of the Grand Monarque, he had to go to France for money, which drew forth the sarcastic remark from Louis that though his Majesty had high notions he was as willing to receive as his brother Charles.

When Parliament met in May, James repeated his promise of defending and preserving the Church of England as it was by law established. Evelyn, who

* See Burnet's "Own Time."

was present, says, "The Queen and Princess of Denmark stood next above the archbishops, at the side of the House on the right hand of the throne. In the interim divers of lords, who had not finished before, took the Test and usual oaths, so that her Majesty, the Spanish and other Ambassadors, who stood behind the throne, heard the Pope and the worship of the Virgin Mary, etc., renounced, very decently, as likewise the prayers which followed, standing all the while." * This and the subsequent demand that James should enforce the penal laws against Romanists naturally must have raised resentment. Far from acceding, he showed his indignation by granting commissions to Catholics in opposition of the law and ultimately repealing the Test Act.

Fortunately for James at the period when he was hastily adding to his unpopularity by showing his arbitrary character, Argyll's rising in Scotland and Monmouth's insurrection in the West revived the feeling of loyalty for the Throne; but when this was followed by the butcheries of Judge Jeffreys and Colonel Kirke a reaction again set in.

With the death of his Royal father, Monmouth lost also a friend in the Prince of Orange. Political diplomacy demanded that a rival to James should be set adrift, only to fall a victim to rebellious plotters. Also, be it remembered, a rival to James was a rival to Dutch William, and the sooner he was disposed of the better; hence it happened that Monmouth's ill-fated expedition set out from Holland practically under the very eyes of the Prince. But if William was blind, his secret agent, Sunderland,

* "Diary," May 22, 1685.

was not, and there is little doubt that the latter was well acquainted with Monmouth's movements.

The vessel that brought the Duke over, the *Helderenberg*, was a fifth-rate of 242 tonnage, and from this fact alone the observant Mr. Pepys, the greatest authority on naval affairs, deduced that harbour guardships were sent to sea, as only one fourth-rate vessel could have been got ready under two months.

We have elsewhere gone into the details of that disastrous insurrection: * of Argyll's capture, Monmouth's flight from Sedgemoor, and the latter's servile pleadings for mercy, but ultimate dignified end upon the scaffold.†

James never received Monmouth's final appeal, by which the King must have been convinced of the treachery of his Secretary of State. Not until years after his abdication did he hear from the captain who had the ducal prisoner under guard, that a letter had been carried to Whitehall which Sunderland had intercepted.‡ But under any circumstances it is very doubtful that Monmouth's life would have been spared. He had brought about his own disaster, and the implication of another was not sufficient reason to save his life, nor even win him sympathy. The last interview between uncle and nephew could scarcely have ended otherwise, considering the accusations made in Monmouth's declaration; but if

* *Vide* "King Monmouth."

† Evelyn relates a curious instance of second sight related by the Earl of Arran, viz. "A French nobleman lately here in England, seeing the late Duke of Monmouth come into the playhouse at London, suddenly cried out to somebody sitting in the same box 'Voilà, monsieur, comme il entre *sans tête*!'"

‡ Singer's "Clarendon Correspondence," vol. i., p. 144.

Sunderland had not been in the background, it is even possible James would have shown mercy.

Bishop Kennet's assertion that the Queen was present when the Duke humiliated himself is supported by no corroborative evidence. Lord Ailesbury, however, says that the Queen *Dowager* was there as well as Sunderland, and that "the King's heart was melted had it not been for that minister, who certainly had tossed over in the room of the Duke, had he been pardoned. The topic that minister went on was certainly a true one, that there couldn't be two kings, and the minister finding the King's heart melted, he told his Majesty he ought not to converse with traitors, so he was sent to the Tower and in forty hours after was executed." *

There is a tradition that James breakfasted with the widowed Duchess the morning after the execution, upon which occasion he presented her with a remission, so far as the Buccleuch title and estates were concerned, of the forfeiture of blood incurred by her husband's treason. But this probably was not granted until some months afterwards, nor is it likely that the Duchess would have breakfasted with the King, even had he desired it, so soon after the tragedy. Both James and his Queen were on very good terms with the Duchess. She was a clever woman and had plenty of common sense and tact, and her husband's inconstancy gained for her sympathy on all sides. She was well read, and her learning made her an intellectual and agreeable companion. Monmouth, with his knowledge of the amorous disposition of his uncle, at one time is said to have entertained jealous feelings, which were entirely without provocation.

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 119, 120.

He was annoyed that when he was in disgrace his wife should remain friends with his rival. When the Duke and Duchess of York went to Brussels, the Duchess of Monmouth accompanied them, and this can scarcely be wondered at when her husband's interests and amusements invariably kept him away from her society.

Regarding the cruelties which followed the Monmouth Rebellion, Ailesbury declares that James was not responsible. "He afterwards protested to me," says the Earl, "that he abhorred what had passed in that Commission." The barbarities of Colonel Kirke (brother to the lady before mentioned who was courted both by James and Monmouth), he asserts, were done designedly to render the King odious in the eyes of his subjects. In any case, James considered himself very much injured by Kirke's ferocity in Somersetshire before Jeffreys started on his sanguinary circuit. Notwithstanding the terrible stories of his martial law in Taunton, it is a curious fact that the town only four years afterwards went to the expense of publicly drinking the Colonel's health for raising the famous siege of Londonderry.*

Jeffreys justified his severity by putting the responsibility on James's shoulders. When the judge was reminded on his deathbed of his wholesale slaughter of the Sedgemoor rebels, his answer to the clergyman, Dr. Scot, was this: "Whatever I did then, I did by express orders; and I have this to say farther for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him who sent me thither." Which, after all, was a lame excuse when we consider the brutal character of the man and the evident pleasure he took in bullying

* Roberts' "Life of Monmouth," vol. ii., p. 185.

his victims. Hated as James was by the bigoted Low-Church party, this reign of terror in the west was put entirely to his credit, although he strongly resented the Lord Chief Justice's merciless "campaign," and showed clemency when he was appealed to by Bishop Ken.* In proof of this, when the King visited Somersetshire in the summer of 1686, he did his utmost to counteract the ill-feeling towards him by his courtesy, and those who had had a hand in Monmouth's rebellion, and had survived the scourge of the Bloody Assize, he treated very graciously.† Nevertheless, he did not feel quite comfortable in visiting the field of Sedgemoor, and when the villagers of Chedzoy placed a temporary bridge across the rhine or ditch that had entrapped the rebel army, his Majesty had his suspicions of a hidden mine, and riding to another spot leaped his horse across.‡

* See Burnet's "Own Time."

† Ibid.

‡ Roberts' "Life of Monmouth," vol. ii., p. 267.

THE COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER

AMONG the good resolutions and reforms made by James upon his accession, was the determination to raise the moral tone of the Court from the degradation into which it had sunk under his brother's easy-going rule. In his day, truly, James had been as gay as Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, and Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, though perhaps less abandoned and more shamefaced, for he was blessed, or troubled, with a conscience. One can picture the merry monarch upon the festive occasions when he had partaken too freely of the flowing bowl, and became far too merry to be dignified ; but one usually thinks of James as a far too cool and collected person to unbend upon such occasions. Pepys, however, gives us a peep of a revel at Cranbourne Lodge, Windsor, in which we see James unencumbered by his sober sense and as maudlin as his brother. In 1685, however, he had passed his fifty-first year, and naturally had gained wisdom. His favourites were not then chosen for their gay companionship, saving, perhaps, one exception—Catherine Sedley.

With the sudden change of events, this lady found herself elevated to the position recently vacated by the Duchess of Portsmouth, at least she thought so, but there were difficulties to be overcome upon



CATHERINE SEDLEY, COUNTESS OF DORCHESTER

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY HALL, AT ALBION

which she had not reckoned. The scene will be remembered when Lady Castlemaine had been introduced to Queen Catherine of Braganza. It was long before she submitted to the indignity, and at length became callous. Then one sultana succeeded the other with little opposition. But James's sense of justice was too great to humiliate his wife in this way. It was time that Catherine Sedley should retire into comparative seclusion, although by the irony of fate her name became conspicuous on the day of the coronation, for on that very day she lost one of her illegitimate children. But Mistress Sedley possessed much spirit as well as impudence, and taking the case of Lady Castlemaine as her pattern of procedure, refused to submit to any such proposals. She was not the one to patiently accept a pension, when a place in the peerage had been obtained by ladies more beautiful, truly, but with far less brains.

The Queen, meanwhile, although she had not had this lady thrust upon her as a person of great importance, was naturally violently jealous. "For two dinners," says Evelyn, "standing near her I observed she hardly eat one morsel, nor spake one word to the King, or to any about her, though at other times, she used to be extremely pleasant, full of discourse and good humour." Charles II. had said that his brother's mistresses, not being noted for their good looks, were given to him by his priests for punishment; but as it happened his priests prevailed with him to part with Catherine Sedley.

In a weak moment James had pacified his mistress by creating her Baroness of Darlington and Countess of Dorchester. "As soon as the

Queen heard of this," says Burnet, "she gave order to bring all the priests that were admitted to a particular confidence into her closet. And when she had them about her she sent to desire the King to come and speak to her. When he came, he was surprised to see such a company about her, but much more when they fell on their knees before him. And the Queen broke out into a bitter mourning for this new honour, which they expected would be followed with the setting her up openly as mistress. The Queen was then in an ill habit of body, and had an illness that as was thought would end in a consumption. And it was believed that her sickness was of such a nature, that it gave a very melancholy presage that if she should live she could have no children. The priests said to the King, that a blemish in his life blasted their designs; and the more it appeared, and the longer it was continued, the more ineffectual all their endeavours would be. The King was much moved with this and was out of countenance for what he had done. But to quiet them all he promised them that he would see the lady no more, and pretended that he gave her this title in order to the breaking with her the more decently." *

Notwithstanding James's promise to get rid of his mistress, it was believed she would not only vacate the house that had been given her in St. James's Square, but return to her lodgings in Whitehall and become in time as powerful as Portsmouth had been. Peregrine Bertie, writing to the Countess of Rutland shortly after the creation of the new Countess, said pressure was brought to bear on the King by the

* "History of His Own Time," by Bishop Burnet, 1838 ed., p. 435.

priests by refusing him the Sacrament. "Father Gifford pressed the King extremely to remove her," he says, "and was seconded by four greate lords, Sunderland, Tarconning,* Arundell of Warder, and Dover, who told him the advantage it gave to the enemy to retain a Protestant mistress, and desired him to set a mark on those men who incouraged her and persuaded him to keep her. The King's answer was that Father Gifford had spoke to him about the Countess of Do[r]chester, and that hee tooke it very kindly from his being a very religious man, and one who by his function was obliged to take notice of it; but for their parts, he said, this was the first time he took them for Divines, and that he was sure they spoke not out of religion, but some private piques and bid them for the future not concerne themselves with things that did noe way relate to them." †

Buckingham's comparison between James and Charles, viz. that Charles could see things if he would, but James would see things if he could, does not hold good here, for the King could easily penetrate that the Lord High Treasurer's power had solely prompted this sudden anxiety about his morals on the part of Sunderland, for Rochester hoped a Protestant mistress would act as a counterfoil against Petre's growing influence. The new Countess in many respects was like Nell Gwyn, especially in her mimicry and coarse but candid way of speaking. The special subjects of her attacks were the priests, so it is strong proof of the hold she had upon him that he did not fall out with her over this. At their first parting James sadly missed the lively sallies of his

* Tyrconnel.

† Belvoir MSS.

mistress. Had she been suffered to remain, the probability is his fall would have been less rapid, for she could clearly see impending ruin. "I know that your Majesty is surrounded and ensnared," she wrote, "by many ravens hungering for their own purposes and for poor Catherine's downfall; but my good lord and master, these men will wrought you evil, and perhaps bring sore troubles and distress upon you. The Queen, my lady, loves not her lord's true and faithful mistress, and perchance in that there be nothing to surprise either of us; but if your loving Catherine must be sacrificed and driven from the presence of her good lord, the King, let it be for reason of my lady, the Queen, and not for the jealous hatred of cunning priests."

Flanders was first suggested as her place of exile, but abroad she flatly refused to go; the number of convents she said rendered the air far too oppressive. So Ireland was thought upon as a compromise. On February 20, 1685-6, Lady Lucy Bright writes to the Countess of Rutland: "Our great Countess of Dorchester is gone for Ireland, but returns time enough to goe to Tunbridge to drink the waters there, so this is only to show her obedience."*

On the journey she had a serious illness, which probably shortened her sojourn, for in April her house in St. James's Square† was being luxuriously furnished for her return, and a seat taken for her in St. Anne's Church, Soho.‡ And one day to the surprise of all, her ladyship coolly made her appearance

* Belvoir MSS.

† Arabella Churchill had previously occupied a house in the Square.

‡ "Ellis's Letters," 2nd series, vol. iv., p. 91.

at Court, as if nothing had happened, upon which Lady Bellassis, who if anything was more jealous than the Queen, observed loud enough for everybody to hear, that "the minx appeared to have gathered a fresh stock of impudence in Ireland."

Under threats of losing her pension, the Countess was at length persuaded to retire further from the metropolis. Out of the savings of her £4000 a year pension she eventually purchased Ham House, Weybridge, which had been built in costly style by the sixth Duke of Norfolk, whose widow (the actress, Mrs. Bickerton) sold it to the Countess, and here James used to pay his old flame secret visits.* Lord Ailesbury, who lived there for a time after James's abdication, bore the lady no love, nor she for him. She knew the Earl's Jacobite tendencies after William came to the throne, and when upon one occasion he carried the Sword of State before the new monarch, she asked if he did not wish to stick it in his body. To show the lady's dangerous disposition, some time afterwards, when she fell out with the Earl, she revenged herself by hinting that that was actually his thought and not hers. "Let him (Ailesbury) cease vexing and tormenting me," she wrote to Sir Edward Seymour, "for before God, if he doth not I will tell the King that he wished the sword in his guts when he had carried it before him to church at Hampton Court."

Such language, however, was comparatively mild for her ladyship. She never studied people's feelings, nor made the least distinction between the victims of her slashing remarks. Nor did she except herself from the rest; in that she was as bluntly honest as

* See "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places."

Nell Gwyn. Happening to meet the old Duchess of Portsmouth and William III.'s mistress, the Countess of Orkney, at the court of George I., she blurted out: "By Jove! who would have thought that we three —s should have met here!"

Lady Cowper mentions in her diary that the Countess of Dorchester was present at George's Coronation, the Jacobites in the cathedral "looking as cheerful as they could, but very peevish with everybody that spoke to them. My Lady Dorchester stood underneath me, and when the Archbishop went round the throne demanding the consent of the people, she turned about to me and said, 'Does the old fool think that any body here will say "no" to his question when there are so many drawn swords?'"

Sir David Collyer eventually became the discarded Countess's husband, and the last Earl of Portmore descended from this union. She died on March 13, 1743, and was buried with pomp at Westminster Abbey.

Her daughter by King James, Catherine "Darnley," married firstly James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced, and secondly, the Earl of Mulgrave, who had risen to the dormant Dukedom of Buckingham. The Duchess Catherine was very proud of her royal descent, and always solemnly respected the anniversary of the martyrdom of Charles I. Upon these solemn occasions "Princess Buckingham" received her guests seated in a chair of state in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House (the predecessor of Arlington House and Buckingham Palace), dressed in deep mourning, her ladies in attendance likewise.



LADY CATHERINE DARNLEY, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM
FROM THE PAINTING BY DAHL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MARQUIS OF AILESBURY
AT TOTTENHAM HOUSE

UNIVERSITY OF
ALABAMA

When on her death-bed she sent for a clergyman, and asked whether in heaven some respect would be shown to a woman of her birth and breeding, and on being told no distinctions were made, "Well," she said with a sigh, "heaven must be after all a strange sort of place."

JAMES DEFIES THE LAW

JAMES'S obstinacy increased with advancing years. A French ambassador had once referred to him as "stubbornness itself." He prided himself that he never altered his opinion, and the opinion he often impressed upon his brother Charles was that their father had met all his misfortunes by giving way to the demands of the Parliament. With this belief firmly rooted, he began his memorable crusade against the Act which had deprived him of his office of Lord High Admiral in 1673.

The crushing of Monmouth's and Argyll's insurrection gave him confidence in his strength, and he told the Parliament in plain language that, notwithstanding the Test Act, he had resolved to give commissions in the army to certain Catholic gentlemen in whose loyalty he had confidence. Here was the thin end' of the wedge, that had been dreaded. The address he received in return explained to his Majesty, in polite but plain language, that such would be contrary to law, and only by Act of Parliament could his wish be carried out, nevertheless the House of Commons would be willing to capacitate by an Act, if a list of names was made out.

But in this reply James recognized the dictatorial disposition to which he scorned to stand in subjection; he therefore played his brother's trump card,

and determined to do without a Parliament. The move was entirely to the satisfaction of King Louis, whose Ambassador was congratulated that James should "throw off the fetters which heretics would impose upon him." With Colbert's death the Grand Monarque made the fatal mistake of revoking the Edict of Nantes by the advice of his minister, Le Tellier. Like James, Louis's religious enthusiasm was overmastering sensual indulgence, but with the latter the transition stage seems to have developed vanity and vindictiveness. The persecuted Huguenots poured into England by thousands, and one of the most creditable acts of King James was to supply their immediate needs from the Privy Purse, although he was shrewd enough to see that the loss of so many thousands of skilled workmen to France, meant an increase and improvement of trade in England.

The Parliament dissolved, James lost no time in hammering in the wedge. Not only military posts were filled with Roman Catholics, but Protestant statesmen were dismissed. The Pope's Nuncio appeared in England, and, contrary to that dignitary's wishes, received a public audience; priests in their various orders went about the streets unmolested. The legal point of these revolutions had been evaded by the decision of the King's picked judges that he could dispense with penal laws, and once having obtained this arbitrary power, James, notwithstanding his promise to defend the established religion, thought it his duty to attack it. Rochester, Clarendon, and Halifax were dismissed, and the Catholic Lords Arundel and Bellasis were promoted to Treasurer and Privy Seal. The Catholic Earl of Tyrconnel was sent as a check upon the Duke of Ormonde in

Ireland; the Duke of Queensberry, the leader of the High Church Tories in Scotland, was dismissed, and the Earls of Perth and Melfort sent there to look after his interests.

Tyrconnel, better known as Dick Talbot, was throughout his life a staunch friend to James. In the early part of his career he had been associated in many of the Duke of York's love affairs, and had been himself rather susceptible to the charms of the fair sex; indeed, he had posed as a rival to James, for among those who had touched his heart in particular was the beautiful Frances Jennings, previously mentioned, but this high-spirited young lady had selected from her many admirers Anthony Hamilton's elder brother, George,* who distinguished himself in the French service, and was killed in the battle of Saverne. Evelyn mentions "the sprightly young lady—wife of that valiant and worthy gentleman, George Hamilton, not long after slain in the wars. She had been a maid of honour to the Duchess, and now turned papist" (November 12, 1676).†

Talbot meanwhile had married the languishing Katherine Boynton, but having had the misfortune to lose her, again pleaded his cause to the widowed Frances, and this time was accepted.

The new Governor of Ireland was three years James's senior, tall, commanding, and brave, though an unskilled soldier, and gifted with more common sense and cunning than the more sterling qualities

* Anthony and George were the two brothers who kept the Count de Gramont to his promise of marrying their sister Elizabeth, *vide* the author's edition of "The Memoirs of Count de Gramont."

† For further particulars concerning her, *vide* "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century."



SIR GEORGE HAMILTON

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. LEGGALL

10. 1. 1900

required for a good disciplinarian. But James had every confidence in him. What was wanted was an army that could be relied upon in times of trouble. The Parliament from past events had a dread of a standing army, and would only have granted, if at all, very inadequate supplies for its maintenance. Talbot's mission was to remodel the army, and he rapidly effected sweeping changes by listing two thousand Roman Catholics into its ranks.

The maladministration of James Drummond, Earl of Perth, as Lord Chancellor of Scotland, called forth the sarcastic remark of Halifax that "his faith had made him whole," meaning his conversion to Roman Catholicism when his position was somewhat shaky. The family motto, "Gang warily, Perth," was not lost sight of, for he became a Jacobite Duke, and, as the monument to his memory in the Scottish College at Paris shows, was appointed governor at Saint Germain to the Chevalier de St. George.

Sunderland was more accommodating in regard to his conversion, for when King William was on the throne he changed back again to Protestantism. But Rochester, having remained firm, retired on a substantial pension. One after another people in high positions resigned in preference to the only alternative, apostasy. The strain upon loyalty was too much for the proud Duke of Somerset when he was instructed to receive Signor d'Ada, the Pope's Nuncio, at Windsor. He politely declined under the plea that it was illegal. "Are you aware," said James, haughtily, "that I am above the law?" "That may be so; but I am aware that I am *not*," was the spirited reply which resulted in his dismissal. Other powerful nobles, such as Pembroke, Northampton, Oxford,

Shrewsbury, Dorset, etc., were likewise dismissed from their Lord Lieutenancy of boroughs for refusing to secure votes that would return members in favour of the repeal of the Test.

James next turned his attention to the Universities. His attempt to place a Catholic as President of Magdalen College, Oxford, was received with a firm refusal. James tried personal persuasion, then threats, but the Fellows would not give way. Consequently, Dr. John Hough (who afterwards became Bishop of Worcester) and twenty-six Fellows were unceremoniously expelled. At Cambridge, likewise, the Vice-Chancellor was removed by James for refusing to confer a degree on one of his own Catholic nominees. At the same time that the training schools of the clergy were thus attacked, the Catholics obtained liberty for opening public schools in London.

Though his Eminence Pope Innocent XI. looked askance at these incursions of the King's dispensing power, and did not approve of Father Petre's pushing ambition, the Jesuit orders in Rome were highly gratified, as may be judged from the warm welcome accorded by them to the Ambassador whom James thought proper to send to the papal court according to the custom on the accession of Catholic monarchs. The nobleman chosen for this purpose was Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, the husband of the notorious Countess who, in the early days of the Restoration, had refused to have her child baptized a Catholic, unblushingly declaring it to be the King's, and consequently sending the Earl away to the Continent in disgust.* The Ambassador's instructions were "to reconcile the kingdoms of England, Scotland,

* See "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century."

and Ireland to the Holy See, from which, for more than an age, they had fallen off by heresy." The post was by no means an enviable one, for though much fêted in Rome, the great Pontiff himself was cold in his reception and evaded the object of the mission. Not only had James's arbitrary zeal been looked upon as dangerous, but it will be remembered his Holiness's predecessor had been ignored in the case of the King's second marriage. Nevertheless, the story that whenever the Ambassador attempted to speak his business, his voice was drowned by fits of coughing is probably a gross exaggeration,* for at the time of Castlemaine's official reception, the Pope was really in very indifferent health, and could not receive his own magnates.†

The Earl embarked in the *Henrietta Maria* yacht in February, 1685-6, travelling incognito with a retinue of gentlemen, pages, and valets de chambre. But his journey was far from a quiet one, for in passing through Avignon, Genoa, and other places, he was received in picturesque state by the magistrates and other dignitaries, and the Prince of Monaco would have the party, guests in his castle. Near Rome the carriages of Mary d'Este's mother, the Duchess of Modena, were in waiting, but this hospitable lady had the misfortune to die before the Earl returned to London. The Ambassador was lodged in Cardinal Norfolk's and Prince Pamphilio's palaces, and a reception was given by the Pope, but not until October was the Earl ready to make his ceremonious official visit, for the gorgeous carriages of state (which would

* See Welwood's "Memoirs," 1700, p. 180.

† See "An account of Roger Earl of Castlemaine's Embassy," 1688, p. 22.

have made the Lord Mayor's coach of to-day blush for insignificance) required time expended as well as money.

The reception at length was given on January 8, and the rainy day, fortunately, had no damping effect on the enthusiasm of the crowd. Castlemaine was robed in rich brocade of black and gold, embroidered with Flanders lace, with diamonds sparkling in his hat, sword, and shoes. A few days later the Earl was entertained at a splendid feast, at which presided a full-length portrait of King James under a canopy of state, in front of which was a table ornament, emblematic of his greatness. At another banquet was a piece of statuary, depicting James and his Queen wreathed in laurels above three damsels, representing England (holding a sceptre in one hand and the helm of a ship in the other), Scotland, and Ireland; the last two admiring and rejoicing! Among other devices on shields or tablets was a harp in perfect tune (this of course explained by the inscription), which denoted the harmony of his Majesty's subjects, viz. "a general satisfaction and delight under his happy government"! Also a leopard regardant, viz. "looking back on his spots," which intimated that all the shortcomings of which he was accused when Duke of York, so far from being a blemish, now only added laurels to his crown. It is to be hoped all these things were thoroughly explained, for it is possible the unimaginative may have put other constructions upon their meaning. There however was no mistaking a laudatory oration by a young Italian noble, in which he observed that "though antiquity might pride itself on her Alexanders, Cæsars, etc., yet the real grandeur of all was to be

found in *James the Second*, and what was prodigious in them rendered not only probable but certain in him." *

After another audience of the Pope, Castlemaine set out for England on June 23, and if nothing much was accomplished in this mission, James at least had the satisfaction of hearing that the sweeping changes he was effecting in his country, if not approved by his subjects, were appreciated by some of his wife's countrymen.

* See "Castlemaine's Embassy," by Michael Wright, 1688.

JAMES AT LAST BLESSED WITH AN HEIR

THE hopes of James and his Queen to have a son, as before shown, were continually doomed to disappointment. Shortly after their return from Scotland in 1682 another girl was born (as short-lived as most of the rest), and in May, 1684, their expectations were again cast down by a premature arrival. Little wonder that Mary d'Este's naturally good spirits were being depressed, and her usual amiability somewhat soured. Nor can the appearance at Court of James's two promising sons by Churchill's sister have had other effect upon his wife than creating a feeling of jealousy.

The elder of the two, James Fitz-James, was growing towards manhood, and already had distinguished himself as a brave soldier. Born in 1670, he and his younger brother, Henry, were placed under the guardianship of Monmouth's early tutor, Dr. Stephen Gough, a priest of the Oratorian College. From the Jesuit College of Jully, James Fitz-James was admitted into the College of Plessis. Though athletic like his cousin Monmouth, he showed far more ability for study, besides he was not spoiled and pampered as he had been by his father, although James loved his son not a whit the less. In the Monmouth rebellion he acted as the second Duke



JAMES FITZ JAMES DUKE OF BERWICK
FROM THE PAINTING AT WINDSOR

of Albemarle's aide-de-camp (a title, strangely enough, afterwards given to his brother Henry), and showed his prowess in the field of Sedgemoor. After this he served in the Imperial army against the Turks. At the siege of Buda the daring courage that he had inherited from his father won him laurels, and James, who out of delicacy had declined Charles II.'s offer of a title, created him, on March 19, 1687, Baron Bosworth, Earl of Tynemouth, and Duke of Berwick.

The poor Queen, naturally, could not feel the same pride in his valour as her husband. But there were brighter days in store for her, although they were overshadowed by the black cloud of rebellion. James still believed he would have a legitimate heir who would live, and as a strange prognostic, the prelate Francisco Albani, in his speech to the Ambassador Castlemaine in Rome, had foretold that the reward for James' justice, goodness, clemency, liberality, and prudence (!) would be the accomplishment of the Almighty's promise to Abraham. In the beginning of the luckless year 1688 James had reason to believe his prayers for an heir had been heard. The waters of Bath had long been famous for the blessings they had conferred in certain cases, although Charles II.'s Queen was not one of the happy few. James's Queen remained there during a royal progress made by her husband in the western counties in the summer of 1687, when among other places visited was his brother's famous retreat at Boscobel and the holy well of St. Winifred in Flintshire. At the latter place he was presented with the chemise worn by his ancestress, Mary, Queen of Scots, at her execution, a relic that had been left by some previous pilgrim. And it proved an augury for good, for a

son and heir made his appearance next year, in celebration of which Lord Melfort caused a monument to be erected at Bath, which naturally was knocked down again when the Revolution came.

Five months before the happy event a thanksgiving was drawn up by the prelates Spratt, White, and Crew, which elicited a satirical ballad by the enemies of the Court, beginning—

“Two Toms and a Nat
In council sat
To rig out a thanksgiving,
And made a prayer
For a thing in the air
That’s neither dead nor living.” *

The unfortunate little prince, James Frederick Edward, could not have made his appearance at a more unhappy time. The country was on the eve of rebellion, for following upon the heels of his former arbitrary measures, James now commanded the clergy to defy the law by reading the Declaration of Indulgence in the churches. Though Nonconformists were to benefit as well as Catholics by this royal appeal, which, when first it was made public, had sounded plausible for the benefits it would confer upon the former party, the fact could not be overlooked that the principal aim was to win the repeal of the Test Act. “I am above the law,” James had declared; but the country could not, and would not, admit such a position, even in a king. With very few exceptions the clergy stood firm, and refused to obey the Royal command. One of the four city churches where the declaration was read was All Hallows in Mark Lane, and Timothy

* See Jesse’s “Memoirs of the Pretenders.”

Hall, Bishop of Oxford, was "the wretch," as Ma-caulay terms him, who was rewarded for his pains by seeing his congregation melt into thin air.

A signed protest was sent to the King by the Bishops; but he had made up his mind and would receive no opposition, and had it been possible would have treated the prelates as summarily as he had done the Fellows of Oxford, by dismissing them off-hand from their bishoprics.

While the seven bishops were enjoying martyrdom in the Tower previous to their trial, for the hot-headed Jeffreys had recommended prosecution for libel, St. James's Palace was full of rejoicing, for at last there was an heir to the Stuart throne. The two great topics, the babe and the bishops, are broached in the same letter (on June 14) from Charles Bertie in London to his niece, the Countess of Rutland, at Belvoir. "The news of the Prince's birth on Sunday last was dispersed by extraordinary posts into all parts of the Kingdom, and great has been the publick joy of this place on so solemn an occasion. The infant Prince was on Monday somewhat indisposed, but is now well, and a great crowd of ladies flock to St. James's daily to see him. The term beginning to-morrow 'tis believed a *habeas corpus* will be sent to bring up the Bishops to the King's Bench on Monday to hear the information read against them, and some think they will be afterwards remanded to the King's Bench Prison. Great is the concourse of people that resort daily to see them, and among others the Bishop of Chester has made them a visitt." *

The King, well aware that his enemies would lose

* Belvoir MSS.

no opportunity of casting a doubt upon the rightful claim of his son to the throne, had taken the precaution that there should be many witnesses. And this was very necessary, for upon previous occasions when the Duchess of York had had expectations reports had been iniquitously circulated, in fear lest the child should be a son, that some imposition was intended on the part of the Royal parents. Six years before, previous to the birth of the little Princess Charlotte Mary, the condition of the Duchess was contradicted by seditious pamphlets, in view that should a Prince have been born instead, doubt could at once be circulated questioning his rightful parentage. What was to follow in June, 1688, was clearly foretold by James, for in the *Observer* of August 23, 1682, where allusion was made to these sinister plots of the anti-court party, appear the following words: "We must expect that the same flam shall at any time hereafter be trump up again upon the like occasion." And truly thus it was, for on June 10, notwithstanding the fact that over forty people were present and afterwards bore witness to the most minute particulars (which was published in a pamphlet), the story of the warming-pan was sent abroad and got the first hearing.

It seems remarkable that the story of smuggling somebody else's new-born babe into the royal bed by means of a warming-pan should have been credited by any person of sense; but those who did believe that an imposition had been practised were either biased or personally interested. Among these were Bishop Burnet and the Princess Anne; the latter of whom discussed the matter (by no means delicately) with her uncle, the second Earl of Clarendon. The

natural modesty of her stepmother was never taken into consideration.*

On the thanksgiving day of the coming event Clarendon attended the service at St. James's Church. "There were not above two or three in church," he says, "who brought the form of prayer with them; it is strange to see how the Queen . . . is everywhere ridiculed, as if scarce anybody believed it to be true." But James had the good sense not to resent this insulting attitude of his subjects, though he failed not to speak of it. "As he has been sitting by me in my own chamber," said the Princess, "he would speak of the idle stories that were given out . . . laughing at them."† As for Anne being absent at the time of the Queen's confinement, her friend Lady Fitz-Harding had persuaded her to go away to Bath; but the scurrilous reports made out that her father had desired her absence.‡

Burnet was willing to believe anything, from the introduction of a strange baby in the warming-pan to an exchange some days later, a vague report having got about that the child had died. The bishop was mysteriously suspicious that the mother should be anxious that nobody should be allowed access to the treasure she so long had hoped to possess, but of course he never thought of the possibility of the risks it might run in evil hands.§

That the King's daughters should find it their best policy to credit the imposition of their half-brother's birth is perhaps natural, considering the proximity

* See "Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon"; Singer's "Correspondence of Earls of Clarendon and Rochester," vol. ii., p. 198.

† Ibid., pp. 156, 198.

‡ Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 174.

§ Burnet's "Own Time."

of their own claim to the throne; but neither may be held up as examples of filial devotion. The Queen too was by no means a favourite with either. Of the two, Anne was by far the more bitter; and one of her letters will suffice to show that much love was not lost between her and her stepmother. The Princess in writing to her sister at the Hague was usually very outspoken, as may be judged from the following, written a month before the Prince's birth. "The Queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, yet one sees that those who make their court that way are very well thought of. She declares that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceedingly well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with it. All these things Lady Sunderland has in perfection to make her court to her. She is now much oftener with the Queen than she used to be. It is sad and a very uneasy thing to be forced to live civilly, and, as it were, freely, with a woman that one knows hates one and does all she can to undo everybody, which she certainly does. One thing I must say of the Queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people, for everybody believes that she presses the King to be more violent than he would be himself; which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way, and we may see that she hates all Protestants. All ladies of quality say she is proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they must needs, just out of mere duty; and indeed,

she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me, but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary."*

In another letter the Princess speaks her mind as unreservedly concerning Sunderland and his wife, whom she was shrewd enough to see in their true colours. "You may remember," she says, "I have once before ventured to tell you that I thought Lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day in that opinion. Everybody knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late King's time, and now, to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in Popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the King to do things faster than I believe he would of himself. Things are come to that pass now that if they go so much longer, I believe, in a little while, no Protestant will be able to live here. This worthy lord does not go publicly to Mass, but hears it privately at a priest's chamber, and never lets anybody be there but a servant of his. His lady too is as extraordinary in her kind, for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman; but she has so fawning and endearing a way that she will deceive anybody at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. She cares not at what rate she lives, but never pays anybody. She will cheat, though it be for a little. Then she has had her gallants, though may be not so many as some ladies here; and with all these good qualities she is a constant Church-woman, so that to outward appearance one would take her for a saint, and to hear her talk you would

* Dalrymple's "Memoirs," vol. ii.

think she was a very good Protestant ; but she is as much one as the other, for it is certain that her lord does nothing without her. One thing there is which I forgot to tell you about this noble lord, which is that it is thought if everything does not go as he would have it, that he will pick a quarrel with the Court, and so retire, and by that means it is possible he will think he makes his court to you."

Another letter to the Princess of Orange concludes, "I cannot end my letter without telling you that Roger's wife (Lady Sunderland) plays the hypocrite more than ever, for she goes to St. Martin's morning and afternoon, because there are not people enough to see her at Whitehall chapel, and is half an hour before other people come, and half an hour after everybody is gone, at her private devotions. She runs from church to church after the famoussest preachers, and keeps such a clatter with her devotions that it really turns one's stomach. Sure there never was a couple so well matched as she and her husband, for as she is throughout in all her actions the greatest jade that ever was, so is he the subtellest workingest villain that is on the face of the earth."*

The above will serve to show that nothing was bad enough for those against whom Anne took a dislike, consequently she gave credit to the warming-pan story, although her father's words must have lingered in her memory: "Those vile forgers of iniquity must certainly think," said James, "we do not believe in God to imagine we could be such wicked and hellish imposters."†

* "Correspondence and Times of James II. and William III.," 1843, vol. ii., pp. 263-265.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 172.



ANNE SPENCER, COUNTESS OF SUNDERLAND
FROM THE PAINTING IN LELY AT HAMPTON COURT



As the little Prince grew into a lad he was a living contradiction of the slanderous story, for the Stuart mouth was there, and the eyes were the image of the Queen's. Lord Ailesbury, who saw him in the exiled Court of Saint Germain, confirms this by saying he was "a lovely child, from the nose upwards all of the Queen, and the lower part of the mouth resembling his uncle, my royal master." *

Yet the insult of pretended disbelief in his legitimacy was revived after the 1715 rebellion, when the Jacobite prisoners were brought to town, their arms bound, their horses without bridles, the mob brandishing a warming-pan in front of them.†

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," p. 326.

† "Diary of Lady Cowper," p. 62.

THE RATS LEAVE THE SINKING SHIP

QUICKLY following in the wake of the joyful tidings of a son being born to the King came the news, by far more welcome to the majority, that the bishops were acquitted. "Westminster Hall and the Palace Yard with the streets near them were so full of people," Sir John Reresby tells us, "and their huzzas and shouts for joy of their lordships' delivery so great, that it looked like a little rebellion in noise, though not in fact. Bonfires were made not only in the city but in most towns of England, when the news of it came, though order was given to the magistrates in the city and elsewhere to prevent it. The parsons now began also to preach more loud and more open against popery than ever."* The noise of the rejoicings reached James's ears at Hounslow Heath, whither he had gone to review his troops, but, disturbed as he evidently was, he little thought that his reign was so quickly to come to an end. The triumph of the bishops spelled disaster to the Throne. It was too late for conciliation now. The disturbance which Reresby compared to a little rebellion was but the distant rumbling of the coming storm. When the fleet showed signs of mutiny because some of the captains had Mass openly celebrated on board, James quickly made his appearance, going from ship to ship

* Reresby's "Memoirs," June 29, 1688.

casting oil on the troubled waters. But the priests had to be brought ashore, which, in comparison to the King's attitude at Oxford University, proved a victory for the seamen. To one with such fixed resolution, or rather obstinacy, it must have been a bitter pill to climb downwards, especially with his firm-rooted conviction that his father's troubles had all been brought about by this weakness.

With the dark cloud gathering over Whitehall, all interest was centred upon the new-born Prince. Kneller was hard at work painting portraits of the babe, all of which were eagerly snapped up. For a slight indisposition a change of air at Richmond was recommended, and a plasterer's wife supplying a change of nutriment (for most of the Queen's children had been tried to be reared by hand) secured a life pension and her husband a commission in the Navy. When the Queen once more was visible to the outside world the occasion was celebrated by a gorgeous display of fireworks.* The baptism of the Prince was a great event, but the popularity of the little new-comer was not increased by his holiness the Pope consenting to be represented as sponsor. Congratulations poured in from foreign countries; nobody was more delighted than Louis XIV., who sent over the Count de Gramont as the person most suited to offer compliments upon such an occasion.

Naturally James's son-in-law at the Hague was in no mood for congratulations, for by his marriage he was the next heir to the throne, and this new arrival put an end to all his hopes. Overtures had frequently been made to him by the malcontents, but

* Evelyn's "Diary," June 17, 1688.

Dutch William was clever enough to wait his time. This time had come now that his chance of succession had been cut off. For some time past secret meetings had been held by the prominent and influential Whig leaders, with a view to inviting William of Nassau to take over the reins of the Government. The powerful statesman the Earl of Danby (afterwards Duke of Leeds) now had common cause with his old enemies, and by the connivance of John Darcy (son and heir of the Earl of Holderness) he and the Earl of Devonshire were among the first to meet and discuss the important question.

It was William, fourth Earl of Devonshire, afterwards Duke, who was practically the ringleader of this secret society, and the first meetings which led to so important an issue took place at a little stone-built inn, bearing the sign of the "Cock and Pynot,"* standing at the intersection of the roads to Sheffield and Rotherham, at the village of Old Whittington, to the north of Chesterfield, and some ten miles from the Duke of Devonshire's seat of Hardwick (where the chair in which his grace presided in the "plotting parlour" is now preserved). The meeting was arranged at Whittington Moor, but the inclement weather drove the conspirators into the inn for shelter. The old building still stands, but is reduced in size, a monument having been erected in commemoration of the Revolution upon the site of part of it,†

* Magpie.

† The portion which has survived centenary and bi-centenary "improvements" consists of the two rooms formerly known as "the house" and the "little parlour." Beyond the latter, to the right as you face the house, was "the plotting parlour" (which had a loftier window than the rest), and beyond this "the brewhouse" (with small projections) and stables, all in line. On the other side, beyond the



WILLIAM CAVENDISH, DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
FROM THE PAINTING AT HARDWICK HALL.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

the result of centenary celebrations, when there were great doings at Whittington, including a procession with a noble display of blue and orange flags followed by the neighbouring yeomanry and gentry, including the representatives of the illustrious anti-Jacobite families who first made this rustic spot their rendezvous. The peasantry, too, fortified by a plentiful supply of beer, entered into the spirit of the thing. "Their intelligent countenances," says a local report, "showed that they understood and would be firm to preserve that blessing for which they were assembled to return thanks." In fact "all was joy and gladness—the approving eye of Heaven shed its auspicious beams and blessed this happy day with more than common splendour."* The festivities of the bi-centenary were not so favoured, the enthusiasm being damped with rain and mud.† But, alas! the portion of the old building remaining, though saved for future generations, was then "restored" so vigorously that it has altogether lost its ancient and picturesque appearance. So much for bi-centenary zeal!

Ribston Hall, near Knaresborough, the seat of Sir Henry Goodricke,‡ was another of the meeting-places, where the plan of simultaneously seizing the towns of Nottingham and York was arranged. More notorious was Lord Lovelace's seat, Lady Place, Hurley, in the crypts of which (all that now remains of this once

present outside wall, and where the crosspiece of the sign was attached, was a low-roofed building containing "the kitchen." The low stone garden wall in front is, of course, an addition.

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1788, p. 1021.

† I am much indebted to the Rev. George Ford for the loan of local documents and pictures concerning the old house.

‡ Sir Henry belonged to an old Somersetshire family. Ribston is noted as the original home of the famous "pippin."

palatial mansion) may still be seen an inscription which runs as follows: "Be it remembered that in this place—the Revolution of 1688 was begun. This house was then the possession of the family of Lord Lovelace, by whom private meetings of the nobility were assembled in the vault; and it is said that several consultations for calling in the Prince of Orange were held in this recess; on which account this vault was visited by that powerful Prince after he had ascended the throne."

The first invitation, signed by the Earls of Danby, Devonshire, Shrewsbury, Lumley; Compton, Bishop of London, Edward Russell, and Henry Sidney, was carried over to Holland by a Mr. Herbert in an open boat on the Friday following the acquittal of the bishops.

In August alarming reports were circulated in London that Holland was preparing for an invasion. "We say nothing here of a war between Dutch and French," writes Dr. Denton to Sir Ralph Verney at Claydon, "all the noise here is that the Dutch are coming to visit us."* On going to Court on the 25th, Sir John Reresby found his Majesty in a very disturbed state of mind. James's calm exterior was seldom ruffled, though at times he was inclined, as Ailesbury tells us, to be snappish like his father.†

Sir John met him next day going to see the baby Prince (who was then in the new foster-mother's charge in a house in the Park); he was in the best of spirits, for assurances had come from Holland that the warlike preparations were not antagonistic to England. But James was well aware that he was

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 502.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs."



JOHN, LORD LOVELACE

FROM THE PAINTING BY TARDON AT WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD.

TO WHOM
IT MAY COME

surrounded by treachery, and would take such soothing assurances with a very large pinch of salt. Nearly two months before, Henry Sidney, the King's handsome rival in earlier days of amorous intrigues, had written to the Prince of Orange: "You know your own business best, what power you have over the fleet and army, and whether you can transport men with privacy, for it is most certain that if it be made public a fortnight before it be put in execution all your particular friends will be clapped up, which will terrify others or at least make them not know what to do, and will, in all probability, ruin the whole design."* Sidney had excellent facilities for playing into William's hands, for the treacherous statesman Sunderland was his nephew, who, being one of the few to whom the King confided his secrets, had every opportunity of hastening his ruin.

Speaking of Sunderland, Sir John Cochrane told Lord Ailesbury that (after William's accession) on his way up to London he had visited the ex-Minister at his country seat (Althorp). "Sir John walking with him in the garden and talking most seriously, he asked how it was possible for a person of his great parts and experience for to have given his master, King James, such pernicious counsels, and the executing of which brought on the King all his misfortunes and the loss of his Kingdoms. He replied with a sneer that but for those counsels the Prince of Orange had never landed or succeeded. On which Sir John told me that he was struck dumb and with abhorrence. To make this good he permitted his lady, cousin to Mr. Henry Sidney, the Earl of Leicester's brother and close agent (to say no more)

* "Diary of Henry Sidney," vol. ii., p. 270.

to the Prince of Orange, for to take copies in the night of all secret resolutions taken in the closet each day, and this I know to be true. It is plain and evident he had nothing in view but the King's ruin, and the thing shewed itself manifestly after." * While Sunderland did his best to soothe James's fears, persuading him that the enemy to be attacked was France, not England, while also he was artfully egging him on to measures which would make him yet more unpopular, the future King (whose Prime Minister he was to be) was hastening on his naval and military preparations.

At last, and when it was too late, James smelled treachery. Sunderland was dismissed, and Richard Graham, Viscount Preston, made Secretary of State. But the ex-Minister was let down very gently from his exalted position, and suffered to remain at Court until things became too uncomfortable. He then made his exit in woman's apparel, to be recalled from Holland not long after by his new master.

At that critical period when active preparations were being made in Holland for an invasion, we get a realistic peep of the King at Windsor from Lord Ailesbury, who at that time was on the point of resigning his commission of Lord Lieutenant of Bedfordshire. To "regulate" a return of members of Parliament pledged to the repeal of the Test, the magistrates were to be questioned as to their intended vote, therefore resignations poured in on all sides. "I went upstairs," says the Earl, "and into the great bedchamber, where there was a great number of the nobility and others that came generally on the Sundays either to council or to make their court.

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 128.

That took up some time, talking to one or the other, and then I went into a room between the former and the closet, called in the late King's time 'the little bedchamber,' and where he always lodged. The King had a custom to have a little table by the closet door with his wax lights and snuffers, and very soon after, it growing duskish, he came out to take in the lights himself. He perceiving me, told me he would come out again presently, which he did soon, and ordered me to shut the door next to the great bed-chamber, and after praising me for my constant attachment to him in the worst of times and since he was King, to my surprise (and perhaps it was the first time that ever he opened himself to one not in his councils) he told me he would let me into a secret that he had not communicated to his Cabinet Council under oath of secrecy, which I firmly assuring him of, he then told me that according to all advices he had received from the Hague and from Paris that those great armaments in Holland, for sea and land, must certainly be designed against him, and that he was well assured that I would stand by him. I need not say that I carried home my commission. I esteem this of the King's preventing me, one of the happy moments of my life, for had I given up, the King in the first place might have suspected that I was associated with those that deserted him, and little to their honour." *

When King Louis, perplexed for a long time as to the real intentions of the Prince of Orange, sent James an express message removing all doubt as to the projected invasion, James is said to have ordered the weather-vane, which is conspicuous on

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 178.

the roof of the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, to be set up so that he might see from his own apartments when the wind was in a favourable quarter for his son-in-law to set sail. "James! the Second being restless and uneasy," says a contemporary writer (François Misson, then on a visit to England), "has ordered a weathercock to be placed where he may see it from his apartment that he may learn with his own eyes whether the wind is Protestant or Popish." Evelyn visited London on September 18, and found the Court in a state of panic owing to a report that the Prince of Orange had landed, but not until a month afterwards did the dreaded enemy quit Helvoetsluice. When the news reached Whitehall, many of the dissemblers about the King could ill disguise their joyful feelings. When, however, tidings were brought that the invading fleet had been forced to put back owing to a violent tempest, it was James's turn to rejoice. "At last the wind has declared itself Popish," he observed to Barrillon, smiling. But it did not long remain in that direction, and when it veered round it was all in favour of the invader.

On November 3, crowds assembled on the heights of Dover to see the noble fleet sail down St. George's Channel, treating the matter rather as a spectacle than a calamity. The Mayor speedily sent off a despatch to the Secretary of State. "This day, between the hours of ten and eleven, about half-seas over I discovered the Dutch fleet, which are very numerous, and judged to be about 300 sail of capital ships of war and others attending them; off this port part of the fleet lay by and put out their colours being of several distinctions, till the rear of the fleet came up to them, and about five of the clock this afternoon

all the said fleet sheered away a channel course westward, and are all sailed by this place . . . A sloop of ours . . . was sent out of this harbour to discover the Dutch fleet, but was chased back by a frigate of their fleet, who fired one gun at the sloop and then bore away to the fleet."*

Next morning at break of day the ships were sighted off the Isle of Wight, but they stood well out from the coast. There was some consternation in the island; drums beat, calling the Militia to arms and to scout from the hills, but the soldiers showed unmistakable signs of mutiny. On the 5th the vessels were still in view, but, a fog arising in the afternoon, were again lost to sight. When it cleared they had disappeared, and shortly after news travelled rapidly that William had landed sixty boat-loads of soldiers at Torbay without molestation.

The pillar on Brixham pier encloses part of a stone upon which William first set foot, and according to tradition it bears the imprint of the Prince's foot!

Never was there greater proof that the wind was Protestant, for no sooner was the landing effected than it suddenly turned with such good will that as Lord Dartmouth was approaching with the English fleet he was thrown into disorder by a violent gale from the west and entirely incapacitated until the enemy was out of reach.† On land, however, the night march towards Exeter was made under very unfavourable circumstances, for the tempest that

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., pp. 412-413.

† In this gale was lost, to the south of the Isle of Wight, the *Helderenberg*, commanded by Captain Howell, the vessel that landed Monmouth at Lyme three years before. She had been taken into the English Navy as a fifth-rate, but why the Dutch Government gave her up is a mystery.

opposed the English fleet was raging furiously upon William's unprotected camping-ground. "Verily the water ran over and under them," says a diary recording the march, "and their heads, backs, and arms sunk into the red clay."* At Newton Abbot a halt was made, William making Ford House his headquarters for two days, and the room where he slept is still pointed out in this old Jacobean residence.

William's reception at Exeter was as enthusiastic as that of the Duke of Monmouth at Taunton. Here the Prince made the Deanery his quarters. From Exeter the army advanced in three divisions to Ottery St. Mary, Axminster, Beaminster, Crewkerne, and Sherborne, at the last place William lodging at the Castle, the curious old seat of the Digbys (where his bedroom may still be seen).

To return to the unfortunate King. When the news of the Prince's landing was brought to him at Whitehall, he was engaged in having his portrait painted by Kneller—a present he had promised to Pepys. James turned pale, and the letter the messenger had brought dropped from his hand; but showing no other signs of agitation, he bade the Court painter to proceed with his work. "I have promised Mr. Pepys my picture," he said, "and I will finish the sitting." This historical portrait is now in the possession of the diarist's descendant, Miss Cockrell.† According to another tradition the King's agitation of mind caused him, by a sudden movement, inadvertently to knock off the table a small enamelled clock that was standing at his elbow.

* "The March of William of Orange through Somerset," p. 56.

† Through the courtesy of the owner this portrait is here reproduced.



JAMES II

FROM THE PAINTING BY KNETLER IN POSSESSION OF MISS COCKRELL

This clock is now at Oscott College, Birmingham, to which institution it was given by Bishop Milner with James II.'s gold ring, bearing his initials, "J. R.," surmounted by a crown and border of rubies.*

Upon the first scare of the invasion James had looked to the Army and Navy. Under his rule both had made rapid strides since the Restoration, and now presented a formidable appearance for any foreign power to encounter. Forces were at once called from Scotland and Ireland, new companies formed, and orders issued to amalgamate in the west. The camp was removed from Hounslow to Salisbury, whither James set out on November 17; but ere this many whose loyalty was trusted had gone over to the enemy's side.

Sir John Reresby gives a graphic account of how the Yorkshire troops were captured by Lords Danby, Lumley, Willoughby, Dumblane, etc., while Nottingham and other towns surrendered only too readily.†

Like Monmouth, William was at first discouraged by lack of support, but at Exeter the gentry of Devon, Dorset, and Somerset began to flock under the Protestant banner. That hot-headed Whig, Lord Lovelace, hastened from his riverside mansion at Hurley, but failed to reach the hostile camp, for passing through Cirencester with a dozen followers, he encountered a party of James's soldiers, which resulted in his capture and imprisonment. Other turbulent spirits, such as Thomas Wharton and Ford, Lord Grey, were also active, though the latter excused himself from acting up to his promise of being loyal

* I am indebted to Mr. F. J. Sandy, the Bursar, for photographs of these relics.

Reresby's "Memoirs," 1875 ed., p. 414.

when James had spared his life, by saying he had fallen from his horse.*

The rumoured scare of papist risings and assassinations and of coming inquisitorial torturings were bogies which carried the day for Dutch William better than anything else. Company after company of Militia were won over by these panics. Another very telling falsehood which had marked success was blazing forth the imposture of the Prince of Wales's birth. To many, a Catholic heir was bad enough, but a "pretender" with no claims to Royal blood had far less chance than even Monmouth.

The story of Viscount Cornbury's desertion with his regiment of cavalry was another piece of clever trickery. Well might the unfortunate James claim sympathy for such treachery; yet when he looked around for it, all that he could find in the faces of his supposed friends was ill-disguised exultation. Following immediately after Churchill, whom he had befriended and promoted, James's nephew, the Duke of Grafton, sneaked off to join the hostile camp. The explanation afterwards given by the former was that his conscience forbade him draw his sword against the Protestant cause; yet had he not done so when he fought against Monmouth? As for Grafton, he could give no such argument, for it was one of his favourite boasts that he had no conscience.

* See "King Monmouth," p. 376.



JAMES II'S CLOCK AND RING (ENLARGED)

KING LEAR'S DAUGHTERS

THE desertion of Churchill and the Duke of Grafton, as well as those which followed, the Duke of Ormonde, Prince George of Denmark, Colonel Kirke, and others, was but the climax of suspicious movements which had been noticed by Lord Feversham, who had advised the King when he arrived at Salisbury on November 19 to make a bold stroke of it and arrest them. James couldn't believe such baseness possible on the part of his friends, nor could any actual proofs be substantiated; but he was afterwards convinced that he narrowly escaped a plot to entrap him at Warminster, and Lord Ailesbury hints pretty plainly that it was a device of Churchill's. The Earl (Ailesbury) arrived the day after the King (Tuesday, 20th), he says, "wet to the skin and half starved, not finding either meat or bread on the road by the concourse of troops and passengers. The King lay at the Bishop's, and I had my lodgings just by the Prebends., and after having well eaten I went to Court. The King was in his bedchamber in a great chair, his nose having bled for some time, and the moment I arrived they [the gentlemen of his bedchamber] put a cold key on the back of his neck, and all was over, but he was directed not to sup, but to take some broth. He desired the Prince of Denmark to go to supper and to take the lords with him, the King keeping a great

table. . . . The page of the backstairs-in-waiting told me that I would do well to offer to lie in the King's bed-chamber for the King's service, for that the Earl of Peterborough coughed in the nights like a broken-winded horse. For that reason only I offered it, but the King answered, 'I sleep well and do not hear him.' . . . This bleeding of the nose was the hand of God, else the King had gone next morning, Wednesday, for to show himself at the head of the army at Warminster; and it was disigned by a general that made so much noise in the world afterwards and his adherents for to have delivered him up to the Prince of Orange, and the King being persuaded by his physicians to compose himself for a day or two, he sent the Earl of Feversham, the immediate general under him, who was directed to declare in the King's name that this he had orders to acquaint them with. . . . All this is on my own knowledge." *

This bleeding of the nose with James when he was excited was no trivial affair, and while he was at Salisbury was excessive, having to be bled in the arm frequently to cause relief.† The loss of blood altogether weakened him considerably at a time when he required some of the dash and spirit he had formerly shown at critical moments. To resign himself to Providence at such a time was not the way to hold the men who were hastening to the other side. It is very true that nothing succeeds like success. William's success rapidly brought him triumph, while James, after holding a council of war, in determining to retreat to Windsor practically acknowledged himself

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 188, 189.

† See letter from F. Graham to Lord Preston, Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 417.

defeated, and the rats left the sinking vessel faster than ever.

It was during his halt at Andover that Prince George and Ormonde, accompanied by the Earl of Drumlanrig, turned their horses' heads westwards instead of to the east. But James was yet to receive a harder blow. Consolation and sympathy at least he would find in his own family, though truly the thought that the wife of the man who was invading his country was his eldest daughter was a bitter thought for any father. But upon reaching Whitehall, what was the first news he received? The Princess Anne had run away! This was the last straw. The poor King burst into tears, exclaiming, "God help me! my own children have forsaken me!"*

To add an extra pang to his distress, the malicious rumours reached his ears that she had fled in fear of the murderous intentions of the Papists: from the cruelty of her Catholic step-mother, etc. Burnet says that the cause of her flight was the fear of her father's resentment at her husband's treachery; but there can be little doubt but that it was a preconceived plan arranged by Churchill; for his wife, who always had so powerful an influence over her, managed the whole affair. The imperious Sarah herself relates—

"The report that the Prince of Denmark had left the King and was gone over to the Prince of Orange put the Princess into a great fright. She sent for me and told me her distress, and declared that rather than see her father she would jump out of the window. A little time before a note had been left with me to inform me where I might find the Bishop of London (who in the critical time absconded) if her Royal

* "Correspondence of Henry Hyde," vol. ii., p. 208.

Highness should have occasion for a friend. The Princess on this alarm immediately sent me to the Bishop. I acquainted him with her resolution to leave the Court and to put herself under his care. I was hereupon agreed that when he had advised with his friends in the city he should come about midnight in a hackney coach to the neighbourhood of the cockpit,* in order to convey the Princess to some place where she might be private and safe. The Princess went to bed at the usual time to prevent suspicion. I came to her soon after, and by the back stairs which went down from her closet, her Royal Highness, my lady Fitzharding, and I, with one servant, walked to the coach, whence we found the Bishop and the Earl of Dorset. They conducted us that night to the Bishop's house in the city."† The Episcopal residence since the Great Fire was London House, which faced Lord Shaftesbury's mansion, Thanet House, in Aldersgate Street. Bishop Compton at this time was lodging in Suffolk Street, so the Princess and Lady Churchill stopped the remainder of the night, and the next day were escorted by the Bishop through Essex, Hertfordshire, and Bedfordshire to Nottingham, the headquarters of the insurrection in the Midlands, where several influential noblemen had assembled, including

* The apartments of the Princess near the cockpit (where the Privy Council office now stands) presumably were the same previously occupied by the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Albemarle. Before then Cromwell had resided there before he occupied the state apartments. His predecessor was Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who from a window looking into St. James's Park saw Charles I. walking to his place of execution. The Earl died here close upon a year afterwards. See Cuninghame's "London."

† "Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough," p. 10. See footnote, "Hyde Correspondence," pp. 207, 208.

the Earls of Devonshire, Chesterfield, Stamford, Manchester, etc.

Lord Ailesbury relates the following version of the Princess's flight : " The Ladies Churchill and Fitzharding obliged her to rise out of her bed in the night and to fly away in nightgown and slippers, making her to believe that the Queen (the King not then arrived from Salisbury just at that day) would send her to the Tower ; and attended by the revengeful Bishop of London, Doctor Compton, with sword and boots, they arrived at Lowton in Essex near London at the house of Mr. John Wroth, a blustering county justice and a gentleman grazier ;* from thence to Copt Hall in Essex to the Earl of Dorset's,† and through Hertfordshire to Hitchin, a market town, and refreshing in an inn and also brewhouse they sat in a cart, saying that but for their flight it might have been their lot ; and all this invented by those ladies to inflame that good Princess against the Queen and consequently the King. . . . From thence they went to

* The house mentioned was Loughton Hall, once the seat of the Stonards, an old Tudor house visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1561. It was burned down in 1836, and is said to have been the original of Dickens' " Warren " " in Barnaby Rudge." The house came to the Wrothes by the marriage of an heiress to Sir Robert Wrothe.

† The fine Elizabethan mansion, Copt Hall, or Copped Hall, to the north of Loughton and west of Epping, being in a dilapidated condition, was pulled down in 1753. It had a famous Long Gallery 168 feet in length. The painted glass window of the old chapel was removed to St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. In 1688, Sackville, Earl of Dorset, had lent the old family seat of Knole in Kent to the Queen Dowager. Viscountess Dursley, writing to the Countess of Rutland, May 12, 1686, says, " I sopose you have heard how the King surprised Lady Dorsett and was pleased to accept of a hunting dinner at Copt Hall " (Belvoir MSS., Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 12, App. 5, pp. 107 and 121). The Princess Mary, Edward VI.'s sister lived for a time in Copt Hall.

Harrs [Hawnes],* two miles from my house [Houghton, near Amptill] in Bedfordshire, to the house of the late Lord Carteret, and from thence to Nottingham."†

Even before the poor King was out of the country, the Princess Anne is said to have driven to the theatre in his coach and showed herself openly bedecked with orange ribbons. Her want of feeling also was remarked upon her journey to Nottingham. When her uncle, Lord Clarendon, afterwards called her to account for this, "how many good people were extremely troubled to find she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortunes; that people who were with her in her late progress took notice that when the news came of the King being gone she seemed not at all moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be; to which she replied, they did her wrong to make such reflections upon her actions; that it was true she did call for cards, because she used to play, and she never loved to do anything that looked like an affected restraint. I answered," says Clarendon, "that I was sorry her Royal Highness should think that showing a trouble for the King her father's misfortune should be interpreted by any as an affected constraint, that I was afraid such her behaviour rendered her much less in the opinion of the world even with her father's enemies than she ought to be."‡

And yet to her and her sister Mary and all his children James had always been a most kind and indulgent parent. He might have expected at least

* Hawnes belonged originally to the Luke family.

† "Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury," vol. i., p. 191.

‡ "Correspondence of Henry Hyde," vol. ii., p. 249.

that they would take a different and more lenient view of his actions than the majority of his subjects.

Of the two sisters the elder had by far the nicer disposition. In the many letters which passed between the Prince of Orange and James, she frequently professes her duty, assuring him she should ever be his most obedient daughter. Therefore when William landed at Torbay he would not believe, or did his best not to believe, that she had any knowledge of the expedition, and only when her letters ceased did he grasp the truth.

Sir John Reresby says he was so deeply affected by his daughter's ingratitude that it "disordered him in his understanding." "These strokes had been less sensible," he was heard to remark, "had they come from hands less dear to me."

There is no doubt that pressure had been brought upon both sisters to act their parts in such a way that would best aid William's cause. Mary herself gave this explanation to Bishop Burnet when he remarked upon her extraordinary gaiety upon first coming to Whitehall. She admitted it was not natural, but she was obeying directions. Hers, doubtless, was the tutored smile that one so often sees in theatrical portraits, but surely the natural feelings of a daughter, which must have been there, would have won the hearts of those that came to wait upon her quite as readily. But was this acting, after all, for had she been able to dissemble her distress upon returning to Holland? The joy of quitting the dull Court of the Hague and becoming Queen had much to do with her gaiety. Evelyn says she was transported with joy, "laughing and jolly as at a wedding." Certainly she was not very jolly at her own; there was no

acting then! Nor was there acting when, the day after her arrival, she got up before her women and in her undress ran from room to room in delight at her new abode. Evelyn does not pass this over without comment, nor the fact that she slept in the same apartment and bed vacated by the deposed Queen. Within a night or two, he says, she sat down to play at basset just as her predecessor had done. "She smiled upon and talked to everybody, so that no change seemed to have taken place at Court since her last going away." * Yet only two months before her father had quitted the palace a broken-hearted man, carrying with him memories of the little Princesses with whom he used to romp in his happier days.

But, for all that, the wife of William III. was a good woman and a very good wife. Nobody could have paid a higher tribute to her memory than Lord Ailesbury (who puts down to the teaching of Burnet and Tillotson the duty of abandoning her father). In submitting to her husband's will, "God knows," he says, "what she suffered inwardly." †

* See Evelyn's "Diary," February 21, 1689.

† See Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 299, 345.

THE QUEEN QUILTS WHITEHALL WITH HER BABY

DECEMBER, 1688, was a disastrous month for the unhappy King. His position may be likened to a man suddenly stunned by an awful earthquake, paralyzed into inactivity by the surrounding ruin. The scare of the advance of the Prince of Orange was creating unusual consternation. Catholics were flying for their lives, for their chapels and private dwellings were being pillaged and burned by the rabble excited into madness by the inflammatory reports of Jesuit outrages.*

It was now full time that the safety of the Queen and the little Prince had to be looked to, for daily new declarations were issued against the Papists. Burnet says it was the original idea of the Queen to seek protection in France. In any case, towards the end of November the baby had been sent to Portsmouth under the charge of the Countess of Powis, the Queen was to follow, and the palatial houses of Cowdray and Titchfield were appointed as halting-places. But the Earl of Dartmouth, who was to have carried them over to France in a man-of-war, in the

* Valuables were sent to Weld House, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the residence of the Spanish ambassador, Don Pietro Ronquillo, but were seized and destroyed, while the envoy himself had to escape as best he could. See "Bramston's Autobiography," p. 339.

complicated state of political affairs could not find it consistent with his duty to place the heir to the throne in the hands of Louis XIV. He therefore politely but firmly declined a responsibility which, added to the mutinous condition of the fleet, he did not consider consistent with his loyalty to the throne.

Little James Frederick therefore, having to be smuggled back again from Portsmouth, the governor of the town was ordered to bring him up by road, and if hostile troops were encountered on the way, he was to ship his precious charge to Margate that he might be brought to London by river. Francesco Riva, the Keeper of the Queen's Wardrobe, was dispatched with coaches on the night of December 6, and, meeting the three regiments of cavalry guarding the little Prince, returned to Whitehall in safety.

It was at ten o'clock on Sunday morning (December 9) when Riva got back to the palace; soon after midnight on the same day he had to start on a more perilous journey, for the safety of which a Frenchman of noted spirit and gallantry had volunteered his services. The gentleman thus distinguished with so important an office was Antoine Nompar de Caumont, Count de Lauzun. He was high in James's favour, as he had formerly been in that of the Grand Monarque. The earlier part of his career had been notable for his various amorous intrigues and extravagance. The purses of forty wealthy ladies are said to have failed to keep him out of debt. Among these ladies, no less an exalted person than the haughty Mademoiselle de Montpensier had been subdued by his fascinating ways and polished manners,

for when she was well over forty and his senior by some fourteen years, she herself proposed marriage, which, being secretly solemnized, resulted in the ambitious Count finding himself a prisoner in the castle of Pigerol.

By arrangement between them, Riva had hired a couple of yachts in the name of Lauzun and of the Countess Vittoria Davia, a personal friend of the Queen, whom she had appointed to accompany her. Riva's own description of what followed reads like romantic fiction, though it is the best authenticated account of that eventful journey.

"About an hour after midnight, having put on a rough sailor suit, and having stowed away my furniture and effects (which were pillaged after at Whitehall), I armed myself and went by the secret stair to the King's chamber. I laid down the common habit I had had made for the Queen, and told his Majesty all was ready. Then I retired to another room, where was the Comte de Lauzun, and waited until the Queen was ready. Then the Count and I, to be prepared against accidents, secreted some jewels about us, which their Majesties opposed at first, having no thought but for the safety of their royal infant. At two o'clock we went down to Madame Labadie's quarters, where the Prince of Wales had been secretly conveyed. There all the persons were assembled who were to serve the Queen and Prince, viz. the Comte de Lauzun, the two nurses, and myself. We went by the great gallery * and the private garden, at the door of which was waiting the carriage of Count Terriesi, Florentine resident, and my particular friend, from whom I had borrowed it for my

* "The Stone Gallery," see ante, p. 80.

own special service. On the way we had to pass six sentries, who all cried, 'Who goes there?' but as I answered 'Friend,' and they saw I had the master key, they made no further parley.

"The Queen, the Prince, and two nurses, and the Count got into the carriage, and I, to make sure the coachman took us aright, got up beside him. We passed safely through Westminster to Horseferry, where I had engaged a boat. The boatman was accustomed to take me out shooting at night, and I had made him come the previous day to fetch bread, wine, roast meat, and other necessaries, also my gun, to give colour to my pretended project. We got in, but the night was so dark we could not see each other, although we were close together, the boat being very small. Then, I confess, I was seized with great terror at the thought of these Royal personages exposed to such danger; but I took courage and trusted in God, whose providence singularly watched over us, especially causing an infant of five months old, so delicate and lively, never to open his mouth.

"After crossing, which a violent wind and heavy rain rendered difficult, I called out M. Duforous [Dufour, a Page of the Backstairs, who was waiting with a coach and six]. He answered at once that the carriage was at the inn, so I went forward to hasten the coachman. Meanwhile her Majesty and her companions stood by the wall of a church exposed to the wind and cold, though the rain had ceased.

"There was a man at the inn, who, seeing me at such an hour and somewhat in haste, came out lantern in hand and observed the carriage. I watched him, and seeing he was going in the direction of the Queen, I followed him swiftly on the other side of the road.

When I saw him approach her, I made as if to cross the road, and pushed him so adroitly that we both fell to the ground. Being both of us in the mud, we made so many mutual apologies that he went back to the inn, without getting out of temper, to brush himself and I to meet the carriage.*

"The Queen got in, and the page, who was to have gone back, as he was not in the secret, having recognized the Queen, our mistress, insisted upon following her. As we left the town we met several patrols, one of which cried, 'Let us go and see. Surely that is a coach-full of Papists.' But God willed that they changed their minds, and no one approached us. About three miles away we met Mr. Leyburn, King's equerry, with a led horse and boots for me, which the King in his goodness had sent expressly. I was in rather a sorry state from my fall in the mud and the rain. At Gravesend we found three Irish captains sent by the King, who were to serve in the yacht; they had a boat in readiness. Her Majesty entered it with her suite and made for the yacht, on board which were awaiting her the Duchess [Marchioness] of Powis, governess of the Prince of Wales; the Countess Vittoria Montecuccoli [Davia], Lady Strickland, Madame Turini, the Duke [Marquis] of Powis; Father Giudici, confessor; Sir William Waldegrave, chief physician to the Prince of Wales; Mr. Sheldon; the Marquis of Montecuccoli; Dufour, the page; M. Gutteri, a Frenchman; and myself."†

* The same account is related by Pere d'Orleans in his "History of the Late Troubles."

† One of the original documents in Italian is preserved among the archives of Modena. See Martin Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena," pp. 217-220, from which the above has been quoted.

Though the Queen knew that her departure from Whitehall was imminent, the proposed route and the actual time was kept a profound secret. From an entry in Sir John Knatchbull's diary it is evident that if circumstances had necessitated the baby Prince being carried by sea to Margate, the Queen would have travelled down to Lord Winchelsea's seat, Eastwell Park, near Wye, the Earl for the time being removing to a house in the vicinity called "The Moat."* But as the Prince was brought up from Portsmouth without hindrance this plan was abandoned. James was always very secretive, and one would have thought he would have at least told his wife the probable time of her departure, instead of which, after retiring to rest on the Sunday night (December 9), she was awakened and hurried out of a warm bed to be exposed on the river to merciless wind and rain.

Though the wind was favourable when the yachts set sail, the crossing was a rough one, indeed so bad that the captain had to seek shelter and cast anchor on the Monday night; but at four o'clock on the Tuesday morning he steered for Calais, which was safely reached five hours later.

Lauzun had every reason to congratulate himself on the successful issue of his undertaking, for King Louis sent a note in his own handwriting inviting him to Court with a promise that all his past follies should be forgotten. In 1692 he was raised to a dukedom, and made Lieut.-General in the army. He fought for James in Ireland, but the Duke of Berwick had but a poor opinion of his military knowledge. James, however, always had great faith in him, and to

* "Notes and Queries," series iii., vol. vi., p. 1.

the last was on most friendly terms, paying visits to his house at Passy. Lauzun lived until 1723, the year that the regent Philippe died and Louis XV. attained his majority.

The Royal treasure having been smuggled to France, to use the Marquis Dangeau's words, "like a parcel of dirty linen,"* the only anxiety of the Queen's was now the safety of her husband, for her reception at Boulogne by the Duc d'Aumont was very cordial, and the hospitable preparations by King Louis on a most lavish scale. Upon her way from Beaumont to Saint Germain his Majesty, attended in state by guards and musketeers and a gorgeous retinue, came to welcome his guest. Dangeau tells us that near Chatou the English coaches were seen approaching as Louis, his brother, and the Dauphin alighted, and the King, opening the door of the first carriage, in which was the baby Prince, his nurse and attendants, took him in his arms and caressed him tenderly, praising his beauty with his unrivalled courtly grace. In the next carriage was the Queen and her Italian friend, and, on approaching, Mary alighted and expressed her gratitude, "Sire, you see before you," she said, "an unfortunate Queen, whose only consolation is in your Majesty's goodness." When compliments and congratulations had passed on either side Louis, handing her into her coach, entered it himself, and rode with her as far as the château of Saint Germain, which had been sumptuously furnished for her reception, and a casket containing six thousand pistoles was awaiting her immediate use. But where would have been the satisfaction of all this hospitality without the knowledge that her husband was in safety? As James had

* Dangeau's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 137.

been tortured with anxiety from the time that he had parted with her until news came of her safe arrival, so had the Queen been harrowed with fears, for shortly after her arrival in Calais came a naval officer with the news that the King had quitted London in disguise, and with one attendant was trying to reach the coast, and a day or two later came the alarming report that he had been captured near Faversham, and had been taken prisoner to Rochester.

All anxiety, however, had been set at rest on December 26, when the news arrived that James had the previous morning reached the French coast in safety. She was at prayers, says Dangeau, when the joyful tidings came, and so completely she forgot her misfortunes that she lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, crying, "How happy am I!"

As for Father Petre, the night before the King's departure from Whitehall he had effected his escape from St. James's Palace as cleverly as James had done when he was a boy, and, judging by the latter's treatment by the Kentish mob, it would have gone ill with him had he been captured. He reached France safely before the King, but the marvel is thenceforward this most conspicuous figure in the Court should disappear entirely out of James's life, for they never met again. He retired to the college of Saint Omer, where he became rector, and died in 1699. In Mr. Taunton's learned work, "The History of the Jesuits in England," it is clearly proved that to their tactics is attributable the fact that England became and continued Protestant, and conspicuous among those who by misguided ambition and over zeal ruined the Catholic cause

in this country stands the name of Father Edward Petre.*

* His vacated lodgings at Whitehall were occupied for a short time by a character still more hated : Judge Jeffreys. But the Lord Chancellor soon made a secret exit from his house in Delahay Street to Wapping, there to be discovered in the " Red Cow " public-house, in Anchor-and-Hope Alley, and change his lodging to the Tower, where he died in April, 1689.

JAMES HAS UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES IN KENT

THE companion whom James selected to accompany him on his flight was a Catholic officer in the Army, Sir Edward Hales, a member of an old Kentish family* of trusted loyalty, who had been appointed Governor of Dover Castle and Lieutenant of the Tower.

There were two others who attended him on the journey, his equerry, Captain Ralph Sheldon (an Oxfordshire gentleman†), and a groom named Richard Smith (who afterwards acted in the same service to William III.). One other was let into the secret of the sudden departure from Whitehall, and that was the King's nephew, George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland, then acting as Groom of the Bedchamber, who had the decency to see the exit of James before he

* Sir Edward Hales, Bart., of Hackington, near Canterbury, was titular Earl of Tenterden. The old mansion "Place House," which was pillaged by the mob at the time Sir Edward accompanied James to Faversham, was pulled down in 1780. In Tunstall church, near Sittingbourne are some fine tombs to the family, the last representative of whom is said to have been a maiden lady recently deceased. Grove End Farm, near Tunstall, at one time was the country seat. Sir Edward Hales' son, Edward, fought for King James at the Battle of the Boyne. His portrait is in University College, Oxford.

† Ralph Sheldon (*ob.* 1720) was son of Edward Sheldon, of Steeple Barton, Oxon.

went over to William, whereas his brother, Grafton, had been one of the first to go over to the Orange side, and it may be stated here that their half-brothers, St. Albans and Richmond, declared their allegiance to the new monarch. The latter having expressed his leaning openly, cut rather a sorry figure when the Royal exiles arrived in France, and his mother, the Duchess of Portsmouth, in paying her respects, must have felt uncomfortable, having also expressed herself very openly respecting the supposed imposition at the birth of the Prince.*

Dark as James thought he had kept his plan of quitting the Palace of Whitehall secretly, intelligence somehow leaked out that preparations had been made for the journey. Ailesbury deserved the King's confidence if anybody did, but James for some reason either doubted his fidelity or had not the energy to follow his advice. The Earl boldly taxed James with his intended flight, and implored him not to go, arguing that if he put himself at the head of a body of horse and marched to Nottingham it would reassure those revolutionary noblemen who had assembled there, in a great measure out of fear that if they stayed at home their houses would be plundered and burnt. "To finish this melancholy conference I humbly besought the King to stay, at least until he had heard from his three Lords Commissioners that were sent by him to the Prince of Orange, whom they joined at Hungerford." But James had made up his mind not to listen to advice, nor to believe in the speaker's sincerity. He had had sufficient cause to be suspicious of everybody, for neither would his friends nor his army stand by him, not to mention

* See "Diary of the Marquis de Dangeau," vol. i., p. 140, etc.

the nearest relatives. As to going away, he would admit nothing, and to lead Ailesbury to believe it was not his intention to go, he refused to give him his hand to kiss, saying he would speak with him in the morning. "So," says the Earl, "with tears I retired. In the guard chamber I met the Earl of Middleton, and I asked him what news from the Commissioners.* If I remember well, his answer was neither good nor bad. No doubt he made his report to the King, but this I am sure, he was not long with him, for the footman I left at the bottom of the private stairs came to me in half an hour and told me that the King was gone."†

There is no telling what effect a spirited and resolute effort to oppose the invader would have had upon the loyalty and honour of his remaining troops. In a letter left behind for Lord Feversham, he said he would have fought for his rights if he could have put reliance upon his soldiers, therefore it cannot be wondered that those, and there were many, who would have fought for him, upon learning this from their General, were willing to disband. Still, James admitted that many of his officers and soldiers were loyal, and to those, he said, he would always prove a kind master.‡ It was by their own advice, he said, that he did not place himself at their head and fight the Prince of Orange, but he did not mention those who, like Lord Ailesbury, had prayed him to strike a blow before he gave up all hope.

On the Tuesday morning, December 11,§ between

* James's only object in sending Commissioners to the Prince was to gain time to prepare for his flight.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 197.

‡ Reresby's "Memoirs."

§ Evelyn says the 13th in error.

twelve and one o'clock, a strange figure passed down the secret stairs from the royal bedroom to the privy garden, beyond the wall of which his page, Labadie,* was waiting with a hackney coach to convey him to the ferry at Millbank.† As Charles I. had impersonated John Ashburnham's servant in his flight from Oxford, and as Charles II. had been the pseudo servant of Mistress Lane, so James in quitting Whitehall passed as the servant of Sir Edward Hales, who accompanied him on his flight. A short black clerical periwig had taken the place of his luxurious flaxen locks, an old camlet cloak was thrown over his shoulders, his boots were shabby, and a patch was on the left side of his upper lip. From the small boat which carried the fugitive to the Lambeth side James is said to have cast the great seal into the water, and here it was found by some watermen five months afterwards, as Luttrell tells us in his *Diary* for May, 1689. During the following month James had to commission Rotier, the medallist, to make a new seal to take with him to Ireland, admitting that he had "destroyed" the other.‡

Sir Edward Hales probably joined the King on the Middlesex, and Ralph Sheldon on the Surrey, side of

* James says he dismissed his page before crossing the river. Clarke's "Life."

† The only horse ferry across the Thames near London. The tolls were the monopoly of the Archbishop of Canterbury. See Cunningham's "London."

‡ "Calendar of Stuart Papers," Hist. MSS. Com., vol. i., p. 77. At James's death the new great seals of England and Ireland in silver and that of Scotland in brass were found in his cabinet. The two former were afterwards, with a silver candlestick, chocolate pot, chamber pot, and a little mortar and pestle, given to Rotier the medallist, to melt down and make new seals for James III. (see "Archæologia," vol. xviii., pp. 229-233.)

the river, where, near New Spring Gardens (better known as Vauxhall Gardens), Smith, the groom, was waiting with saddled horses. James mounted his own nag, "Bay Ailesbury," and away they rode in a southeasterly direction, through Chislehurst and Farningham. At seven o'clock the river Medway was crossed at Ailesford bridge, and the town of Maidstone being left to the south, a halt for refreshments was made at the isolated hostelry on Pennenden Heath, named the "Woolpack,"* where Sheldon had arranged a relay of horses. From here they rode to Milton Creek, near Sittingbourne, and at Elmley Ferry† boarded a small vessel which had been chartered by Hales.‡ Smith waited until the others were aboard, then returned to London with the horses, shortly after to enter the service of King William. Sailing northwards to the mouth of the Medway and thence into the open sea, the boat rode so badly that the captain had to steer her ashore at half ebb near Sheerness to take in ballast, where she had to lie until the tide again served.

For the last few days the rabble of Canterbury, Faversham, and Sittingbourne had been busy in seizing and robbing runaway Catholics, and so alarming were the reports that many coaches then upon the road turned back, rather than run into so rough a net. A gang of Faversham men, mostly fishermen, who just then found priest catching far more remunerative than catching fish, had been got

* The old inn has been rebuilt of recent years. See footnote, p. 273.

† For the traditions lingering at Elmley, see "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places," pp. 203-207.

‡ The above route is taken from the description by James (Clarke's "Life") and Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

together by one William Ames, a sailor, and several captures had been made at Ospringe, near the entrance to Faversham. Ames himself, cruising round Sheerness, on the look out for fugitives, had seen the stranded vessel, and on returning to Faversham heard the report that Sir Edward Hales had been recognized riding towards Elmley. This confirmed his suspicions regarding the vessel, for though he knew her to be a custom-house boat by her pendant, the fact of her being at that place taking in ballast was such an unusual proceeding, that he said "his fingers itched at her. *

Ames, therefore, and some forty of his merry men, set forth in three boats at once. James was sitting in the cabin with Hales and Sheldon when the leader of the gang burst in and demanded their surrender. The fugitives had among them six loaded pistols, and Sir Edward, seizing two, was about to fire, when James persuaded him to desist from violence. Had the King, at this juncture, made himself known and offered a substantial reward, the probability is that Ames would have allowed him to escape; that at least is the opinion of a townsman who knew him. † But the opportunity was only momentary, for the ruffians soon swarmed around like a swarm of bees. In vain James put fifty pieces in the leader's hands, saying it would pay him better to let them go. His shabby garb, clerical wig, and miserable appearance set him down at once as Hales' chaplain, who was a known Catholic; and, worse still, many took him to be

* MS. Diary of Sir John Knatchbull, Bart. "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. vi., p. 102.

† The writer of two odd leaves of a diary quoted in "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. v., pp. 391-393.

the hated Jesuit Petre himself. One man even made a blow at him with a long pole, which an innkeeper of Canterbury, named Platt, managed to receive instead upon his arm, for which service Lord Ailesbury afterwards took him in his service, and got him a pension in Queen Anne's reign.* The King was rifled of the valuables he had about him in the most merciless fashion. He had concealed about his clothes, besides his money and gold watches, his coronation ring, gold medals commemorating the birth of Charles II. and the Chevalier St. George, diamond buckles, and a large diamond bodkin of the Queen's. These valuables were afterwards returned when it became known who he was. But the thing he prized most was the little cross before mentioned which had belonged to Charles II., and this was wantonly torn to pieces for its gold setting, an act most deeply deplored by the owner, who had offered large sums to save it from destruction.†

This brutal search had lasted for some hours, and in all they had captured about £200 in money, while more was offered by Sir Edward Hales should they be released. But the vessel meanwhile had been floated. "They turned the boat up the river towards

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

† "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. v., pp. 391-393. King James showed the cross to Evelyn a few months after his accession, and told him it had effected strange cures. It was said to contain a fragment of the true Cross. The wording of the diarist has led to the relic being confused with Edward the Confessor's chain and crucifix, which he mentions in the same paragraph. Ralph Thoresby in his Diary, June 2, 1714, presumes the latter to have been taken from the King by the Faversham mob (see "Notes and Queries," 4th series, vol. v., p. 358). But the inventory of the widowed Mary d'Este's valuables, sent to Rome in 1715, proves this to have been saved. See *ante*, p. 129 footnote.

Faversham," says Sir John Knatchbull in his Diary, "setting themselves downe betweene the prisoners, whilst the rest sate on the deck makeng a fire, the smoake of wh^{ch} gave great offence to the King, where-upon Sir Edward Hales telling them the smoake was very troublesome, they bruitishly answered, 'Damn you, if you cannot endure smoake, how will you endure hell fire?' It was much desired by Sir Edward Hales that they might be carried up into the towne in the boat; but they had sent for Baron Jenner's* coach to come as near the shore as they could gett, and made them land a little distance from the towne, where S^r Edward was carried out first, being in shoes, and lame of a hurt in his thigh. Mr. Sheldon was likewise carried through the dirt, but the King, being in boots, walked up to the coach and went into it next after S^r Edward Hales. Amongst other rude speeches that passed in this walk, one asking who that was in the black perriwig, answer was made, it must be some old Jesuitt rogue."†

It was about noon on the Wednesday, December 12, that the hoy or custom boat was run ashore at "The Stool," near the village of Oare, to the north of Faversham. From here the prisoners were driven into the town, alighting in the yard of the "Queen's Arms" in the market-place (an inn that still exists under the name of the "Ship Hotel"). Still closely surrounded by his seamen captors, James was standing near a window, when a Mr. Mapleton recognized him, and pushing his way through the crowd fell down on his knees before him.

At first James tried to avoid the recognition, but

* Sir Thomas Jenner, Recorder of London.

† "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. vi., p. 3.

the secret once out spread like wildfire, and some signs of civility and reverence soon became apparent. Ames and his men now thought they had a prize which would bring a considerable reward. Thinking that the Kentish gentry would claim their spoil, they stuck to him like leeches, and not a moment's privacy was he allowed. In swearing nobody should touch a hair of his head, it was their own interests they were watching, not their prisoner's; accordingly, when in answer to a message sent by James to Lord Winchelsea,* at Canterbury, to come to his assistance, the Earl arrived, accompanied by some of the neighbouring gentry, they handled their muskets and pitchforks in a manner that made it very clear it was not their intention to give over their responsibility in the matter. Before the Earl arrived, Mr. Napleton, the Mayor of Faversham, put in an appearance with a company of horsemen, and posting himself beneath the King's window,† had the bad taste to read out William's proclamation. James sent a courteous message asking an interview, but his request was ignored, and nothing done pending a reply to the expresses despatched to the Prince of Orange at Windsor. Lord Winchelsea, however, managed to procure more comfortable accommodation by getting the Royal captive transferred to the Mayor's residence.‡

The change of lodgings for Hales and Sheldon,

* Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchelsea.

† When the Mayor afterwards applied to Burnet for a reward for his services on the occasion, the Doctor replied, "Mr. Napleton, how can you expect to be rewarded for an action that might have spoiled all our measures?" Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 201.

‡ The site of the house is now occupied as a brewery.

however, was not for the better, for they were marched off to the old Court Hall (which still stands in the market-place.*

Fortunately for James there were still a few loyal subjects left in the town. The clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Lees, a Dr. Day, and the schoolmaster raised between them a substantial sum of money for his immediate use. A Dr. St. Johns, a lawyer, also volunteered his services as attendant, and the inn-keeper, Platt, before mentioned, undertook the temporary office of groom of the bedchamber.† A Psalm-book was about the only thing that he had been permitted to keep at his first seizure, and from this and a Bible, which some sympathiser lent him,‡ he read continually, quoting passages from the Scriptures applicable to his present circumstances, and in this we are reminded strongly of his father in the last years of his captivity.

* From the Diary of Sir John Knatchbull it appears that Sheldon later on was in attendance on the King at Faversham. Hales was removed to Maidstone gaol and thence to the Tower.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

‡ "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. v., pp. 391-393.

KING JAMES'S COURT AT FAVERSHAM

THOUGH most of the east Kent gentry wished to have no hand in the unfortunate business at Faversham, hoping in their hearts that James would get away, there were a few officious persons who took upon themselves the responsibility of guarding the Royal prisoner. Two of the most prominent of these were Sir James Oxenden and Sir Basil Dixwell, who, if they could have had their own way (the latter in particular), would have put far greater restraint upon the unfortunate King, and prevented any sealed correspondence with his friends. To the zeal of his mariner guardians, therefore, James was indebted for a certain amount of freedom, and this in a measure compensated for the scandalous treatment he had received on the river. Before leaving the town James rewarded them liberally for their vigilance.

Lord Winchelsea, Sir Edward Dering, and other Kentish magnates, during this strange state of affairs, made the "Queen's Arms" their headquarters. Here they were awaiting instructions from Windsor, when news arrived that Lord Feversham was advancing with his troops, and the situation was almost Gilbertian when, to prevent his own release, an appeal had to be made to the prisoner to stop the advance. Sir Basil was appointed for this awkward mission, and very naturally got a snub for his trouble; however,

he was induced to have another try, accompanied by Sir John Knatchbull, whose description of James's amiable expression on seeing Dixwell again is most graphic. "When we came in," he says, "he (James) turned from the window, and, seeing Sir Bazill come towards him, I observed a smile on his face of an extraordinary size and sort; so forced, awkward, and unpleasant to look upon, that I can truly say I never saw anything like it. He took no notice of me, tho I was just bending my knee to kiss his hand, and he immediately turned to Sir Bazill; but upon Mr. Grimes touching his sleeve he turned about to me and I kissed it." At first the King would not listen to the knight's plausible speech, but at length consented to write orders for him to carry to Lord Feversham, and, as Ailesbury tells us, despatching another messenger to the General, telling him not to credit a word the knight might say.

To go back a little, almost simultaneously with the arrival of the King's appeal to Lord Feversham for assistance, came one of the mariners to London. He had served in the *Royal Sovereign* under James, when Duke of York, and, recognizing him, had been permitted to kiss his hand; he then, on his own responsibility, had hastened up to town to give an account of the plight his old master was in.

Sir John Fenwick, Sir John Talbot, and the few noblemen who remained staunch to James, hastened down into Kent to release him from his predicament. The Lord Chamberlain, Mulgrave, who owed so much to the King, had already broken his white staff, but Middleton, Yarmouth, and Feversham, with a company of Lifeguards, set off with all despatch.

None, however, so quickly as Ailesbury, who describes his difficulties on the road.

On Thursday night, December 14, the Earl in his coach and six set forth on his journey. In front rode a groom bearing links, which it was impossible to keep alight owing to raging wind and pouring rain. So, for the most part in pitchy darkness, they got to "Kent Street end" and Deptford Bridge, being continually pulled up by clamorous watch and ward men. Deptford was alive with a dense crowd, so progress was slow, but at Dartford they came to a full stop. There was no passing, the Earl had to seek refuge in an inn, and at length decided to make a halt, as the constable of the place offered him a bed, the road being beset with a plundering and dangerous mob. But sleep was out of the question, owing to the shouting and "the alarm or tocsin" continually going. By-and-by, however, Feversham rode into the town with his guards and order was restored. Sir John Fenwick, who followed, providing Ailesbury with an escort of Grenadiers, the Earl started before break of day on horseback. Near Gads Hill he was passed on the road by a postboy and two gentlemen, one of whom turned out to be Monsieur la Neuville, who had arrived in England from King Sobjeski, of Poland, somewhat tardily to offer James congratulations on the birth of a son, and news having got about that the King was at Faversham, he was on his way to offer congratulations there! Ailesbury endeavoured to stop his mission, but as nothing would induce the Frenchman to give up his plan, the Earl despatched one of the men in his escort to the next post-house, viz. at Rochester, with orders in the King's name that no

horses should be supplied until his arrival there. The message was delivered, but the messenger deserted. On reaching Rochester Bridge men were hard at work trying to break down the wooden arch spanning the river, for news had come that Dartford was in flames, the streets running with blood, and the Irish Papists, who were supposed to have effected these outrages, were expected at any minute. And the report spread onwards, for at Chatham and Sittingbourne the women and children were huddled at their doors crying, choosing rather to be murdered in the streets than in their beds.

At the post-house the unfortunate Frenchman was arguing in vain for a remount for himself and companion, who turned out to be Father Sabran, in Polish costume, chaplain to Lady Powis. He was afterwards recognized and put in prison, but released by James's intercession when he was at Rochester. The envoy at last was persuaded that to get to Dover and embark was the wisest thing to do under the circumstances.

"From the post-house I went to speak with Mr. Mayor, just over the way. I found the good old man half dead with fear in night-gown and night-cap. He told me he had not been in bed for three nights for fear of having his throat cut by Irish Papists. On assuring him that these reports were all forged lies to turn the heads of the people, and to alienate their hearts from the King, I obliged him to take his rest, and he ordered his daughter, that had more sense and penetration, to provide me with some breakfast, of which I stood in great need, having not eaten for near twenty hours."

On reaching Faversham, the Earl hastened to the

mayoral residence. "In the house there was a pretty large hall before the parlour, and that was filled with seamen that were there night and day. The deputy lieutenant imagined they were the King's gaolers, but on my arrival they told me the quite contrary. The Earl of Winchelsea conducted me to the house. I passed the hall, through all those seamen, and entered into the parlour. The King was sitting in a great chair, his hat on, and his beard being much grown, and resembled the picture of his royal father at the pretended High Court of Justice.* He rose up to meet me. I bent my knee, not being able to kneel by reason of my jack boots. He took me to the window with an air of displeasure, indeed quite contrary to what I expected, and said, 'You were all kings when I left London.' I could not dissemble, but spoke my mind in these terms, 'Sir, I expected another sort of welcome after the great danger I ran last night by repairing to you.' 'I know,' said the King, 'you meant well as to your particular.' I replied, 'It is certainly so, and give me leave to tell your Majesty that your going away without leaving a commission of regency, but for our care and vigilance the city of London might have been in ashes, but the Lord Mayor and City respecting us, all was kept in calm.' His countenance became more serene, and he then told me he was glad to see me, and sorry for the danger I had run, and then told me that the deputy lieutenants were so saucy that morning as to ask him reason why he sent letters sealed to London. The room was filled with men, women, and children, and

* The picture alluded to is either that in the Duke of Rutland's possession (reproduced in "Memoirs of the Martyr King"), or that at All Souls' College, Oxford.

talking as if they had been in a market, but I silenced them.

"Dinner being ready, I asked him if he would be served with ceremony. He said, yes, if I could hold it out, for fatigued I was very much. In giving him the wet napkin on the knees by the help of the arm of the great chair, I found the people bore more respect. The bread that he had eaten there was so heavy that Platt was forced to toast it to render it less heavy, and the wine that he drank was as bad in proportion. I observed his shoulders moved much. I asked him if he was indisposed. He told me, 'No, but I hope you can give me a clean shirt,' for they had left him nothing but what was on his back when they seized him, and neither night-gown, cap, or slippers. About the middle of dinner, Mr. Tomlinson,* the Yeoman of the Robes, and others under him appeared. I know not who were more rejoiced, the King or them, and the latter gushed out their tears for joy to see their King and master. He told me smilingly, 'I can now give *you* a shirt.' As soon as dinner was ended he ordered me to go and eat, and empty I was to the last degree, but my appetite was lost. During the short time I was at dinner the King went into the hall to take leave of those faithful seamen who had lain there night and day. 'Honest friends,' said the King, 'you will not know me presently,' and, indeed, after shaving and dressing, and with a good periwig, he had not the same countenance. I asked those trusty sailors for what reason they had been so diligent.

* Evidently Joseph Tomleson, who in the beginning of the reign received from the privy purse £1,072 3s. "to settle bills for things furnished to his Ma'ties robes when Duke of York." "Secret Service Expenses of Charles II. and James II."

Their answer was, 'My Lord, that no one should touch so much as a hair of the King's head.'"

It is certain that the hardships he had to endure Faversham won James much sympathy. To the at enterprise of those rough fishermen, who stopped his flight to France, the exiled monarch owed much of the secret allegiance to the fallen Stuarts which afterwards grew formidable in the shape of Jacobitism. It was the worst policy of the Prince of Orange to aid in anything that would tend to make his fallen father-in-law appear a martyr, and this is why he was allowed to slip away at last so easily. ‡ Had James evaded the Faversham priest-catchers, he would have left very few friends behind.

While at Faversham, to add to his other misfortunes, the King had a recurrence of the excessive nose bleeding which had so weakened him at Salisbury in his advance to meet the invader. The report reached Holland some days afterwards that the attack had ended in his death,* whereas it probably saved his life from an apoplectic seizure. After Ailesbury's arrival, however, things began to brighten again, for the same evening came the few remaining noblemen of his household and officers of the Court. Upon news that Lord Feversham and his Horseguards were on the road, there was some consternation in the town, and a troop of the Kentish militia decamped, but to preserve order the Lifeguards had not proceeded beyond Sittingbourne. His Majesty's saddle-horses having arrived, James set out on the following morning towards Rochester. The guards were drawn up in single line on the high ground before reaching Sittingbourne, and begged that they might give

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 422.

demonstrations of joy upon the King's arrival. Feversham opposed the idea, but James consented. "I was by them on the rising ground as the King passed by," says Ailesbury, "and 'tis not to be expressed the joy those faithful guards were in, the tears for joy running down their faces, and these were part of those I had answered for that would have stood by the King, and have marched with him where ever he had commanded; and remark, that the common men in the whole army were generally firm, most or all of the subaltern officers, and a fair greater part of the others."

On the Saturday night James slept at the house of a royalist resident, Sir Richard Head (of which we shall speak later), and must have thought of the happy associations of "Restoration House," when he and King Charles stopped there on their way up to London from Dover in 1660. Prospects were gloomy enough, but brighter than they had been the last few days. He had despatched Lord Feversham to Windsor Castle, where his son-in-law then was, desiring a conference, and offering to place St. James's Palace at his disposal. He was then on his way back to Whitehall, anticipating an amicable arrangement. Hoping for the best, he therefore proceeded on his way, and on the Sunday about noon received fresh demonstrations of joy as he entered Dartford, for a new escort of a hundred and twenty Lifeguards, coming to relieve the others, were permitted to display their loyal feelings as their companions had been.

A halt was made for dinner, and the King continued the rest of the journey in his body-coach. The road was now getting crowded with spectators awaiting the King's return. Blackheath was crowded with

gentlemen on horseback. A special request was made that the monarch would pass through the city on his way to Whitehall, so that he might see how welcome his return was to the citizens. It was his original intention to join the royal barges at Lambeth, but a message was sent that he would go by way of Southwark. "The joy was so great and general," says Ailesbury, "that if there had been any foreigners in the streets, and subjects to a despotic king and commonwealth, whose subjects more fear than love their superiors, they would imagine that they had been all mad, and this I was an eye and an ear witness of." At Somerset House the King wished to pay his respects to the Queen Dowager,* but was so exhausted with his journey that he had great difficulty alighting from and remounting his coach.

Lord Feversham, meanwhile, had not been received cordially at Windsor. The Prince of Orange not only refused to see him, but ordered him to be imprisoned in the castle. The Queen Dowager is said to have procured his liberty by saying she had nobody to keep the bank at her basset-table.

* Catherine of Braganza lived there until 1692, when she retired to Portugal. The Earl of Feversham and other frequenters of the Court afterwards lived there in retirement. The old palace was pulled down in 1775.

FROM ROCHESTER TO AMBLETEUSE

FEELING already more secure upon his throne, judging by the reception the people had given him, James slept soundly on the night of his return to Whitehall. But Dutch William had not reckoned upon this. He had despatched a message with all haste that his father-in-law should not come nearer the metropolis than Rochester. Had James received this command it is doubtful what he would have done, probably he would have obeyed; but the messenger Zuytlestein had missed the road, and came too late. The King gave him an interview on the Monday. He was then unaware of the sort of reception his envoy had had at Windsor, so was as courteous as usual (for, like his father, only when he was considerably upset was he snappy). He argued upon the advantages of a personal interview with the Prince. But the argument against was more convincing. Burnet sums up the situation pretty clearly when he points out that neither ruler nor the city would have been safe had they been near together. Tumults would have arisen, and the soldiers and plotters of two Courts would have felt far from amicable towards one another. William wanted no treaty. The King had deserted his country, and should be facilitated in leaving it as speedily as possible, and though he (William) did not express himself to this effect,

James had brains enough to see what an advantage it would be to his opponent if he went. Though his hopes had been revived, by the end of that day he could see clearly enough that the game was up.

That night he did not sleep peacefully. The day had been an arduous one, with continual audiences, and there had been no relaxation or privacy, for his meals had been taken in public. He had just retired to rest, worn out, when General Comte de Solmes, commanding a regiment of Dutch foot guards that had marched from Brentford, demanded an audience. His orders were to post his soldiers round the palace in place of the Coldstream Guards under command of the aged Earl of Craven. This piece of insolence was too much for the spirited old nobleman, and he wanted to fight it out on the spot in true Cavalier fashion. But James was resigned; his guards were dismissed; Count Solmes posted his men in their place.

Once more there was peace and quietness, and the King fell asleep, to dream possibly of Cornet Joyce's intrusion upon Charles I.'s privacy at Holdenby.

But there was no rest that night. Between one and two o'clock the Page of the Backstairs lighted in the Earl of Middleton, who, when he had awakened the King, told him that the Prince of Orange had sent three noblemen (Shrewsbury, Halifax, and Delamere) who demanded an audience at once. With the same resignation as before they were admitted.

"The message," says Ailesbury, "was to this effect: that the Prince of Orange desired that the King would go to Ham-on-Thames, a seat of the Duchess of Lauderdale. The King said that she was in Scotland, and that the house was so cold and

moist and uninhabited,* and he chose rather to go to Rochester. They answered they were tied up by their instructions, but that they would bring an answer at eight that morning, which accordingly they did." The Prince had then removed to Syon House, which accounts for the expedition of the envoys. Their master had graciously acceded to the King's wish, but he must retire that morning, and not through the city, but by water to Gravesend.

The departure was this time far more dignified than upon the previous occasion, and the friends who remained staunch, the foreign ministers, and so forth, crowded with tears in their eyes to bid a last farewell.† His coaches being despatched to Gravesend, between eleven and twelve o'clock the King entered the royal barge with his few retainers, and an escort

* This was not the case, for Evelyn speaks of the mansion being sumptuously furnished (as it remains to this day) when he visited it on August 27, 1678. *Vide* Evelyn's "Diary" of that date.

† One of James's last letters was to the Keeper of the Backstairs—

"WILL CHIFFINS,

"I suppose you have got in your hands the service off plate off mine which you kept. Put it into James Graham's hands for my use, as alsoe those things you were a-putting up when I came away, and the antiches [antique] watch that was in the same place, and which was off value there, except pictures. Let him have also the three strong boxes which stood in the outward roome; with what is off value in the cabinet which stood in the same roome with them, with the books of devotions and prayer-books [which] are in any off my closetts with the altar-plate, if any were left in the little chapel below stairs; and for soe doing this shall be your discharge.

"(Signed) JAMES R."

"Send alsoe the saileing and fighting instructions, the list off the sea commanding, and the stablishment off my horse."

Levens Hall MSS. *Vide* "Colonel James Grahme of Levens," by Capt. Josceline Bagot, p. 7.

of a hundred Dutch foot-soldiers * took boat on either side. The procession must have been solemn and impressive—"a sad sight," says Evelyn, who was a spectator—until London Bridge was reached, at least, for there the arches had to be shot, which was distinctly exciting. "The shooting of the bridge was hideous," records one of the passengers, Lord Ailesbury, "and to myself I offered up many prayers to God Almighty." An old proverb says, "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under," and the wise usually landed while experienced boatmen shot the rush of water through the narrow span of the arches. Upon this occasion, no doubt, the Dutchmen thought greater risk would be run in landing.

Patrick Lamb, his Majesty's master cook, presently provided refreshments, and when they were offered to Colonel Wycke, the officer in command, the Earl of Arran observed that he felt more inclined to throw him in the water. James heard the observation and reproved him, saying he was doing his duty.†

The accommodation at Gravesend, where James passed the night in the house of Mr. Ekinse, a lawyer, was not luxurious.‡ Ailesbury slept in the King's chamber, but the damp condition of the floor, which had been recently washed, did not prevent him (James) from sleeping well. Next morning at ten o'clock most of the party, including the King, took horse, but the Earl, not being "booted," rode in the royal coach, and was edified on the journey by the

* Letter from Sir Stephen Fox to Mrs. Grahme.—Levens Hall MSS.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

‡ Ellis's "Original Letters," 2nd series, vol. iv., p. 179.

coachman's forcible language about Father Petre; the worthy man considered, as did most people, that all the trouble had been brought about by him.* At Rochester, James again repaired to the house of Sir Richard Head, which Ailesbury considered "indifferently good." The old building, a large house in the High Street dating from Tudor times, still exists under the name of "Abdication House." It is an interesting neighbour to the Restoration House of happier memories, where Sir Richard Head in 1660 presented a gorgeous silver bowl to the restored monarch. The back windows look out on a terraced garden, down which, as we shall see later, James passed under cover of the darkness to the river. Moreover, it contains a secret passage or exit by which he is said to have evaded the vigilance of the Dutch Guard, who, there is little doubt, in reality would have found an excuse to be absent should the Royal prisoner have passed out of the front door.†

A detachment of sixty horse cuirassiers had arrived, and foot and horse soldiers were set about the house

* On the north wall of Ravensthorpe Church, Northamptonshire, is a tablet with the following inscription :—

To the memory of
MR. JOHN ADAMS
who departed this life
on ye 19th day of March, 1698
also SUSANNA his wife
departed this life on ye 20th
day of October, 1737, in
the 86th year of her age
He was coachman to King James
the Second, on his departure out
of this kingdom.

† See "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places."

on guard, more for appearance than anything, for the back of the house was by no means strictly watched, which was really an eloquent hint to go when he liked. Among the soldiers James recognized an old lieutenant who had fought under his command when he was acting as Lieut.-General of the Spanish Horse before the Restoration. Colonel Wycke was also known to him, for his uncle was the famous artist Lely, to whom so many of the maids of honour with whom he had been fascinated in younger days had sat. In conversing with him he called attention to the fact that there was a far greater proportion of Catholics among the Prince of Orange's soldiers than had been in his own army, about which there had been such an outcry.*

Like his father had been during his imprisonment, James was calm and affable, spending much of his time in writing and at his devotions. Mass was celebrated in the largest apartment in the house, "the Presence Chamber" for the time being. Had not Colonel Grahme lent James £6000 when he started from Whitehall, he might have found himself in pecuniary difficulties, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Howard, had refused any disbursement.

Meanwhile "the Presence Chamber" at St. James's Palace presented a very different aspect, packed as it was to overcrowding to greet the new monarch. On the same day that Evelyn saw James depart he saw William installed at St. James's, stately, serious, and reserved, where, he says, all the world went to see him.† The Dutchman, however, showed no liking for a warm reception, and was scarcely civil in return,

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 221.

† Evelyn's "Diary," December 18, 1688.

and the day he came to London did his best to avoid the crowd who had stood for hours to welcome him.*

James's principal advisers now were the Earls of Dunbarton,† Middleton,‡ Litchfield,§ Arran,|| and Ailesbury, and Colonel Grahme. Of all these Middleton, co-Secretary of State with Lord Preston, was, in Ailesbury's opinion, the most dangerous Councillor. Like George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham, without the wit, he ridiculed everything and everybody, and politically was almost as dangerous a man as Sunderland, with whom he was in close compact. But James, as in Sunderland's case, believed in his straightforwardness, and when James took an impression nothing would alter his opinion. With William's knowledge, Marlborough, Godolphin, and Shrewsbury corresponded with Middleton when he was in France to "wiredraw" the secrets of the exiled Court at Saint Germain.¶ To these names, however, must be added the Duke of Berwick. Being the King's son, he was naturally the one most confided in, and a more straightforward and gallant soldier was not to be found in the kingdom. On the Friday

* Burnet's "Own Time."

† George Douglas, Earl of Dunbarton.

‡ The second Earl of Middleton was the son of the Earl who fought for King Charles at Worcester, who was formerly a Parliamentary General.

§ The husband of the King's niece, Charlotte Fitzroy, daughter of Lady Castlemaine.

|| James Hamilton, son of William Douglas, third Duke of Hamilton. This was not the Earl of Arran who, at the time of the King's marriage with Anne Hyde, tried, with Tyrconnel and others, to cast a slur on her character. He was the son of the first Duke of Ormonde, and died in 1686.

¶ Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 392.

night, December 21,* in the disguise of a servant, the Duke arrived at Rochester with some blank passports, for it had been hinted to the King pretty clearly that, if he remained in England, his life wouldn't be safe, and though William of Orange would never have gone to extremes like Cromwell, James was quite of the opinion, or he wished it to appear, that his life was in jeopardy.

Of those who sat down to supper the last evening that James was at Rochester (including the noblemen before mentioned, Sir Stephen Fox, Major-General Sackville, Colonel Grahme, Colonel Fenwick, Dr. Fraizer,† etc.), though most of them probably knew that James's intention was to go to France, Dunbarton and Berwick only seem to have been let into the secret of the hour of departure. The former was chosen to take Ailesbury's place as Groom of the Bedchamber, and in making the exchange James bid him adieu, saying that he was going away for his own security, and that when his subjects' eyes might be opened, he would be ready to return.

"It was the custom," says Ailesbury, "when they were taking off his stockings for to go into bed, for the company to retire, so I gave the signal, and he was pleased to give me the last adieu, and he dressed himself again, and by a back door in the garden he went to the vessel ready to transport him, but, losing the tide and the wind turning, he lay at anchor, as well as I can remember, twenty-four hours. I believe the reason of his dissembling his going away was that he did not know what private instructions Colonel

* Ailesbury is not quite correct in his dates. He says the King went away on the Saturday night.

† Son of Sir Alexander Fraizer of Charles II.'s reign.

Wycke might have received; but I am very well assured he had none, and had the King gone away openly he had met with no obstruction, but considering the treatment he had found, I less wonder at his precaution. I lay in a room adjoining for form sake, for rest I had little, and much less by my Lord Dunbarton's coming into my room continually lamenting, for I suppose he went not into [the] bed I had lain in near the King's person. At daybreak, Sunday * the twenty-second, he came to my room again for to acquaint me that the King had left a letter upon the table sealed and addressed to the Earl of Middleton, Secretary of State. I sent forthwith to that lord to repair to the bedchamber, and he opened it in our presence. The chief contents were much to the same purpose as to the reasons he had given me the night before his retiring.† By the said letter he directed that Colonel Wycke and Captain Dorp should have each a hundred guineas given them, and eighty to the old Lieutenant of the Horse; but sorry am I to say that those generous and kind presents were never paid them, and the Royal giver turned into ridicule, terming his letter as a last will and testament."‡

Owing to the drainage of the marshes and subsequent alterations, the river does not now run in close proximity to the garden of "Abdication House," as it did in 1688. But some twenty-five years ago the steps remained at the end of the garden by which James entered the boat. The Duke of Berwick, attended by two gentlemen named Macdonald and

* Should be Saturday.

† The original draft, in James's handwriting and endorsed by Colonel Grahme, is preserved at Levens Hall.

‡ Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 225.

Biddulph, was awaiting the King's arrival, which was shortly before midnight, and conducted him to a boat that a seaman named Browne had in waiting. As before stated, there was but little likelihood of the Royal fugitive being stopped, but James thought he would be on the safe side, and make his exit as secret as possible. As one faces the back of the house, the windows of the King's bedroom are in the upper part of the building, on the left-hand side. In the floor of a passage just outside the door there is a trapdoor, which gives access to a narrow shaft running down to the basement, and, according to local tradition, James lowered himself down this and got on to the terrace through the old window on the basement that has not been modernized like the rest, or, at least, had not a few years ago.* The emerald ring which James gave to his loyal host, Sir Richard Head, unfortunately was lost some thirty years ago, but a portrait of one of the later baronets represents the ring proudly displayed upon his little finger. It may be observed here that the Hermitage at Higham† was the principal residence of this then influential and wealthy Kentish family.

Captain Trevanion's smack that was to carry James to France, lay off Sheerness Fort, and to get to it was no easy matter, for the wind was right

* The building is now, I understand, part occupied as a private dwelling and part as a bank (Capital and Counties), the King's rooms being in the former division, viz. on the left-hand side as you face the back.

† The old mansion has unfortunately been much modernized of recent years. Another house of the Heads was the Bishop's palace, Higham, where Henry VIII. is said to have first been introduced to his wife, "the Flanders mare." I am much indebted to Lady Head for the above information.



GRINLING GIBBONS' STATUE OF JAMES II

70. VIII
ALPHABET

ahead, and rowing was slow work against it. Consequently, some six hours passed before they reached the appointed place. By this time the tide had turned, and it being still too dark to see where the smack was 'anchored, James decided to board the fireship *Eagle*, then lying in the river Swale, whose captain he knew could be trusted.

When daylight came they saw the little craft lying close at hand; but when on board progress was but slow, and so rough was the weather and contrary the wind that they had to seek protection off the Essex coast. Next day was little better; the wind was still easterly, but they managed to pass the North Foreland and get into the Channel, where they were greeted with a snowstorm. James must have thought of the hardships at Boscobel that his brother Charles had been so fond of relating, when he had to drink out of a leaky can and eat bacon that had been cooked in a rickety frying-pan mended with tarred rags! A more wretched Christmas Eve can scarcely be imagined; but now the worst had come his Majesty was in a far better mood than he had been at Rochester, notwithstanding the fact that the presence chamber here was a cabin barely large enough for him and his son to sit down together.*

* James's Memoirs, see Clarke's "Life of James II.," 1816.

“ BLOODY CLAVER’S E ”

THE return journey from Rochester to London by James’s little Court was a melancholy affair. Ailesbury says the dinner at Dartford was “very mournful,” although the Earl of Middleton and Dr. Fraizer had the bad taste to laugh and jest as usual.

The King had persuaded Ailesbury to attend the new Court, as he would find him much more useful there than if he were to follow his fortunes in France. The Earl therefore waited upon the Prince at St. James’s and had a courteous reception, and he was honoured with a seat beside the new King at dinner. And William doubtless thought that Ailesbury was a turncoat like the rest; Sir Henry Firebrace, for example, the old Clerk of the Kitchen, who had helped in the first Charles’s escape from Carisbrooke Castle,* and had served Charles II. and James II., who, being also under the impression that the Earl had “gone over,” asked him to exert his influence for him with the new monarch. But Ailesbury, once having paid his respects, but seldom showed himself at Court, until at last William suspected the truth and showed him the cold shoulder.

James landed at Ambleteuse,† near Boulogne, at

* See “Memoirs of the Martyr King.”

† In the little Roman Catholic Chapel at Ambleteuse is a picture of a small vessel in distress. It was given by King James as a memento of his rough passage on that memorable Christmas Eve.

three o’clock in the morning of Christmas Day. Messages were at once despatched to his Queen that he had arrived safely, and to Colonel Grahme he wrote as follows from Boulogne in a disguised hand :—

“I arrived safe here this day, and have but little to say to you at present but that I am going on to Paris, from whence you shall heare from me when I arrive there. In the meane tyme go to my corespondent that payd you some mony upon my account and put him in mind of putting the rest of the mony I bad him put unto your hands, that you may returne that, and what you had of myne in your hands, to me as sone as you can, I having present occasion for it, and pray remember me to your friend with who I was to have been if I had stayd. Lett me know a little newse.”

The cautious Colonel endorsed the letter “Mr. Banks’ 1st letter after his going to Oxford.”*

From Boulogne James proceeded to Abbeville, where, in response to the congratulations of the priesthood, he said, “Gentlemen, we beg your prayers in our behalf; we will defend the cause of Jesus Christ, and we hope he will not abandon us.”†

Everything was done by the French King to soothe his misfortunes.

Louis was conversing with the English Queen when James arrived in the courtyard of the Palace of Saint Germain. Hurrying out to meet him, when they had gone through the formality of bowing in

* Levens Hall MSS., see “Colonel James Grahme of Levens,” by Captain Josceline Bagot, pp. 8, 9. The disguised names of persons and places in the Jacobite correspondence at Levens make, to the uninitiated, the oddest reading imaginable. Instances are given in the above interesting little work.

† “Memoirs of Marquis de Dangeau.”

turn, Louis took him in his arms and kissed him ten times with many expressions of joy at his safe arrival. He then escorted him to Mary d'Este, whose kisses doubtless were more welcome. "The King of England," says the Marquis de Dangeau, "remained a long time in the arms of the Queen, after which Monseigneur, the Duke of Chartres, the Princes of the blood, Cardinal Bonzy, and some of the courtiers known to his Majesty were presented to him by the King. The King then conducted his Majesty of England to the Prince of Wales, and, after having reconducted him to the Queen, upon taking leave said, 'I do not wish you to wait upon me, you are still my guest; to-morrow as agreed you must visit me at Versailles; I will do you the honours which you must repay me at Saint Germain the first time I come there; and afterwards we will see each other without ceremony.'"^{*} But before ceremony *was* waived there seems to have been an appalling amount of Court etiquette to be observed. When James visited Louis the latter met him in the guard chamber, and giving him the right hand conversed with him in his cabinet. He then led him through the gallery to the Dauphiness, who was waiting at the door of her suite of apartments accompanied by all the ladies of the Court. The Princesses of the blood being presented, Louis passed down the grand staircase to the apartments of the Dauphin, who was waiting at the door of his guard chamber, and thence to Monseigneur's cabinet. Next day Monseigneur was received at Saint Germain with equal ceremony, James welcoming him in his room but not quitting it, and Mary giving him an armchair below her. In

^{*} "Memoirs of Marquis de Dangeau," vol. i., pp. 144, 145.

like manner the English Queen (who had been waiting for a fitting dress) paid her respects to Louis and the Dauphiness. But all this starched formality was simple compared with the rites and observances to be carried out when the Princes of the blood were officially received by their British Majesties. As they had been permitted to sit down in the presence of the Queen mother (but not the late Queen), so it was decided the English Queen should give them folding-seats. Charles I. had done Monsieur le Prince a great honour when he had given him an armchair at Brussels, but Louis wished more respect to be shown to James as he was in adversity. Therefore the armchair business was dispensed with as far as he was concerned, but the Princes had the right to wear their hats when the English king did so. No wonder that after some days of this James reminded Louis that they had agreed to waive all ceremony; and no wonder also that when the observances of etiquette had reached so complicated a stage in Louis XV.'s time, Marie Antoinette did her best to put a check upon it.

By openly befriending James, and still acknowledging him to be King of England, Louis found himself suddenly surrounded by enemies. The union of the interests of England and Holland was speedily supported by other powers, forming the Grand Alliance which gradually forced the Grand Monarque to abandon the cause of James. Generous and noble as was his attitude towards the exiled King, it was by no means disinterested, for he had sufficient discernment to see what advantage he would gain by restoring him, now that William of Orange had gained so much power and was antagonistic.

Many friendly overtures had been made by the subtle Barrillon so soon as the Dutchman assembled his Court at St. James's, but William would have none of it, so he had to get out of the country with unceremonious haste.

Another unpopular gentleman who had to hurry towards the coast was the despotic Earl of Perth, who had held rule in Scotland. The recent unsettled state of affairs had caused revolt at Edinburgh, and the Lord High Chancellor had to fly for his life to his seat, Castle Drummond, in the Barony of Concraig, which was attacked and reduced to its present ruinous condition, while the Earl fled in woman's apparel over the snow-clad mountains to a skiff. He was, however, captured, and amid universal rejoicing carried a prisoner to Stirling Castle, being afterwards released on a bond to leave the kingdom. In France, both he and his brother Melfort * received Jacobite Dukedoms.

But he who was hated more than the Earl of Perth was the gallant John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, whose iron rule in the north had won him the name of "Bloody Claver'se." But the persecuted western Covenanters never had the satisfaction of meting out their revenge, as they did upon Cornet Graham at the skirmish of Drumclog, when the supposed body of Claverhouse was discovered and mutilated,† for the Earl got wind of a plot to assassinate him at a convention held in Edinburgh, and fled with a hundred and fifty horsemen to Gordon

* Created Earl in 1686. The present representative of Melfort is Lady Edith Drummond. With the death of the fourteenth Earl of Perth, in 1902, that title devolved upon Lord Strathallan.

† See Sir Walter Scott's Note ix. to "Old Mortality."

Castle, where the Earl of Dunfermline met him with a reinforcement. At Inverness he was joined by the Mackintosh of Keppoch with his fighting highlanders, and by the time he reached Lochaber his army amounted to fifteen hundred. William's troops under General Mackay had been steadily advancing, and though forced to retreat on one occasion, an engagement took place in which he was defeated, but in which also the Jacobites were considerably weakened by desertion. Claverhouse, being reinforced with some Irish troops (who were but scantily provided with arms and ammunition), determined not to run the risk of further desertion through the disputes and jealousies of the highland clans, but attack the enemy at the pass of Killiecrankie.

As saith the ancient ballad—

"Clavers and his Highland men
Came down upon the raw then,
Who being stout gave many a clout,
The lads began to claw then.
With swords and targets in their hands,
Wherewith they were not slow then,
And clinkin clankin on their crowns,
The lads began to claw then."

Successful as was this "clawing," while Dundee was urging on his soldiers, and pointing with his baton, a ball struck him beneath the arm, shot, as was supposed, by a Covenanter spy who had ingratiated himself into his service. On the point of death he inquired, "How goes the day?" "All is well," was the reply, to which he gasped, "Then all is well," and died.*

Had "Bonny Dundee" not thus fallen through

* July 27, 1689.

treachery, James would not so readily have lost his cause in Scotland ; but had James quitted Ireland and joined Claverhouse in the highlands, the odds are the whole of Scotland would have supported him. This, at least, was the opinion at the time.*

Judging by one of his portraits, Claverhouse must have been one of the handsomest men of his time. The face, however, inclines rather towards feminine than masculine beauty, and does not strike one as possessing determination or force of character. And as for cruelty, one could scarcely associate a trace in so noble an expression. But does not the portrait of Judge Jeffreys belie the real character of the man ?

A curious story is related of Claverhouse's wife, which may be mentioned here. Some six years after her husband's death she and her little son were dining at an inn at Utrecht when the roof of the house collapsed and killed them both. The bodies were embalmed and sent to Kilsyth, in Stirlingshire, where they were buried in state in a vault of the family of her second husband, William Livingstone. Here the body of the Viscountess remained undisturbed for a century, when, the outer coffin having become dilapidated, some people had the curiosity to break open the leaden one beneath. Underneath was found a lining of fir wood as new and fresh as if just cut by the saw, but more remarkable by far were the bodies that had been carried so suddenly into the next world. The description of an eye-witness is best expressed in his own words: "I saw the body soon after the coffin was opened. It was quite entire. Every feature and every limb was as full—nay, the very shroud was as clean and fresh, and the colours

* See "Correspondence of Hy. Hyde, Earl of Clarendon," vol. ii.



JOHN GRAHAM OF CLAVERHOUSE, VISCOUNT DUNDEE.
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF LADY CARIWRIGHT.

10

11

of the ribbons as bright as the day they were lodged in the tomb. What rendered the scene more striking and truly interesting was that the body of her son and only child, the natural heir of the title and estates of Kilsyth, lay at her knee. His features were as composed as if he had been only asleep. His colour was as fresh, and flesh as plump and full as in the perfect glow of health; the smile of infancy and innocence sate on his lips. His shroud was not only entire, but perfectly clean, without a particle of dust upon it. He seems to have been only a few months old. The body of Lady Kilsyth was equally well preserved, and at a little distance, with the feeble light of a taper, it would not have been easy to distinguish whether she was dead or alive. The features, nay, the very expression of her countenance, were marked and distinct, and it was only in a certain light that you could distinguish anything like the ghastly and agonizing traits of a violent death. Not a single fold of her shroud was decomposed, nor a single member impaired. The body seemed to have been preserved in some liquid nearly of the colour and appearance of brandy . . . The head reclined on a pillow, and as the covering decayed, it was found to contain a collection of strong scented herbs. Balm, sage, and mint were easily distinguished, and it was the opinion of many that the body was filled with the same. Although the bodies were thus entire at first, I confess I expected to see them soon crumble into dust, especially as they were exposed to the open air and the fine aromatic fluid had evaporated, and it seems surprising that they did not. For several weeks they underwent no visible change, and had they not been sullied with dust and drops of grease

from the candles held over them, I am confident they might have remained as entire as ever, for even a few months ago the bodies were as firm and compact as at first, and though pressed with the finger did not yield to the touch, but seemed to retain the elasticity of the living body. Several medical gentlemen made an incision into the arm of the infant ; the substance of the body was quite firm, and every part in its original state." *

* Burke's "Family Romance," vol. i., pp. 292-294.

IRELAND IN 1689

IF King James left a loyal soldier and supporter in Scotland, so also had he one in Ireland, in Tyrconnel, who had recently been created Viceroy by the exiled monarch. Talbot had been sent in 1686 to Ireland as commander-in-chief with full power to propagate the Roman Catholic religion. If James couldn't do what he liked with the army in England, he was determined to have an army that would stick by him in Ireland. This had been the policy of his father, a staunch Protestant, as a counterpoise to the various anti-monarchical sects which had begun to spring up. Clarendon (who had succeeded Ormonde) therefore had been recalled, and the Chancellor, Charles Porter's place filled by the Catholic Sir Alexander Fitton, who knew no other law than the King's pleasure.* The contest for supremacy in Scotland between the Episcopal party and the Presbyterians had its parallel in Ireland with the Protestants and Catholics. The former, in the latter part of 1688, were panic-stricken with reports of an impending massacre. Appeal was made to England for protection against this supposed second day of Saint Bartholomew, the bogey, as we have seen, that extended its scare the length and breadth of England. Protestant families fled in hundreds,

* See Bishop Burnet's "Own Time."

while others sought protection in the two towns that showed fight and independence, Londonderry and Enniskillen. In this condition of turmoil was Ireland when William came upon the scene, and Tyrconnel was clever enough to throw dust in his eyes until the time was ready for James's arrival to take command of an army of fifty thousand men. But Ireland was too self-interested to make a common cause for the exiled King. Like the clan disputes of Dundee's highlanders, it was the natives against the English settlers. Added to this, James's views were at variance with those of hot-headed Talbot. His plan was to have centred his forces against England, instead of which half the army had to attack the walls of Londonderry to try and subdue that plucky and obstinate defence.

Even though he was deceived by Tyrconnel, it seems remarkable that William should not have paid earlier attention to Ireland. Evelyn speaks in strong terms of the tardy action of the Government to respond when so frequently solicited to send succour.* Not until James had landed at Kinsale did it awake and hasten itself to action. But James also was in no hurry. The vigour and dash of his younger days of fighting had long since departed. A sudden attack with overwhelming forces, and Londonderry would have been rapidly reduced; or had he effectually blocked it up, it would have been forced to surrender. But the policy which the exiled King seems to have adopted was to teach his raw recruits endurance and discipline by drawing out the siege as long as possible.† Consequently, two months were lost, and

* "Diary," April 26, 1689.

† Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 12, App., pt. v., p. 124.

the starving garrison at length relieved by three English ships, commanded by Major-General Kirke, forcing their way through the barricade of the river. The beleaguered town probably would have capitulated long before had it not been for the courage and discipline of Dr. George Walker, a native of Tyrone, who, in conjunction with Major Baker, was appointed Governor in place of Colonel Lundy, who was sent off to the Tower for his cowardice or treachery. When King William heard of Walker's stubborn resistance, he drank his health, and declared he would rather see him than any man in the world.* And this he did at the Battle of Boyne, where the gallant Walker, just nominated to the bishopric of Derry, was killed.

To go back a little, on quitting England James was well aware that what hope he had in the future rested in Ireland and Scotland, Ireland particularly, for the Church party in Scotland, however loyal they may have proved had James appeared in person among them, showed a decided preference for King William. "The truth is," says Sir John Reresby, "King James lost his business by not appearing sooner in Ireland, or rather in Scotland."† But there were many difficulties to prevent him setting out before March 7, not the least of which were the opposite opinions and jealousies of the French Ministers of State. Lindsey, the Earl of Melfort's secretary, who with the aid of some Jacobite influence in London had managed to pass unobserved from France to Scotland with despatches and money, had only completed his transaction when James embarked

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 12, App., pt. v., p. 124.

† Reresby's "Memoirs."

from Brest with a squadron of fourteen sail and a body of troops, under the Count of Rosen.

On February 28 the Marquis de Dangeau enters in his diary: "The King of England set off this morning from St. Germain in his carriage, accompanied by M. de Lauzun, Mailli, Lord Powis, Dumbarton (sic), Milford [Melfort], and Thomas Stuart. He went through the Faubourgs of Paris, and at the Bourg de la Reine entered his travelling carriage; he will sleep to-night at Orleans, to-morrow at Tours, and will arrive at Brest on Saturday." Dangeau might have added many other names to the twelve hundred subjects who accompanied him, viz. his sons, the Duke of Berwick and Henry Fitz-James, the Earls of Abercorn, Dover, and Seaforth, and Anthony and John Hamilton, who figure in De Gramont's lively pages.

James arrived at Brest on March 5, but contrary winds prevented his departure until the 7th. Had he given the command of his French troops into the hands of Souvray, the brother-in-law of the powerful minister Louvois, he would have received both better supplies of men and money; but James had a blind belief in the Count de Lauzun, who had carried his Queen successfully into France, and the minister hated Lauzun. The Earl of Ailesbury, one of James's staunchest friends (and very possibly he who had managed the secret journeys of Lindsey before mentioned), advised him to leave the support he asked for in Louvois' hands, but the exiled King would as usual have his own way, and Lauzun was selected—a man quite unqualified for the responsibility. But glad as James eventually was of his French support, he at first declined to have any French

troops, for he knew very well what would be the feeling towards him if he conquered his own countrymen with foreign soldiers, and as a proof that the idea was naturally repulsive to himself, his remark does him credit when the news was brought to Dublin by the French Ambassador d'Avaux of the advantage gained by Château Renaud over the English squadron, under Admiral Herbert, Earl of Torrington, upon the first engagement off Bantry Bay: "If the English are beaten," said the ex-Royal Admiral, "it is the first time."

James's movements were considerably handicapped by his French allies, for Count d'Avaux held the purse-strings, and money was to be disbursed as he thought fit. Military operations also were to receive the sanction of four French Lieutenant- and Major-Generals.* The armament provided by Louis consisted of thirty-seven men-of-war, with thirteen attendant ships carrying 2223 guns and 13,205 seamen. James landed at Kinsale, on the south coast, on March 12, and next day amid public rejoicings advanced to Cork.

The King lodged at the house of Major-General MacCarthy,† and remained here until the 20th, when he marched towards Lismore and Dublin. According to tradition, Tyrconnel met the King at Barry's Court Castle, ten miles to the north-east of Cork, where James conferred upon him the title of Duke. The Viceroy's retinue was gorgeous, and the cavalcade duly impressed the Irish people as it passed along. At Dublin he was met at the gate of the Castle by a

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 758.

† The house stood in the main street and was pulled down early in the last century to make place for an arcade leading to the Parade.

procession of the Roman Catholic clergy. The entry of the French Ambassador with his guards in attendance was equally impressive. He was received in the Earl of Clancarty's* house, and thence went to the Castle to hold an audience, and in a speech promised the Irish people back the estates so long held by heretics and usurpers, and amends for the injuries they had so long sustained. A resident Protestant who quitted Dublin shortly after James's arrival gives a graphic account of the terrible state of things: "The Irish have now in their hands," he says, "all the Kingdome except Coleraine, Derry, and Enniskillin; they have seased on all the estates of those that are in England, and the old proprietors have possessed themselves of all the forfeited estates, whether the owners be in England or Ireland. All Munster and great part of Leinster is plundered, so that the poor Protestants are generally in a most miserable, perishing condition. Sr Thomas Southwell and twenty-two more, most of them gentlemen of good estates, stand condemned for high treason; their crimes were only endeavouring to escape out of the county of Cork and Lymerick, where there was nothing butt plundering and murdering, into the north, where all was then quiet. There estates were all declared forfeited; they were in hopes of pardon, butt are only reprieved for some tyme and kept as hostages. Sr Lawrence Parsons of Bur and a great number of his tenants were condemned at Philips-toune; their crime was that they kept their doores shutt a few days against the rabble and dragoons, who plundered all about them; more were condemned

* The third Earl, who for his Jacobite tendencies lost all his estates in William III.'s reign.

att Maryborough on the like account, two of which are hanged and quartered, an allso one Browne was hanged and quartered att Corke, and if they have tyme, I make no question butt they will condemn all the gentlemen they can find upon one pretence or other; they keepe them alive to have such prisoners of the Irish as shall be taken here after exchanged for them. In the interim the gentlemen are under sentence of the law, and most barbarously used. . . . If I thought my goeing up to London would do the least service to that miserable undon Kingdome, I would not stay here one minit longer. I am told some men will nott believe the miserable condition of that Kingdome. I know nott whether it be true, if it be, I wish they were there to see the misery and calamity of those many thousands plundered and ruined Protestants who are not able to come away, and are in the jawes of that most bloody and barbarous people upon earth. A few days agoe the Lord Galmoy * tooke one Deane Dixes' son and another young gentleman, both bred in our colledge, and hanged them upon a signe post. Last Thursday a gentleman was shott in the head by a soldier att his owne door. They plundered all round Dublin att noonday notwithstanding their King is there. There is a standard sett up on the Castle at Dublin with the motto: 'Now or Never, now and for ever.' They say the Duke of

* It was Lord Galmoye (see p. 302) who by a clever strategy is said to have won Croom Castle, some sixteen miles from Enniskillen. Being short of cannon he manufactured two enormous mock weapons out of tin bound round with cord and covered with a sort of buckram, the colour of a cannon. These were each drawn with a great noise by eight horses, and had a marked effect upon the garrison. See "A True Relation of the Actions of the Inniskillen Men, 1690," by Andrew Hamilton.

Tyrconnell is to goe soon for France. I find some people here are nott apt to believe that the late King is in Dublin. I assure I saw him there severall tymes, and I know his face as well as I do any man's, and it is really he. Yett for all this, many Irish officers are said to desert, finding the French preferred before them on all occasions, and that they are like to fall absolutely under the French power." *

A Catholic nobleman in James's train, suffering under the grievance that those beneath him had received preferment, confirmed what Burnet says of Jacobite spies at Whitehall transmitting news to Tyrconnel in Ireland. The design, he said, was so soon as Londonderry had surrendered, the Irish army should join the forces in Scotland, and march into the north of England to divert King William. Louis, meanwhile, was to seek peace with Italy and Germany and pour his troops into Flanders.† Had Louis foreseen the possibilities of a European alliance, which William of Nassau had in view, and towards which the union of the English and Dutch fleets was so great a help, the French King would have centred his forces against Holland instead of Germany. But as events turned out he was too late, and the only change in his military tactics that was possible was to fall back on a war of defence, the beginning of the humiliation of the courtly despot.

Tyrconnel had been much handicapped for want of money and efficient soldiers, the majority being, like Monmouth's army, unskilled in warfare, for the Duke ‡

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 7, App., p. 758.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 312-313.

‡ Tyrconnel was created an Earl in 1685, and Marquis and Duke in 1689.



RICHARD TALBOT, DUKE OF TYRCONNEL.
FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF MR. TREGGALL.

UNIVERSITY OF
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himself, though he possessed plenty of courage, was by no means a military genius, so could not turn his raw material to the best advantage.

The King's reception at Dublin could not have been more cordial, for to the Duchess of Tyrconnel the cause of the Stuarts was second only to her religious faith. It must have been a happy day for La Belle Jennings, the high-spirited maid of honour who had rejected his billets-doux in the early days of the Restoration, to receive the King as her guest at the castle. His sojourn there, if not so luxurious as at the palace of Saint Germain, must have been far happier, for here he was King again. But there were those who said her Grace was not to be trusted. Lord Melfort was strongly of this opinion, but he was scarcely justified, for sincere as he was himself, he had flights of fancy and but little discrimination, added to which he disliked her from the fact that the bullying Talbot, as is the case of many blustering people, was really under his wife's thumb.*

With the exception of the English colony at Londonderry, Enniskillen, and a few places in Ulster, all Ireland was in James's favour; he therefore lost no time in making his appearance at Derry, in the hope that if he showed sympathy to the ill-treatment there, the city would submit and welcome him, for James always had a firm-rooted belief that he was more beloved than he really was. But the reception he had was by no means cordial, for as he was reconnoitring the works, a ball from "Roaring Meg,"† or another of the beleaguered garrison's

* See Ailesbury's "Memoirs" and Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II."

† This old cannon may still be seen on the battlements.

cannon, struck down an officer close by his side. After this gentle hint as to his unpopularity in that quarter, he returned to Dublin, where much time was lost in discussing the Act of Settlement.

On one occasion motion was made in the House for the adjournment for a day owing to a public holiday. James, asking for what celebration, was told it was for the restoration of his brother and himself, to which he replied it would be more fitting to restore the loyal Catholic gentry to their estates.

Londonderry held out for 105 days before William's provision ships broke the boom across the river and brought relief. Instead of forcing a surrender by sending his new raised troops against the town, James disbanded them, and yet the opposition of Enniskillen was already drawing away his troops.*

Not until the middle of July did General Schomberg set out for Ireland, the gallant old soldier who years before had been James's companion in Turenne's war with Condé.† Evelyn comments upon the tardiness in equipping the English fleet. "Our Fleet not yet at sea," he writes on June 16, "through some prodigious sloth, and men minding only their present interest; the French riding masters at sea taking many prizes to our wonderful reproach." Admiral Herbert had been repulsed in an endeavour to prevent the landing of Louis's troops at Bantry. His

* Colonel Anthony Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief under Lord Mountcashell, had been sent with a reinforcement to reduce the town, which, however, was relieved while Hamilton's cavalry bolted.

† Schomberg House in Pall Mall, afterwards occupied by the famous artists Gainsborough and Cosway, was built by the General's son, the third and last Duke, who died in 1719.

attack, if plucky, was ill-judged, for he had but eighteen ships against twenty-eight of the enemy.

As the English squadron passed Dublin, King James was standing on the quay, using his perspective glass. He was advised to withdraw for safety, but replied, "I know that Shovel is there, and am sure he is not capable of firing a gun against me." But as he spoke a cannon-ball struck the ground within a few feet of him.*

Schomberg landed in the north of Ireland with ten thousand men, took the town and Castle of Carrickfergus, and advanced towards Drogheda, but discovering that James, with a large force, had got there before him, he retired to Sunderland, near Dundalk, where, having Ulster behind and the convenience of the sea, he fortified his camp.† Reinforcements had come in from Ulster, but he had been promised supplies from England which had not arrived, and added to this his officers were inefficient and his arms in very bad condition. When, therefore, James arrived at Ardee, a few miles to the south-west, with an army about three times the size of his own, the General very wisely was in no hurry to begin the contest and risk all, as Admiral Herbert had done, by precipitate action. Had James forced his camp by a brilliant attack before he had time to get reinforcements, he would probably have come off victorious; instead of which, failing to get an antagonistic response to one or two tempting invitations, James contented himself with falling in with Schomberg's view, by abandoning the campaign until the next year, hoping that

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., pp. 312-313.

† At Drogheda James lodged at the house of one Peter Dromgoole.

the disease and discomfort in the hostile camp would make the men come over to his side,* for though he was always complaining of his subjects' treachery, he, like his father before him, although by his actions he had lost their confidence, inwardly prided himself with the belief that the majority were affectionately disposed towards him.

* "Macariae Excidium," by Colonel Charles O'Kelly. *Vide* "Narratives of the Contests in Ireland," pp. 33-34. Camden Society Publications, 1841.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1690

THE campaign of 1690 showed early signs of being more active than that of the preceding year. Tyrconnel and James were scarcely aroused from the gaities of Dublin when they were taken by surprise by Schomberg reducing the Castle of Charlemont, James's only stronghold in Ulster. The garrison was reduced on May 14, and a fourth part consisted of women and children, and as they were starved out Schomberg inquired the reason. The Governor, Sir Teigne O'Regan, replied that his men would not fight without them, to which the Duke responded bluntly, "There is more love than policy in the matter."

Not until the rumour was spread that William was coming in person to conquer Ireland did James show any activity, and his tardy, half-hearted action during the siege of Londonderry and throughout his sojourn was believed by many to be the result of the delusion that if Ireland was conquered by the enemy England would recall him. Tyrconnel was supposed to be in this secret, and encouraged the idea among the French commanders that the country could not be preserved, and the idea among the Irish of the advisability of submitting to William. When James had lost the day at the Boyne and fled, Tyrconnel is said to have sent his wife over to France, with the express purpose

of deluding Louis XIV. into the belief that, with the exception of Limerick and Galway, the whole country was conquered, and it would be useless to try and support its inefficient army; and with the same purpose Tyrconnel is supposed to have persuaded the withdrawal of the Ambassador d'Avaux and General de Rosin.*

As before stated, Schomberg had been steadily improving and increasing his forces, so that when William and the Count de Lauzun came upon the scene, the English army nearly doubled that of its adversary.†

On hearing of William's landing, James marched to Ardee, an advantageous position between Ulster and Leinster. The *Irish Journal* issued the following important notice: "On Monday, the 16th (old style, June), King James marched out of this town to join them, and with about 6000 French foot, most old soldiers excellently well armed and clad; one regiment of these are Dutch and Protestants, and are observed carefully for fear of deserting. The whole Irish army encamped will now make about 36,000, all well clad and in good heart, both horse and foot. There are 15,000 more in garrisons. Yesterday there marched in 6000 of the County Militia to garrison this town [Dublin], and Colonels Luthrel and MacGillicuddy as his assistant are left Governors."

But as William advanced James thought it advisable to remove his camp in the direction of Drogheda.

* See "Macariae Excidium," 1692, pp. 36-37 and 42-43.

† Various accounts differ materially as to numbers on either side. By some James is attributed to have had 27,000 and even 30,000 men, while William no more than 36,000. James puts his number down to 20,000.

Anything in shape of a retreat was distasteful to the Irish, and James was forced into action, otherwise he possibly would have joined his troops in Dublin, where he would have had ample means of supplies. At last, however, he seems to have been anxious to encounter the enemy, and his spirits rose with the prospect of action, for the position on the south side of the Boyne where he had encamped was a secure one: the deep river, then a morass, and rising ground beyond. But the weak part of it was it was fordable in some places some miles to the right and left, and as these fords were not defended by a trench or sufficiently guarded, William's military skill easily detected the points of advantage to himself.

Before leaving England, Bishop Burnet tells us King William called him into his closet. He was looking much depressed. It was his intention, he said, to carry the business through or perish in the attempt. He looked forward to the campaign, which he said he understood better than the government of England. The cause he went upon was just, but his position was a difficult one, as trouble would ensue if the exiled King should be either killed or taken prisoner.*

William landed at Carrickfergus, and Charlemont, the only important place in Ulster, was quickly reduced, and the march pushed hastily on to the river Boyne, near Drogheda, which James was defending. He had had to submit to the ruling of his French generals on several points, but in this he was determined, for once Dublin was abandoned, the city would capitulate.

* See Burnet's "Own Time."

On the evening of the last day of June William arrived on the bank of the river. He was also in high spirits, and on the first sight of the Irish troops shouted a greeting to them, saying if they escaped him the fault would be his. But as he rode along, staff in hand, to examine the enemy's position, two field pieces were levelled at his party, the ball of one killing a man and two horses close by, the other, glancing from the bank of the river, making a slight wound upon his shoulder. Lord Coningsby, who stood near, seeing his Majesty's clothes torn away and blood oozing out, rushed forward and placed his handkerchief on the wound.* William, however, treated it very lightly, dismounting only to have it dressed, and remaining in the saddle, with that exception, for nineteen hours. But the report quickly spread that he was seriously wounded, which, increasing as it travelled, made him dead by the time it reached France.†

After the preliminary cannonade, James, for some reason, altered his mind, and prepared for a march to Dublin; but no sooner had the guns been sent and

* This memento of the battle is preserved at Cassiobury Park.

† According to local tradition, William had another very narrow escape. At the beginning of the fight of the Boyne an officer standing next to James, noticing that one of his men, a noted shot, had levelled his piece at William as he rode along the opposite bank of the river, observed, "Your Majesty, it will be all over in a second, Burke has him covered." In an instant James rushed forward and shouted out, "What, man! are you going to make a widow of my daughter?" Upon which Burke threw down his musket in disgust, and is said to have swam across to fight on the other side. There are several versions of this story and of that in which King William, speaking of the bad fighting of the Irish, receiving the retort: "Change generals, sire, and we'll fight again and beat you." See "Notes and Queries," series 4, vol. i., pp. 388, 514.

the men ordered to pull down their tents, than the order was countermanded. But there was no time for irresolution on the following morning, for he was desperately attacked from three different quarters.

Burnet leaves the battle at its most interesting point, saying William had divided his army to pass the river in three portions, but says that William had to dismount when the morass was reached, and go on foot. The Irish horse made a spirited resistance, but the foot threw down their arms and fled, and it was dark before pursuit was forsaken. "His horse and dragoons were so weary with the fatigue of a long action on a hot day (July 1), that they could not pursue far, nor was their camp furnished with necessary refreshments till next morning; for the King had marched faster than the waggons could possibly follow. The army of the Irish were so entirely forsaken by their officers that the King thought they would have dispersed themselves and submitted, and that the following them would have been a mere butchery, which was a thing he had always abhorred. The only allay to this victory was the loss of the Duke of Schomberg; he passed the river in his station, and was driving the Irish before him, when a party of desperate men set upon him as he was riding very carelessly with a small number about him. They charged, and in the disorder of that action he was shot, but it could not be known by whom, for all the party was cut off." *

The position James had taken up was on the Leinster side of the Boyne, about a mile from Drogheda, some twenty-five miles to the north of Dublin. But William's tactics in making a crossing

* Burnet's "Own Time."

in three places divided it, making practically three different engagements. The fiercest fighting was in the central division, viz. that immediately facing the Irish troops at Oldbridge, and at the deepest part of the river. Old General Schomberg here made a gallant dash into the stream, but before a crossing had been accomplished he received his death wound.

William and the left wing of his cavalry had gone to a ford a few miles further to the left, and having after some difficulty got clear of the water and the mud, was in time to fall upon the right wing of the Irish troops at the time they were most busily engaged. Schomberg's son meanwhile had gone in the other direction towards Slane, where there was a bridge his infantry could pass, but the passage of his cavalry across the ford was for a time held in check by an inadequate force sent to guard it, viz. a regiment of dragoons under Sir Neil O'Neil's command, to whose assistance James sent Count Lauzun with Sarsfield's horse; but when the Count arrived O'Neil had been mortally wounded and a crossing had been effected. Both parties, however, were surprised to find a ditch yawned between them as at Sedgemoor, with the exception that the daylight kept them out of it; both therefore made a stampede for the pass of Duleek, some four miles to the south, so as to get command of the road to Dublin, and in this Lauzun was successful, and could cover the retreat of James and his defeated soldiers into the city.*

Had James made a spirited and desperate attempt to rally his troops, as Charles had done at Worcester, before he fled, it is doubtful if he would have turned

* The site of the battle is marked by an obelisk, and, where the crossing was effected by Schomberg, by a modern bridge.

the fortunes of the day, but his defeat would have been more dignified. The stories of his cowardice, however, have been much exaggerated, for by some accounts he was posted all the time of the action on a hill at Donore, surrounded by some squadrons of horse.*

The Irish cavalry fought bravely, but the untrained infantry were not proof against well-disciplined troops. Soon after the spirited dash had been made to reach the southern shore they had had enough of it, but the retreat was orderly. Nothing could justify James's remarks about the cowardice of his troops, for, as on other occasions, he himself threw up the sponge before the end of the contest. There is a story current in Ireland that when at the beginning of the engagement his cavalry was playing havoc with an English regiment he shouted out, "Oh! spare my English subjects!" The brunt of the engagement seems to have fallen to the lot of Schomberg, Berwick, and Talbot, who displayed considerable bravery. The Lord Lieutenant at length joined James in a quick retreat to Dublin. He arrived about ten o'clock with some two hundred horse, all in disorder. This caused great alarm, for the citizens expected to find William's soldiers close behind, but about midnight arrived the whole body of the Irish horse, accompanied by "drums, hautboys, and trumpets," in very good order, followed some hours later by the remains of the French and Irish foot.† The only account of the battle that was afterwards circulated in France was that James had been forsaken by his army; nothing was said of the

* Burnet's "Own Time."

† "A True and Perfect Journal of the Affairs in Ireland since His Majesty's arrival in that Kingdom, 1690," p. 7.

honourable retreat of the French foot and Irish cavalry. The report of the treachery of the Irish which was spread abroad so exasperated the people that the exiled Irish merchants durst not show themselves in the streets.

At Dublin Castle the new-made Duchess of Tyrconnel anxiously awaited the result of the battle. She was bedecked in queenly state, surrounded by her ladies, to receive the victors; but the warriors who arrived, bespattered in mud, came to tell their own defeat. When James lamented the fact that his Irish soldiers had run away, his hostess is said to have replied with spirit that his Majesty had evidently won the race.

When Monmouth turned and fled from the field of Sedgemoor he had to get his food as best he could, but James found a gorgeous banquet spread at Dublin Castle. At five o'clock next morning James requested the attendance of the mayor and his principal supporters, and delivered a short address before his departure. All things were against him, he said. His English army had proved false, and his army in Ireland, though loyal, wouldn't stand by him. They must make the best terms they could for themselves, while he must provide for his safety. He regretted he had to disperse his servants since his Court was broken up. He wished the Protestants to be kindly treated and the city not to be injured.*

From Dublin he rode post-haste to Waterford, breaking down the bridges on the way, although, as before shown, the last thing William wanted to do was to have him captured.† By Duncannon fort,

* "A True and Perfect Journal," etc., pp. 7, 8.

† It was two days later that a troop of William's dragoons entered

REV. OF
CORRALS



ANTHONY HAMILTON

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. LEGGATE

commanding the passage harbour of Waterford, a French vessel, provided by Sir Patrick Trant, lay anchored in case of need, and James boarded her at once, although she did not set sail for some time afterwards.

"King James is gone from Port Duncannon, with only the Duke of Berwick, Tirconnel,* Powis, and his son Fitz-James, Grand Prior of England," writes Frances Russell to her sister, Lady Margaret, at Woburn, July 12, 1690. "Some say Lausune is gone with him, others that he stays to dispose of the French that he commanded. The business of Ireland is so well over that the King has sent over some of his men already, who are expected at Chester within a few days."†

King William meanwhile had encamped before the walls of Limerick, which held out bravely, but after raising the siege on the last day of August he left for England, leaving General de Ginkel in command. Limerick stood another determined siege next year. At the battle of Aughrim, in Galway, the French general, Saint Ruth, was killed, as was also Anthony Hamilton's brother John. Anthony (at one time Governor of Limerick) distinguished himself at the siege of Enniskillen, the battle of Newtown Butler, and at the Boyne. His brother Sir George, as before described, had been the first husband of Tyrconnel's

Dublin. On Friday, July 4, the Duke of Ormonde arrived with a party of horse, and William, who lay encamped at Finglas, entered with his bodyguard only to attend service at St. Patrick's Church on the Sunday.

* Tyrconnel returned to Galway from France in the middle of January, 1691.

† Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 12, App., pt. v., p. 129.

wife,* who in the summer following James's return to France was again a widow.

Almost simultaneous with the battle of the Boyne there was a fierce naval engagement off Beachy Head, in which the French fleet of seventy-eight ships, commanded by Count de Tourville, was victorious. The Dutch squadron fought valiantly, but Herbert, Earl of Torrington, spared his ships, being secretly in James's interest, and for his treachery he was imprisoned for a time in the Tower. Tourville followed up his success by attacking Devonshire; Teignmouth, then a fishing village, was burnt, and there was general fear of an impending French invasion. But James's failure in Ireland altered the tactics of the Grand Monarque, and upon returning to Saint Germain, James, though joyfully welcomed back, did not find Louis so willing to support him as before. Throughout life James was rather inclined to throw the responsibility of his own shortcomings on other people's shoulders. Thus, when Louis evaded the question of invasion by excuses, James considered himself very badly treated, without weighing with due consideration that the French monarch had his hands quite full enough with Germany and Holland.

As the memory of James II. is hated by the Irish Protestants, so is the memory of Dutch William hated by the Irish Catholics. Up to seventy years ago the annual celebration of July 1 usually brought with it disturbances, and since first set up on College Green, Dublin, the equestrian statue of William of Nassau has suffered indignities. The "glorious deliverer" commanded homage on these occasions, for he was

* See the author's edition of the "Memoirs of Count de Gramont," p. 8.

gaily bedecked, and those who failed to pay their respects were very roughly handled. But they scored an advantage over the Swiss hero, William Tell, for on other days of the year they could and did have revenge upon the statue. This did not often take a more aggressive attitude than flinging mud at it, and so forth; but occasionally Dutch William was robbed of his sword or baton, and once nearly of his head. In the early part of the last century, by a trick, William appeared on his annual festival, not in his usual gay adornment, but entirely besmeared with a mixture of grease and tar, the remains of which, in a bucket, were suspended by a halter from his Majesty's neck. He however recovered, but only some thirty years afterwards to be blown up by dynamite. This was the climax, and there set in a reaction, so that he was patched up again, and ever afterwards he has been looked upon rather as a martyr.*

* See Chamber's "Book of Days," vol. ii., pp. 9-10.

THE INTENDED INVASION OF 1692

IN the very beginning of the year 1691 one of King James's two Secretaries of State, Viscount Preston,* was captured in a vessel in the Thames bound for France. He had with him compromising papers concerning a Jacobite plot then in progress, for which he was tried for high treason, and only by divulging some of his confederates he narrowly escaped with his life. On board with him were Edward Elliot, the captain of a man-of-war in James's time,† and John Ashton, formerly the ex-King's Clerk of the Council. Ashton was victimized, for on him was found Preston's bundle of letters, which he had passed into Ashton's hands with the object of concealing or destroying them. William having gone to a congress at the Hague, it was thought by James's friends a good opportunity for a rising in his favour. Preston undertook the negotiation. James was advised to make his appearance in England with a few staunch adherents but no great army. The country was burdened with taxes, and at this juncture not in a condition to make a stubborn defence. The papers

* Richard Graham, first Viscount Preston, was the son of Sir George Graham, of Netherby, Cumberland, Gentleman of the Horse to James I., and a devoted adherent of Charles I.

† Probably father of Capt. Thomas Elliott, who fought in the Dutch war, and a relative of "Tom" Elliott, Charles II.'s companion when a youth.

implicated, among others, Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon; Lord Scarsdale; Preston's brother, Colonel James Grahme;* William Penn, the Quaker; Dr. Turner, Bishop of Ely, and several others. In a disguised letter to the exiled Queen, the Bishop expressed the allegiance to the Prince of Wales of himself and of his fellow deprived Bishops. Clarendon was lodged in the Tower, and only owing to his relationship with William's Queen was he released and allowed to retire to his seat, Cornbury, in Oxfordshire. Among the letters found was one from the Countess of Dorchester to King James, describing the pretty little sayings of his daughter, the Lady Catherine Darnley.† Colonel Grahme and Scarsdale escaped to France, but afterwards surrendered and were admitted to bail.

The Countess, by the way, had let her house at Weybridge‡ to Lord Ailesbury, with whom, as before stated, she was never on very good terms. During the Earl's tenancy she occupied a small house close by, and occasionally came into the grounds of the Palace by a private key. One day Ailesbury and she were discussing the terms of the lease, when she lost her temper and used such objectionable language that he had to have her turned out.

The fact of Penn being associated with Jacobite plots at first strikes one as curious; but he always had been on very friendly terms with James, in fact was the King's ward, for his father, Admiral Sir

* So he spelled the name himself.

† Burnet's "Own Time," and Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

‡ This interesting old house was pulled down in the last century. One of the rooms retained the name of "the King's bedroom." It communicated with a little Roman Catholic Chapel. See a description of the house in "Secret Chambers and Hiding Places," pp. 215-216.

William Penn, Pepys' great friend, had been a favourite with James when Duke of York. The extreme opposition of the opinions of James and the younger Penn looks contradictory to friendship, but as Quakers were almost as unpopular as Catholics they could sympathize as brothers in adversity, for if James was not broad-minded as a rule, Penn had sufficient breadth of mind for the two.

Nothing practical was done in the Jacobite cause during the rest of 1691. Though the very pronounced and unpractical Jacobites were anxious for the King's return, the majority of his friends did not wish him back again, for it was known that only by a large army and fleet he could be reinstated, and that would mean Britain being conquered by the French.* But William and Mary were by no means popular, and a change was wanted by many. Had James then had an upgrown legitimate son of some spirit, there probably would have been a decided effort in his favour, for, as it was, Marlborough had views of deposing William in favour of Anne.

As before stated, Louis was too busy fighting on the Continent to give much attention to England after the defeat of James at the Boyne; but the death of the harsh-tempered minister Louvois in 1691 again gave a fillip to the cause of the exiled monarch, and Louis was induced to make another venture. In May, 1692, James again was ready to embark for England with 30,000 men. Mainly through the efforts of Lord Melfort, the French fleet was ready to transport the troops before England had any idea of an invasion.† James left Saint Germain in April.

* See Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 335.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



PRINCESS LOUISA MARIA THERESA

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. J. D. HOWARD

"The King has commanded M. de Montchevreuil to remain, during the absence of the King of England, near the person of the Queen of England, who will be very lonely when the King, her consort, has set off," says Dangeau in his Diary.* "The greater part of the English follow him. Madame de Montchevreuil will remain with her husband. The King is very happy in having a person in whom he can confide near the Queen of England during his absence." Mary d'Este was then expecting another arrival, and it was feared she had injured herself by too much kneeling at her devotions.† Some months before, to her great delight, the little Prince of Wales's governess, the Countess of Errol,‡ had managed to escape from Scotland, and joined the exiled Court to take the place of Lady Powis, who had recently died. One gets glimpses now and then from Dangeau of Queen Mary attending a royal boar hunt, or witnessing the *curée*, by torchlight, of a stag killed by her husband; or a tennis match. We find the fine ladies of the court attending her toilette for a drawing-room, or playing at "portico" and "lansquenet," and dining in state with the Grand Monarque, to the chanting of "Vive le Roi," accompanied by "organs, trumpets, and cymbals," which must have been very effective, if disturbing to the digestion.

But we must leave her Majesty and follow James to the coast of Normandy, where, with Marshal Bellefonds, he had the mortification to see the ruin of his hopes by the annihilation of Tourville's fleet. James

* "Memoirs of Marquis de Dangeau," April 19, 1692.

† Princess Louisa Maria Theresa was born June 28, 1692.

‡ The aunt of the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband espoused the cause of Prince Charles Edward.

was on the point of embarkation when an enormous fleet of close upon one hundred English and Dutch ships appeared in the Channel under Admiral Russell's command. Louis, who if successful in his land manœuvres in the Netherlands was usually the loser at sea, ordered Tourville to set his fleet, which was less than half the size* of the enemy, in line of battle. The fight that ensued in mid-channel, between Cape Barfleur and the Isle of Wight, was a desperate one, and the French admiral fought bravely against terrible odds. When darkness came on, which means in the evening, for the engagement was fought on May 19, Tourville in desperation sought protection of the artillery of the army he had been on the point of carrying over to England, by running some of his ships aground in the roadstead of La Hogue. James upon the cliffs had the satisfaction of directing the cannonade at no little personal risk. But it was useless, for Admiral Rooke with magnificent bravery crept up in small frigates and fired the stranded men-of-war. Though James saw his last hopes thus destroyed, he could not keep from expressing his admiration for the bravery of the sailors of his once dearly beloved Navy. He had always been popular as High Admiral for his consideration for its welfare and the comforts of the men and officers. Gratuities for the wounded, half-pay for captains, cabins for the officers, regular promotion, and numerous other innovations had been introduced under his rule. His popularity was the cause of William dismissing many excellent seamen, and from his point of view it was necessary, for on the first opportunity many would

* The number of ships here again alters by various accounts. Some accounts say he had 80 ships, and others only 44.



ADMIRAL EDWARD RUSSELL.
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. J. L. LUCAS.

have championed the cause of their old master. Their places were filled by captains of merchant ships who had never been in action, which led to much loss and confusion. Admiral Edward Russell* himself was willing and prepared to hold his ships aloof as Lord Torrington had done in the French invasion two years before, though he said he would be forced to fight if he should encounter the enemy. He was a Jacobite at heart, having been trained for naval service under James when Duke of York, to whom he had been Groom of the Bedchamber. Like many others, James's dictatorial proclamation issued before the intended invasion did not strengthen his leaning towards the exiled King. But Tourville's orders forced his (Russell's) hand, and he had to fight, especially as things turned out, for the idea was to attack before the Dutch fleet arrived, instead of which the Dutch were in time to combine with his ships in engaging the enemy.

Prior to the battle of La Hogue King James's friends had been busy in England. There were two sets of Jacobites: those who talked a great deal and did nothing, and a party of older men who said nothing but never lost an opportunity of furthering James's

* Edward Russell, afterwards created Earl of Orford, was cousin german to William Lord Russell, who had been implicated in the Rye House Plot. Owing to the animosity of the Earl of Nottingham, he was dismissed from office in 1693, but reinstated the same year. Burnet speaks of him as a man of much honour and great courage. He was immensely popular with his men, and no wonder, if he often treated them in the lavish way mentioned in Noble's "Continuation of Grainger." The bowl of punch he brewed upon one occasion consisted of the following ingredients: Four hogsheads of brandy, eight of water, twenty gallons of lime-juice, thirteen hundred pounds of sugar, a pipe of mountain wine, twenty-five thousand lemons, and five pounds of grated nutmegs!

cause. The former were sincere enough but couldn't keep their secrets, were envious of one another and anxious to gain something for themselves in the cause. The others, old friends of the King, had gone over to William at James's request, but for all that remained loyal and waited their opportunity.

Lord Middleton had been imprisoned upon his return to London from Rochester, and upon being liberated went over to the exiled Court; but it is more than doubtful whether his presence there aided James's cause, for he was a tool of Sunderland's and arrived in France with full instructions from that crafty statesman.

The Lifeguards and various regiments, it was expected, would have gone back to their old master. Just at this time Churchill fell into disfavour, and as he had turned over to William, so might he have turned back again had things looked sufficiently advantageous for himself. And if he had gone over, so would his men, for whatever his faults he was good natured to those under him, and it was his popularity which kept the English and Dutch soldiers under his command from coming to blows.

On February 28, 1692, Evelyn enters in his Diary, "Lord Marlborough having used words against the King and been discharged from all his great places, his wife was forbid the Court, and the Princess of Denmark was desired by the Queen to dismiss her from her service; but she refusing to do so, goes away from Court to Sion House." Though William for some time had been displeased with Marlborough, the real cause of his disgrace was his Countess, the beautiful sister of Tyrconnel's wife, the inseparable friend of the Princess Anne. The influence of the

imperious Sarah had caused a break between the Royal sisters, and the grasping propensities of the Lieutenant-General of the Army had, through his wife, become apparent in the Princess. But grasping is hardly the term in her case, it was rather a struggle for independence. Upon coming to the throne, the matter of a settlement upon her had never been discussed, and though members of the Royal family were dependent upon the monarch for money, her case was somewhat different, for upon the terms of his accepting the crown she was debarred from the succession during his lifetime. The great cause of offence which the Queen could not forgive was that she had not approached the King privately on the matter, and had taken into her own hands, at the time his Majesty was indisposed at Hampton Court, to have the question raised in the House of Commons during a debate concerning the revenue. The upshot of the disagreement was, the Countess of Marlborough was forbidden the Court, and in a long letter to Anne, Queen Mary forbade her having any further intercourse with her or her husband. In reply the Princess argued that she had a right to keep what people she chose about her.* But her sister was firm, notwithstanding would-be mediators on both sides, and Anne, refusing to comply, indignantly removed her quarters to Syon House.†

This civil war in the Court was an opportunity not to be lost by King James's friends in England. Soon after the Princess's arrival at Syon, the Countess of

* Her letter, dated February 2, 1692, is to be found in the Duchess of Marlborough's correspondence published in 1742.

† See Burnet's "Own Time."

Ailesbury* craved an audience. The Princess had not yet risen, and ordered her attendants out of the room, telling her visitor to sit by her bedside. The Countess then related that it was possible her Royal father might arrive at Torbay within twenty-four hours. That five thousand horsemen were ready to escort her if she would repair her former unkindness by joining him. The road was clear and the fords across the Thames examined so as to avoid any bridges which might be guarded. The Princess listened attentively and looked thoughtful and melancholy, then with a sigh she said, "Well, madam, tell your lord that I am ready to do what he can advise me to."

After the defeat of the French navy, Lord Ailesbury himself came to pay his respects to the Princess at Syon. She was surrounded with spies, and had much difficulty in getting rid of her ladies in attendance. The conversation was very brief and her replies were very guarded; Ailesbury saying the attitude of things had altered considerably, she replied, "Yes, greatly;" and when he asked her to write a letter of comfort to her father, she gave a sigh and dismissed him by saying, "It is not a proper time for you and I to talk of that matter any further." But the Princess shortly afterwards wrote to her father asking for his forgiveness.

* Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Lord Beauchamp, *ob.* 1697.

THE ADVENTURES OF A JACOBITE IN 1693

ADMIRAL RUSSELL, as we have shown, though at heart a Jacobite, was a man of too much honour to shirk fighting James if once he encountered the French navy. With him upon this occasion was Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph Delaval, who did his share in burning three of the enemy's ships in mid-channel. Sir Ralph and Admiral Killigrew were afterwards suspected, only too justly, of treachery, as will be seen by what follows.

Soon after his interview with the Princess Anne at Syon House, Lord Ailesbury happened to meet by chance the chaplain of the vessel commanded by Sir Ralph. By a few hints and signs they quickly understood one another, and the Earl in consequence paid his old friend Delaval (whom he had met but rarely since the Revolution) a visit at his house near the Bowling Alley at Westminster.* It appears the Vice-Admiral's mistress and her brother (a colonel in the foot guards) were both steeped in Jacobite plots, and presumably got the better of his scruples. The upshot of the interview was that Admiral Killigrew was drawn into the plot. Sir Cloudesley Shovel was known to be too loyal to William, so he was not

* In Bowling Alley, Deans Yard Street, resided the notorious Colonel Blood, who died there in 1680. See Cunningham's "London."

to be consulted until the time of action, when they had sufficient numbers to back their argument some two hundred leagues out at sea. The great thing was to give sufficient time for James to land beyond cannon reach near Portsmouth, with troops supplied by King Louis.

This being amicably settled, Lord Ailesbury made preparations to cross the Channel and explain to James the inclination of the English fleet. This part of the business was managed by a Jacobite scout named Birkenhead, who did a comfortable little smuggling trade between Romney and Calais. Telling his wife he was making a trip into Wiltshire the Earl bid her good-bye, and on the Saturday night before Easter day (1693) crossed the river to Lambeth as James had done with a "pair of oars." At Dartford he took a couple of hours' rest, and before reaching Rochester dismissed his attendants. Things were more peaceful as he passed through the town on the Easter Sunday morning when the people were going to church. By ten o'clock that night he had reached a secluded house by the sea-shore near Romney Marsh, where it was advisable for would-be travellers not to show themselves in the daytime on account of the spies. Here he found the worthy Mr. Birkenhead, "he that conducted persons to and from France, and all letters to and fro he had the care of, and for this correspondence there was a boat of Calais consisting of a Master William Gill and twenty good seamen well armed, and on pursuits they made use of their oars like as in a galley."* The boat, "an owler," brought contraband goods to Hunt's house, and carried back principally wool. The illicit trade was

* Ailesbury's "Memoirs."

winked at by the Government because it was an easy mode of transmitting spies to and from the Court of Saint Germain, and therefore while plying his honest trade Master Gill complacently ran with both hare and hounds. This admirable service ran as a rule twice a week, and when Ailesbury got to Romney, the boat had just returned after disembarking a Jacobite, Major Holmes, with other goods, so the Major's journey to London could be facilitated by the Earl's horse, which carried him back to Rochester. But things did not go so smoothly with the Earl, for by missing the boat by only an hour he had to lodge many days at that very undesirable farmhouse. Upon arrival he was almost starved, for he had been afraid to stop at Rochester, but the fare at the farm was by no means tempting. "That sturdy knave the landlord," he says, "and his scraping wife made me to believe that such as them durst not fetch meat from Romney, unless it was of a great holiday, for fear the butcher should suspect he had people in his house. I lay there ten nights and had not a meal of meat ; bad butter, cheese worse, salt-water-beer ; he had a runlet of thin gut wine from Calais, and sour, so I was forced to boil it ; once or twice a fisherman brought some flonders, dressed with base butter ; once he gave me a cat instead of a rabbit ; in fine I suffered more than I can express, and yet I gave him ten guineas for my diet. Besides I was in a continued alarm, and once the King's searchers came there to look for contraband goods, but the fellows made them drunk and they did not at least visit my chamber. I had no window that opened, and there being a little haycock in the orchard and a ladder by, I went up and there took air, but on the sight of any passenger

to and fro the strand, I was obliged to retire. In fine this condition I was in from Sunday night to Tuesday seven night, and as I was just fallen asleep, William Gill came in with twenty men armed with pistols, to secure his retreat to the ship, that was at anchor and as in a pond, for Lydd point kept the sea calm when the wind was at west and north. The master was a fat, greasy fellow, yet the joy I was in at his arrival made me embrace him heartily. Hunt had been absent three days, and he said it was to fetch an honest gentleman that was to go to France, but named him not; and I resolved at the upshot that he should not go with me, and I saw him not, and he lodged him at a warrener's not far off."

Meanwhile, Major Holmes had returned from London. His mission had been to carry over a secret declaration, in which Lord Sunderland and the Duke of Shrewsbury* were involved. The document having being approved at Saint Germain had been brought back to England and delivered to a person named Darby, who, being the cat's-paw, like the unfortunate Mr. Ashton in the previous plot, was afterwards executed for his hand in the business. This declaration was a much milder affair than the one that had been sent over before the intended invasion of the previous year, for James in this made no exceptions to the pardon he would grant, should he succeed in winning back his throne. The premature issue of the proclamation had been the fault of Lord Middleton, who tried to throw the blame upon Lord Melfort, who had really opposed it. James was by no means contemplating an immediate departure for England, for he knew nothing until Ailesbury

* Charles Talbot, first and last Duke, b. 1660, *ob.* 1717.

arrived as to the inclination of the two admirals of William's fleet.

The "owler" being ready to start, Ailesbury was rowed out to board her first; the boat then returned to fetch the Major, and as it turned out, the "honest gentleman" the worthy landlord had been to fetch, who was no other than a spy, named Simpson (alias Jones); but the Major was disinclined to have his company, just as much as the Earl had been, for as Mr. Simpson was coolly stepping into the boat after Holmes, the latter turned upon him with a pistol and told him he would shoot him dead if he didn't retire.

On the Wednesday morning Boulogne was reached in safety, a few privateers only being sighted on the journey, which were easily distanced. From Boulogne the two posted to Berry, whence Holmes proceeded to Saint Germain to say that Ailesbury would shortly follow. The journey through Abbeville and Clermont was by no means luxurious, for the horses hired at each stage were bad, the saddles were worse, and beds of straw were the best procurable. With these and other hardships Saint Dennis was reached on Friday afternoon, but posting from there in a chaise, the postilion ran into a rut and overturned the vehicle, just in the middle of a violent thunderstorm, so the unfortunate traveller had to walk back to the post-house in the drenching rain, while the chaise was being heaved up out of the mud. Getting some rest in the interval, at 4 a.m. the chaise had been set to rights, so within a couple of hours he got to Saint Germain.

Tired out with his journey, the Earl was greeted at the house of a Jacobite lady, whose name does not transpire. Here he took some hours' rest, and by

Holmes' arrangement had an interview first with Lord Melfort and afterwards with the King and Queen. A sedan with fixed curtains had been placed at his disposal, so that his visit might be as secret as possible ; but Lord Middleton, a nobleman whose position at the exiled Court seems to have been to act as spy, although James trusted in him as much as he had formerly trusted Sunderland, had watchers of his own, and one of these, a Mrs. Macdonald, recognized him in the courtyard of the royal residence.

Major Holmes awaited Ailesbury at the private stairs, and conducted him to the King's bedchamber, where their Majesties received him "in a most distinguished manner." "The King's heart," says the Earl, "might be equal to that of the Queen, but she had a more gracious way of expressing herself, and she soon added what was most endearing, and I remember it with all gratitude to this day. 'My Lord, no person can be in more joy than I am in for to see you ; but I tremble when I consider the danger you will run at your return.' And the manner of expressing herself was so genteel also, that it was difficult for me to answer with words suitable to hers, but I did my best, concluding that God Almighty always protected those that acted with an upright heart, and that called upon Him for His blessing, which I daily did. The Queen putting on no red, I own I was struck when I first saw her, and she perceiving it, I, with a sigh, replied, 'Afflictions alter people fast,' for she had not then accomplished her thirty-sixth year, being born the 25th September, 1657, the King the 14th of October, 1633, and he was in his sixtieth year. He bore his age well enough, being more phlegmatic, and taking

his rest well, which to my knowledge he did the same when he was turned out of his kingdoms."

After the little Prince of Wales had been brought to greet Lord Ailesbury, the unfortunate declaration was discussed. The Earl put the question direct to James as to whether he was ready to go over with a competent force. "The King had a short, dry way. 'Over? over? you know to the contrary.' Then I went on, 'Sir, I never read in history of a declaration set forth and published until that King or Prince was ready to support it, either by a legitimate right or a usurping one.' Perceiving the King greatly silent, I went on, 'Well, sir, what is done cannot be retrieved. Give me the original declaration, and I will carry it on board the Fleet, that so the admirals may accept and declare for you; but I will not go without my Lord Middleton, your Secretary of State, and the composer of it, and he can assure the admirals *viva voce* that he saw your Majesty sign it.' Had my negotiations with the admirals been communicated to the King from me in London, and that I had assured him of a total success, in that case a preparing a declaration had been the right thing, and to be sent over when the King of England was embarking from Brest with a competent army, to secure his person on landing in England."

The next day Louis XIV. granted an audience, Lord Melfort having previously waited upon his Majesty to explain Ailesbury's mission. With his usual courtly and dignified manner, his Majesty's first question was if the Earl would wish to inspect a map of the English coast, which brought forth the blunt reply that, as far as he was concerned, it was unnecessary, and that it was generally supposed that Louis was

equally well informed. The King smiled, and told Ailesbury he was no flatterer. He durst not venture his fleet in "*la manche d'Angleterre*," for, said he, "If I come to Portsmouth in the place you mention, and that the admirals betray their word, then they may come foundering on me with a west or south-west wind, and I shall be cooped up, and my fleet must be absolutely destroyed, and the King, my brother, and the troops made a prey of. But if you can prevail with the admirals to come to Portsmouth on pretence of wanting beer, water, etc., then my squadron shall carry over the King, my brother, with such a number of troops as you mentioned, with cannon, arms, etc., for to land at Torbay, and then, in case the admirals shall falsify their words, that then the same wind that brings them up to my fleet will be good for their return to Brest." The Earl expressed his opinion that to place his King on the throne by fire and sword would mean a conquest which would never do.

Soon after the interview Ailesbury bid the English King and Queen a melancholy adieu, and set forth in Lord Melfort's coach. But the hardships on the return journey were worse than his experiences in coming, for soon after leaving Abbeville symptoms of fever showed themselves, and on reaching Boulogne Gill's boat had not put in an appearance, so he had to hire a vessel from a French "owling" master. Gill's boat, however, turned up at last, and he reached it in safety, but not before he had run across the spy Simpson. "We sailed about two in the afternoon, and cast an anchor half sea over, and I was in as miserable a condition in lying on the hulk without boards, and no quilt or any other sort of bedding or pillow. The seamen broiling their mackerel, with the

stench by smoking under my nose the worst of tobacco, and having eaten nothing, my fever taking away my appetite, I ran in danger of my life. About six we weighed anchor for to gain the shore of Romney at the dusk, for that is the soonest any vessel of that nature dares approach the coast. About sun setting we espied a little English privateer of six guns called the *Child's Play*, a prize taken from the French. She lay at anchor for to secure that coast and to obstruct the 'owling' trade. The master, William Gill, told me that he must return to his own coast, and that he would not lose his ship for me or anybody whatsoever, and so returned to Ambleteuse, between Calais and Boulogne, a place that deserved not the name of a seaport, and only small fisher-boats could get in there. I went on shore to a miserable public house for fishermen; however, I was obliged to lie on a nasty bed, the fever increasing so that I was not able to hold up my head. I had not eaten for two days, and had I found any victuals I could not have got it down. I had still a bottle or two of my Lord Melford's wine, and I burnt some, and with base, coarse sugar I seasoned it, and swallowed two or three spoonfuls. About four in the afternoon we set sail for half sea over again; and whole not above three leagues, and but four from Boulogne to Romney.

"When we came on dusk, or a little before, we espied the *Child's Play* again, and the master resolved to go back to his coast again, notwithstanding my entreaties, even on my knees, but he was inflexible. But the good God ordered it so as that Marguillier's trading-boat, in which I said I was to go over, followed us. As we espied her at our stern, the master of the *Child's Play* did the same, and

seeing two masts, and not knowing what to make of us, he weighed anchor, and sailed with a fresh and fair gale towards Dover, and I landed and went to Hunt's house in a most weak condition." The high fever continuing, he could not eat solid food, and broth was not procurable. "I lived on boiled beer, and that I could scarce get down, it was so unpalatable. I was there near twenty-four hours, and the landlord gave me a horse, but lame, which tired me still more, and a guide, and I rode in this sad condition twenty-five miles in the night, and about three hours a day early in the morning, suffering more than can be expressed, and each mile I thought a journey. I stopped now and then and took a spoonful or two of boiled beer, very coarsely seasoned, and I arrived at Sandy Lane, at a public house, and almost a single one. The landlord, Tucker, I knew by reputation, and to be most secret, my bed was indifferent good, but I could have no rest. I desired an apothecary, but he lived two miles off at a market town, I think called Lenham."* The apothecary was sent for and did what he could. But the inn was not best suited for an invalid, for, as luck would have it, a local dinner and bowling-match took place on that day. "As I lay on the bed," says the unhappy recorder of these misfortunes, "I could see all on the green, and what they did, and in the afternoon I saw little difference between the laity and the clergy, some lying drunk and others bowling over them, which helped to pass my weary time away. When the company got on horseback, and some put on a bed in the house, I got on horseback, and between that place and

* The place was probably Sandway, a hamlet to the south-west of Lenham, between that village and Boughton Malherbe.



THOMAS BRUCE, SECOND EARL OF AILESBUURY
FROM THE PAINTING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE MARQUIS OF AILESBUURY
AT TOTENHAM HOUSE

Rochester, at the Wool Pack on Pickington Heath* near Maidstone, I fell from my horse in a swoon. They put me on a bed, and they rubbed my temples with some brandy, and I made a shift to come to the Crown in Rochester, a noted inn, as also for the landlord and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Crosse, to be persons to be confided in entirely, and there by accident I met with my trusty Mr. Birkenhead."

Aspects now looked more cheerful. A doctor was sent for, and good cordials, gruel, broth, and six hours of sleep did wonders, so that the traveller was able to finish his journey comfortably in a coach and four provided with a supply of gruel in bottles and a silver porringer. At St. George's, Southwark, the Earl exchanged his conveyance for a hackney coach, and before reaching home changed coaches no less than six times as a blind. On London Bridge he noticed an apothecary's shop with the announcement in the window that "New Milk Water" was on sale. Of this he purchased a quart bottle, drank the lot, and felt much better for it. The last coach was hired at St. Andrew's, Holborn, and the man ordered to drive to Lisle Street, which was "the passage to my stable-yard, I living at the house next Leicester House,†

* Pennenden Heath (often corrupted to Pickenden), near Boxley, to the north-east of Maidstone. It was at the "Woolpack" that King James halted on his unfortunate journey to Faversham.

† Leicester House stood in the north-east corner of Leicester Square. At this time Philip, third Earl of Leicester, was living there in very exclusive retirement, being old and infirm. He did not mix with politics. Two of his principal visitors were Dryden and Wycherley, both professed Jacobites. Philip, the third Earl, was the brother of the handsome Sidney, Earl of Romney (*ob.* 1704), and Colonel Robert, the reputed father of Monmouth (*ob.* 1674). His other brother, Algernon, was beheaded in 1683. Robert, fourth Earl of Leicester, was his son, and Joscelyne, the seventh and last Earl, his

where this King George the Second* lived when he retired from Court. The coachman knocking hard, my dearest wife suspected (but knew nothing, nor where I had been), and came to me at alighting, and seeing my ghastly countenance she fell into a swoon."†

grandson. Joscelyne dying in 1743 without issue, the Penshurst and other estates passed to that Earl's niece, Elizabeth, whose only daughter was grandmother to Sir Philip Sidney, created Lord Delisle and Dudley, the present baron's grandfather.

* The Earl's memoirs are dated 1728. At the time of the above adventures he was thirty-eight years old.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i. pp. 315-341.

LE ROI EST MORT: VIVE LE ROI

AT Rochester, Birkenhead, the Jacobite scout, had been despatched with a message to Captain Rigby to deliver to Sir Ralph Delaval, a message disguised so that nobody would understand the meaning but the admiral and his companion Killigrew. Ailesbury had returned the latter end of May, and the admirals, having received in the interval orders from the Admiralty, nearly got into hot water by their unaccountable delays.* Sir Cloudesley Shovel having his suspicions, as Ailesbury terms it, "blowed the coals," and they ultimately were questioned in the House of Commons, but managed to give a plausible excuse.† The invaluable scout, however, did not get off so easily, for being betrayed by one of his gang, he was imprisoned in Newgate. He however effected his escape by treating the gaoler to a pullet and bottle of "prepared" wine, so that when the gentleman who had partaken of the good fare awoke, the prisoner was at Ailesbury's house in Leicester Square, and from here on one of his lordship's horses he effected the journey to Romney in a day, and got to Calais. The treacherous farmer, Hunt, also got his deserts, for it was he, doubtless,

* James always had his doubts as to whether Russell was not playing a double game. See Dalrymple's "Memoirs," vol. iii., p. 233.

† Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. i., p. 341.

who was the cause of Birkenhead's arrest. On the day following the latter's arrival in Calais, he returned, and with Gill and his merry men carried Hunt off by force. After this Mr. Birkenhead became Clerk of the Kitchen to his exiled Majesty.

Lord Ailesbury's recovery after his arrival home was by no means rapid. He lay unconscious for three weeks on the brink of death, after which he slowly regained his health. But he kept his secret close, thereby causing offence and jealousy among the more shallow Jacobite party. But cautious and diplomatic as he was, suspicion ultimately fell upon him, together with Sir John Fenwick and Lord Montgomery, son of the Marquis of Powis. As in the case of Russell, Sidney, and Monmouth being implicated in the Rye House plot, so were the names of Ailesbury, Colonel James Grahme, and others* dragged into an independent plot of some desperadoes to assassinate King William. Sir John Fenwick, the most innocent of the lot, was captured at or near the old Surrey Manor-house of Slyfields and beheaded; and, as if in judgment, it was Sir John's horse King William was riding when he was thrown and met with his death. A few months afterwards the heads and quarters of Sir John Friend and Sir William Perkins were set up on Temple Bar as a lesson against treason. Charnock, King, and Keys were also executed, the assassination plot being proved against them. But though the real villains

* William even suspected Lord Godolphin having had a hand in the business, for a recent letter from the peer to King James had been stolen from the latter's cabinet at Saint Germain, and brought to William by one of his spies. See Dalrymple's "Memoirs," vol. iii., p. 233.

exonerated King James of any knowledge of their plot, it must have been a cruel blow to the unfortunate monarch to have his name associated in any way with it.

Bishop Burnet places the secret visit of Lord Ailesbury to France at a later date by a couple of years than was the case, thereby confusing it or rather coupling it with the visit of the desperado, Robert Charnock, whose mission was quite a distinct affair. Ailesbury's visit to James and Louis, however, bore fruit. Louis eventually was persuaded to attempt another invasion. The death of Queen Mary on December 28, 1694, had the effect of stirring the Jacobites up into extra activity. There were many in England who so long as she was on the throne were not desirous of a change, for since coming to the throne she had always endeavoured to make herself beloved, and some of the Jacobites themselves could not speak highly enough in her praise. As for her husband, he declared she had not got a fault. Burnet speaks of his great sorrow* when her seizure of small-pox was declared hopeless by the physicians. "All people," he says, "men and women, young and old, could scarcely refrain from tears."

With the death of Mary her father's friends considered the throne of England had lost half its power. Robert Charnock was sent over to France to persuade James to come over with French troops, which would be supplemented on his arrival on the Kentish coast. Under the belief that an important rising was premeditated in England, Louis, full as his hands were with warfare in other quarters, gave transport ships

* After William's death a bracelet of the Queen's hair was found upon his arm.

and an army of 12,000 men for an invasion. The Duke of Berwick had paid a secret visit to England, but the report he brought back was far from favourable to James's cause. The anti-Jacobite citizens of London were alarmed about this time by a mysterious person in a French uniform suit and blue cloak, purchasing a pair of silk stockings at a hosier's in the New Exchange and paying for them from a purse full of louis d'ors! The shop-woman was sure she recognized King James's natural son, so hurried to a magistrate, who transmitted the alarm to the Secretary of State, and so it reached the King. A proclamation was issued of a thousand pounds for the Duke of Berwick's apprehension. But the dreaded invasion ended in smoke, for when King James arrived at Calais with the Marquis of Beaufflers in command of troops ready to embark, the English fleet appeared in sight.

Evelyn enters in his Diary on March 1, 1696: "The wind continuing N. and E. all this week brought so many of our men-of-war together that though most of the French, finding their design detected and prevented, made a shift to get into Calais and Dunkirk roads, we wanting fire-ships and bombs to disturb them, yet they were so engaged among the sands and flats that 'tis said they cut their masts and flung their great guns overboard to lighten their vessels. We are yet upon them. This deliverance is due solely to God. French were to have invaded at once England, Scotland, and Ireland." The wind was distinctly "blowing Protestant" upon this last occasion that James wished it to be friendly disposed, for had it not been for this the men-of-war would have been dispersed and

not near the coast. So the beacon that was to be lighted on Dover cliff remained unignited, and James returned to Saint Germain mortified with the knowledge that the subjects by whom he thought he was beloved in England suspected his enterprise as being directly connected with the attempt on William's life.

Lord Ailesbury for his hand in trying to restore James received over a year's imprisonment in the Tower, during which time many facilities of escape were offered by the soldiers on guard, of which, however, he despised to avail himself, but showed his gratitude in many ways. When liberated, he retired to France, but not to the exiled Court of Saint Germain, and after the death of his wife in 1697, which happened during his confinement in the Tower, he married the Countess of Saunn, and his great granddaughter by this marriage, Louisa Maximiliana Carolina, Princess of Stolberg, became the wife of Prince Charles Edward. When this far from loving couple separated, the pseudo Queen of England lived in the Hotel de Bourgogne, in the Faubourg Saint Germain. Her throne or chair of state had a canopy bearing the Royal Arms of Great Britain, which were also displayed on the silver, many massive pieces of which had adorned the banquets at Whitehall in the days of Charles and James—the royal plate which Colonel James Grahme had secreted in the privy lodgings at Whitehall and carried over to France.*

* The list of the King's plate of which Grahme had the charge was as follows :—Gilt plate : 2 gilt basons, 2 gilt ewers, 2 gilt salads, 4 gilt rings, 5 prs. gilt candlesticks, 6 gilt salts, 1 great gilt salt, 1 gilt pepper box, 1 gilt sugar box, 1 gilt crewit for oyle, 1 gilt crewit for vinegar, 1 gilt mustard pot, 6 doz. gilt plates, 1 doz. and halfe spoons, 1 doz. and halfe forks, 16 knives gilt. 2 silver basons, 2 silver ewers,

In its latter days the Court of James at Saint Germain was almost as dismal as that of Louis-le-Grand when he was an old man. With all the pomp and state there was a tattered gorgeousness which made it more depressing than the sombre period at Versailles during Maintenon's rule. When Louis had to climb down from his despotic position by signing the Treaty of Ryswick, as one of the conditions was that he should acknowledge William III. as King of England, no longer could he champion the cause of James. From the Jacobite point of view the Peace of Ryswick was compared to the peace of God, "which passeth all understanding." At first it was demanded that the ex-King and Queen should quit France, or at least vacate the Palace of Saint Germain ; but it is to the credit of Louis that he was staunch to his friends. He would hearken to no such proposal. They were sufficiently to be pitied for their misfortunes, he said, without increasing them. And also he had the delicacy to suppress anything in the form of a thanksgiving for the restoration of peace, which might be hurtful to the feelings of James. In addition to the liberal pension already allowed by Louis, by his efforts the Queen's jointure of £50,000 a year was officially granted by the English Parliament. The money, however, was never paid, for William naturally was of the opinion that his father-in-law would be less troublesome with a pocket not too plentifully supplied. His excuse was their continuing in residence so near Versailles.*

16 great silver dishes, 1 doz. small dishes, 15 intermesses, 2 great silver bottles, 2 silver salads, 1 silver shuger box.—Leven's Hall MSS. See "Colonel James Grahme of Levens," by Captain Josceline Bagot, pp. 39-40.

* In 1713 it was decided if the ex-Queen gave up her claim to



JAMES II

FROM THE PAINTING AT BELIUS BY DE TROY. (PAINTED AT PARIS DURING THE KING'S EXILE)

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From Dangeau's Diary, as before, we get glimpses now and again of James and his Queen. We hear of the aged artist, Mignard, refusing to go to Saint Germain to paint the portraits of their Britannic Majesties because of a report of sickness there. So they had to come to Versailles to give a sitting, probably the last portraits by the octogenarian. In September, 1694, the Queen had the misfortune to lose her only brother, François II., Duke of Modena. During her husband's absence on his fruitless visit to Calais the colour disappeared from the Queen's cheeks, which sounds pathetic until we find that when he was away she never rouged! She set the fashion, for by courtesy she ranked as the highest lady. The tall head-dress, which reached prodigious height in the next reign, did not please Louis's artistic eye. We find Queen Mary lowering hers that the Princesses of the Court might take example.

Though James still enjoyed hunting and hawking in moderation, he mostly put aside pursuits of pleasure. His visits to Marly, Fontainbleau, and Versailles were rarer, doubtless owing to the declared friendship between France and England, and the cordial reception given to William's ambassador, Bentinck, Earl of Portland.

Only a few months before his death we hear of James dissolving his Parliament, finding it hostile to his wishes, which reminds us of the days of his

arrears, she should receive a pension of 750,000 francs. The formality of receiving the money in a way that would not be prejudicial to her son by acknowledging Anne to be Queen was somewhat complicated. The Abbé Gautier was appointed to receive the money in London, while the ex-Queen gave the receipt in France in the presence of an Englishman in Anne's interest. The receipt was signed merely "Mary."

"merry" brother. But the disheartened monarch of 1701 was very different from the despotic James of 1687. Continual reverses had softened the harshness of his character, and he was kindly disposed and beloved by all around him. His aim for the remaining part of his life was to make sufficient atonement for his past sins, which he was sure had brought about all his misfortunes in punishment. It is a question whether his self-inflicted penances and severe restrictions did not so weaken him as to hasten his end.* Towards the end of the year 1699 he had to be operated upon for a tumour, which left him thin and wasted, but he regained his normal health, and, with the exception of an occasional touch of gout, could resume his ordinary occupations. The beginning of the end occurred on March 4, 1701, when the King was attending Mass in his chapel. The passage, "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us: consider and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens," so vividly recalled his misfortunes that he was suddenly seized with faintness, and remained unconscious for half an hour. This was followed by violent nose bleeding, which, however, brought relief.

On March 11 Dangeau enters in his Diary: "The King of England was taken very ill at Saint Germain. The King sent little Boudin there, as M. Fagon could not go; he told the King on his return that the King of England's disorder appeared to him very serious, and that one side of his body was entirely paralyzed." †

* The scourge with which the King had administered his own chastisement was afterwards preserved among the relics of the Convent of Chaillot.

† Dangeau's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 8.

The waters of Bourbon being recommended for his recovery, Louis's kindness could not be exceeded. He immediately ordered a hundred thousand livres a month to be disbursed for expenses, furnishing a hundred and twenty horses for his equipage, appointing Marquis d'Urfé to accompany him that he might be ensured the homage due to a king. Having by all appearances benefited by the change, James returned to Saint Germain, and was expected on a visit to Fontainbleau when news was brought to Versailles of a relapse. He had had a similar seizure during Mass on Friday, September 2, but this time it was followed by vomiting blood and an ominous drowsiness. Dangeau recorded next day, "The poor King is dying like a saint, and the unhappy Queen is in great affliction."

The dying man, continues the Marquis, had the little Prince brought to his bedside, and spoke to him with much piety and firmness, telling him that however splendid a crown might appear there came a time when it was quite indifferent; "that there is nothing to be loved but God, nothing to be desired but eternity; that he should always remember to behave with respect to the Queen his mother, and with attachment and gratitude to our King, from whom they have received so many favours. He desires to be buried in the Church of Saint Germain, without any pomp, and like the poor of the parish. Nothing can be more affecting than the condition in which the Queen is."*

Between September 5 and 16 Louis paid frequent visits to the sick chamber. Again and again James expressed his gratitude for the kindness he had

* Dangeau's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 23.

received at his hands. He desired that no tomb might be erected to his memory, only an epitaph with the words, "Here lies James II., King of England." On the 13th Dangeau writes: "The King went to Saint Germain at two o'clock; he first saw the King of England, who opened his eyes for a moment when the King was announced to him, and shut them again immediately. The King told him that he was come to see him to assure him that he might make his mind easy with respect to the Prince of Wales, and that he would acknowledge him King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The King then went to the Queen, to whom he stated the same thing, and proposed to her to send for the Prince of Wales to put him in possession of a secret so important to him. He was introduced, and the King addressed him with a kindness which seemed to affect him much. When the Prince left the chamber of the Queen his mother, Lord Perth, his tutor,* asked him why he had been sent for; he told him it was a secret he was obliged to keep. The Prince then began to write at his table. The tutor again inquired what he was writing. 'I am writing,' he replied, 'all that the King of France has said to me, that I may read it over every day and never forget it during my life.' When his Majesty declared to the King of England that he would recognize the Prince of Wales as King, all the English in the chamber fell on their knees and cried 'Long live the King!' The Queen is so touched by this noble act that she can speak of nothing but her gratitude; but her grief at seeing the King her husband in the state he is in prevents her tasting that joy unalloyed."†

* James Drummond, titular Duke of Perth, died May 11, 1716, aged 68. He was buried in the chapel of the Scottish College at Paris.

† Dangeau's "Memoirs," vol. ii., pp. 23, 24.



PRINCE JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD
FROM THE PAINTING BY TREVINANI

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ADPCHLO

The poor Queen had been persuaded not to remain in the sick chamber to the end. Among the last who spoke with James were Prince James and his little sister Louisa Maria, the young Duchess de Bourgoyne, Madame de Maintenon, and Charlotte Elizabeth, Duchess of Orleans.* When the last of these expressed the wish that he should be restored to health, the dying King replied, with a smile, "And if I die, shall I not have lived enough?"† Having repeatedly expressed his forgiveness to all his enemies, the end came painlessly on the afternoon of Friday, September 16, a day on which he had always wished to die,‡ he then being a month short of sixty-eight.§ Father Saunders afterwards told Lord Ailesbury that during the nine years he had been the King's confessor, not once had he occasion to require the least penance.|| Nevertheless he inflicted severe penances upon himself in atonement for his past sins. During these last years of his life he annually visited the monastery of La Trappe in Normandy, and assisted the monks in their religious offices and shared their self-denials. The Abbot Bouthillier de Rancé had before his retirement from the world been much addicted to gallantry, for which he now inflicted on himself the most severe privations, and James, forming a comparison with his own past life, thenceforward thought it his duty to

* Second wife of Philip, Louis XIV.'s brother.

† "Memoirs of the Duchess d'Orleans."

‡ Dangeau.

§ The room in which James died may still be seen, but the château has been considerably altered and modernized, it subsequently having been used as a prison and a military school. The keeper of the château, M. Reinach, tells me an engraving of King James's bedroom taken about 1820 shows only bare walls.

|| Ailesbury's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 497.

undergo such austerities as his age would permit. The words of the Abbot when he asked if the hardships of the monks were not too much for them, he never forgot. "Sire," said Rancé, sternly, "that which would be hard to those who seek for pleasure is easy to those who practise penitence." *

* "A Tour to Alêt and La Grande Chartreuse," 1816.

“REQUIESCANT IN PACE”

SOON after the King's death Louis paid a formal visit to his successor, James III., the little monarch walking on his right hand and receiving all the honours of etiquette paid to his father.* The question, however, arose as to whether James III. should be acknowledged King by the other foreign potentates, who, saving the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Savoy, did not feel inclined to second the friendliness of the French monarch. The Earl of Manchester, William III.'s ambassador in France, felt highly indignant, and, refusing to attend the levée, shortly withdrew. As for William, when the news was brought to him at the palace of Loo, in Holland, where he had gone for his health, he pulled his hat over his brows in a passion, but did not utter a word.†

The attitude of Louis naturally was tantamount to a declaration of war. Simultaneously he had embroiled himself with other countries by proclaiming his grandson King of Spain, for which there were three other claimants, of whom Leopold I. of Germany considered the prior claim rested with his son; therefore Carlos III. and Philip V. were both declared King, and the War of Succession began, viz. Germany,

* One quite pities the old monarch when politicians made him stand at court balls, when the Chevalier de St. George was dancing.

† Dangeau's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 25.

England, Holland, Portugal, Savoy, and Brandenburg against France and Spain. The English succession, of course, had fallen on the Princess Anne, who since her sister's death had been recalled, with her influential friends, the Earl and Countess of Marlborough. But after the death of her son, the little Duke of Gloucester, who had been born just after the Revolution, the Protestant succession fell back, by the Act of Settlement of 1701, upon James I.'s descendants; the nearer claimants, the two grandchildren of Charles I. by James and Henrietta being ignored. And thus the old question of 1688, Catholic *versus* Protestant, began again, to be finally crushed in 1745.

Notwithstanding his wish to be interred without ceremony, by Louis XIV.'s orders the obsequies of King James were attended with all regal pomp. The body was embalmed, and the last respects to the dead paid by thousands. The next night, by James's desire, it was sent *en dépôt* to the English Benedictine monastery in the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, Paris (some of the buildings of which yet remain), with the object that at some subsequent date it should be sent to England and buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.*

The late King was looked upon as a saint, as the following contemporary account of the relic hunters proves: "The opinion of the King's sanctity was so great that now, at the opening of his body, a number of people came to gett pieces of linnen dipped in his blood. The guards took their cravats from about their necks, and did the same.† The next day, after

* Dangeau's "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 27.

† Among the jewellery and trinkets sent from Paris to Rome in 1715 was a little Japan box containing some of James II.'s blood.

the deposition of the body in the aforesaid (Benedictine) church, a vast concourse of people flocked thither, as they did for many days ensuing, for to pray for that faithful soul departed. Some of the good Christians, being infirm, offered their oraisons to God, that his Divine Majesty might be pleased to grant them health for the sake of his holy servant James, King of England, which they obtained, as I am assured by credible witnesses.” *

The somewhat complicated distribution of the remains of James and his Queen and daughter Louisa, followed by the sacrilegious havoc of the French Revolution, has led to much confusion as to the ultimate resting-places of the three Royal Stuarts. A black-and-white marble monument in the chapel of what was once the Scottish College, in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, Paris,† viz. l’Institution Chevallier,‡ bearing a long Latin inscription,§ is misleading (unless the words are read), for the body of James was never interred there. At the base of a pyramid bearing a flaming lamp, and immediately below a medallion profile of the deceased King, formerly stood a small urn of *gilt bronze*, containing his brains, which he bequeathed to the college. By another account it

* Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. 10, App. 5. See also “Posthumous Vicissitudes of James II.,” *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xxv., p. 105.

† The throne of crimson velvet and gold embroidery, formerly in the Catholic chapel erected by James at Whitehall, was preserved for a century afterwards in the chapel of the convent of the Dames Anglaises, near the Scottish College. *Vide* Haile’s “Queen Mary of Modena,” p. 156.

‡ Externally the building has not been much altered since it was built about 1630.

§ Quoted in Nichols’s “*Collectanea Topographica*,” vol. vii., and “Notes and Queries,” 3rd series, vol. vii.

is described as a *brass* urn covered with an imperial crown.* This vessel disappeared at the time of the Revolution, and was supposed to have been destroyed and the contents scattered, but a discovery that was made by some workmen carrying a drain beneath the building in 1883 was considered proof that such was not the case. In a cavity beneath the floor-boards two small *lead*en vessels were brought to light—one in the shape of a heart, the other like a miniature sugar-loaf, about the size of a liqueur bottle. Neither bore any inscription, but the contents of the latter confirmed the opinion that they were King James's brains,† while the other was supposed to contain either the heart of the Earl (or rather Duke) of Perth's third wife,‡ or that of the Duchess of Tyrconnel. At the time of the discovery these vessels were given into the charge of Abbé Rogerson, a Paris representative of the Association of the Scotch Bishops.

In front of the monument was interred a box covered with black velvet, having a cross of white damask, bearing this inscription on a copper plate—

Entrailles de
La Reine de la
Grande Bretagne
Marie Eleonor
d'Est décedée
à St. Germain en
Laye, le 7 Mai
1718

* Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library.

† *Vide the Times*, March 7, 1883.

‡ Mary Gordon, daughter of Lewis, third Marquis of Huntley, and sister of George, first Duke of Gordon.

and above it a slab of white marble. At the foot of it was another stone, covering a portion of the intestines and brains of the Princess Louisa Maria. These slabs, each with a Latin inscription, are now concealed by the parlour floor of the Institution.

Neither James nor his Queen were buried, with the view before mentioned of finding a final resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Before the Revolution the body of the latter is described as being "preserved in a gallery at the upper end of the chapell * belonging to the Nunnery of Chaillot, near Paris" † (not a vestige of which now remains, the site long since being built over), where, clad in the black habit of the nuns of Saint Mary, it was deposited in 1718. The leaden coffin was enclosed in a wooden sarcophagus, under a dais of black velvet, with the Royal Arms embroidered in silver lace, and surrounded by a balustrade with a brass cross and four black candlesticks. In a recess, hidden by a sliding panel, was a small box, covered with cloth of silver, in which was a silver-gilt heart surmounted by a crown bearing an inscription that the heart of King James was contained therein.‡ Another coffer, covered with white

* It had formerly been in the middle of the Tribune, whence, presumably, it had been removed to "the gallery."

† "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. vii.

‡ When James was dying, unbeknown to the Queen, Louis ordered this receptacle to be made. The Queen's officials in ignorance of this, ordered a leaden coffer, to be used as a temporary receptacle. The heart was deposited (in the former) at Chaillot on the same day that James's body was removed to the Benedictine monastery, viz. on September 17, and on this day the widowed Queen paid her first tribute to it. "Preceded by the nuns chanting the 'De Profundis,' she went to the Tribune, knelt and kissed the urn through the black crape which covered it," falling in a fainting fit immediately afterwards. *Chaillot Journal*. See Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena," p. 355.

damask laced with gold, and bearing the arms of England, likewise contained a silver-gilt heart, containing the Queen's heart, and a third coffer two silver hearts, containing the hearts of Princess Louisa Maria and Queen Henrietta Maria. In front of the sarcophagus was a wax head of Mary d'Este, with cast of her face after death.* Her coffin-plate being now in the British Museum is eloquent and pathetic evidence of the despoliation of the sarcophagus at the Revolution.

Until then the embalmed bodies of James and his daughter remained in peace in a small chapel on the north side of the chapel of the English Benedictine Monastery, near the Abbey of Val de Grâce, Paris. The two coffins are described as being "under two hearses [or canopies], the first covered with black velvet, the latter with damask and silver lace. Round the severall escotcheons bearing the arms of England, etc., enpaled. Within the same convent is preserved a waxen face of King James II., taken from his dead countenance, in which is pretended to be a very good likeness, and on the eyebrows are fixed the very hairs of the dead King."†

In the eighteenth century, before the Reign of Terror, the two royal coffins were one of the sights of Paris. "To a church of Benedictine friars," writes a tourist in 1776, "on purpose to see the corps of James II.—who lies unburied on a stand about six feet from the ground, with his daughter Louisa, who

* Inventory of the nunnery made in 1791. *Vide* "Derniers Stuarts à St. Germain en Laye," by the Marchesa Campana de Cavelli, extracts of which are translated in Martin Haile's appendix to his biography, "Queen Mary of Modena."

† Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library, misc. 730.

C'EST LE COEUP^{TE} TRES HAUTE
TRES PUISSANT ET TRES EXCELLE
PRINCESSE MARIE ELIEONOR DEST
VEUVE TRES HAUTE TRES PUISS
ANT ET TRES EXCELLENT PRINCE
JACQUES FI ROY DE LAGRANDE
BRETAGNE DECEDÉ A ST
GERMAIN EN LAYE LE 7^e
MAY 1718



lies by his side. He is there ready to be shipped off to be buried in Westminster Abbey when any one of his family shall mount the English throne.”* Eight years later the Earl of Mount Edgecombe makes a similar entry in his diary, noticing that the chapel was getting in a very dilapidated condition, and the “ornaments falling to rags.”† The shell of James bore a metal plate with the following inscription:—

“Ici est le corps
du très-haut, très-puissant et très-excellent
Prince, Jacques II.,
par la grâce de Dieu, Roy de la Grande Bretagne,
né le 24 Octobre, 1633,
décédé en France, au Château
de St. Germain-en-Laye, le
16 Septembre, 1701.”‡

A correspondent to “Notes and Queries” in 1850 gives the following curious description by an old Irish monk, who was living ten years previously at Toulouse when he visited that town:—

“I was a prisoner in Paris, in the Convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794, the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there, where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that

* “Notes and Queries,” 9th series, vol. viii., p. 45.

† Extract from the “Diary of Richard, second Earl of Mount Edgecombe.”

‡ “Dernier Stuarts, etc.,” and appendix of Haile’s “Queen Mary of Modena.”

again enclosed in a second wooden one covered with black velvet. That while I was a prisoner the *sans-coulottes* broke open the coffins to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay like a mummy bound tight with garters. The *sans-coulottes* took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect. The hands and nails were fine. I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get one out for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to a *sans-coulotte* for showing the body. They said he was a good *sans-coulotte*, and they were going to put him in a hole in the public churchyard like other *sans-coulottes*, and he was carried away, but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the King's death, and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the Palace of St. Germain, from whence it was brought to the Convent of the Benedictines."*

There are various stories that the body of James was eventually recovered, but none of them have been authenticated. Robespierre was credited with having ordered the corpse to be buried, and the

* Written at the narrator's dictation to Mr. Pitman-Jones, and communicated to "Notes and Queries," 1st series, vol. ii., p. 244.

report was current that it was secretly removed from the place where it was thrown (for the order was not carried out) to the Irish College at Paris, where it remained for some years in a temporary tomb in one of the lecture halls, then used as a chapel, where it gained the reputation that it had previously had of working miracles.* From thence, by order of the Prince Regent, when the Allies were in Paris in 1813, it was said to have been sent for interment in the Church of Saint Germain,† but as the holy edifice was then in a ruinous state, the corpse had to be placed for a time in a temporary building which was used as a chapel.

One would like to believe this to be true, but the weak point of the story lies in the fact that the Irish College had no more means of securing sanctuary than the other religious establishments in Paris. However, that a part of the King's body and that of his daughter rests at Saint Germain is certain enough, for the portion of those internal organs divided between the Scotch College, the English College of St. Omer, and the Church of Saint Germain were brought to light when foundations were being dug for a tower on the site of an old chapel in 1824.

The three small leaden boxes that were found had upon them engraved armorial bearings, but one only had an inscription, which ran as follows: “Ici est une portion de la chair et des parties nobles du corps du très haut, tres puissant, et excellent Prince Jacques Stuart, second du nom, roi de la Grande Bretagne, né le XXIII. Octobre, MDCXXXIII., décédé en France à Saint Germain-en-Laye le XVI. Septembre, MDCCI.”‡

* “Collect. Topog. et Genealogica,” 1841, vol. vii., p. 33.

† “Notes and Queries,” 6th series, vol. vii., p. 435.

‡ *Ibid.*, 2nd series, vol. vi., p. 216.

The other two boxes contained presumably similar remains of the Princess, and perhaps also some part of the Queen. George IV., hearing of the discovery, at once ordered the English Ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart, to give the remains an honourable burial, and the Mass that was celebrated was attended by the descendants of the Duc de Fitz-James and those of many other once notorious Jacobites.* The tablet placed by order of George IV. was succeeded by another in 1855, placed there by the late Queen Victoria. In the wall of the original chapel was a tablet thus inscribed: "Hic sua viscera condi volunt, conditus ipse in visceribus Christi"; and in addition a small white marble slab in front of the high altar marked the original spot of interment, close by which was another slab in memory of the Princess, with the inscription—

"Viscera Ludovicae Mariae
Filiae Jacobi Secundi
Magnaë Britannicae Regis.
Consummata In Brevi Explevit Tempora
Multa
Dilecta Deo Et Hominibus
Annos Nata Propi Viginti
Abiit ad Dominum Die XVIII. Aprilis,
MDCCXII."†

These tablets disappeared when the Church became ruinous before the Revolution.

One other portion of King James, a small piece of his arm, wrapped in a cloth steeped in his blood, was

* "Posthumous Vicissitudes of James II.," by J. G. Alger. *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xxv., p. 106.

† "Notes and Queries," 3rd series, vol. vii., p. 130.

[illegible]



WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF JAMES II AFTER DEATH

buried in the chapel wall of the English Austin Nunnery adjoining the Scotch College. Upon this building being demolished, in 1860, the relic was removed to the new building at Neuilly, but the Commune of 1871 left no trace of its fate.

It may be interesting to note, with reference to the waxen death-casts before mentioned, that a similar one of James in a silver casket is still in the possession of the King's descendant, the Duc de Fitz-James.* Another impression, or rather the whole head, of wax with the death-mask is in the museum of Dunkirk, and in all likelihood is one of those mentioned by Fitz-Simons, the octogenarian monk of Tourville. It is fitted with a lace cap worked by the loyal nuns of the convent of Chaillot, which he was wearing at the time of his death.†

* It was in the Stuart Exhibition of 1889.

† I am much indebted to Monsieur H. Lemaître for permission to have this interesting relic photographed for this work.

THE DESCENDANTS OF KING JAMES

AFTER the death of her husband, the Queen retired from the world for some time to the convent of Chaillot. In October, 1703, Dangeau speaks of her fainting after attending Mass. "For a long time," he says, "she has had severe pains in the chest, which have increased within these few days."* The indisposition which caused the Queen sleepless nights for weeks together had first made its appearance in 1699 with a small swelling in the breast, but so far back as 1685 her health had begun seriously to fail and cause anxiety.

The young Chevalier de St. George (or King, as he was called) had grown handsome, and his good disposition and courteousness made him very popular. An amiability is noticeable in most of his portraits as a young man, which, says Walpole, vanished in after years to make place for his father's melancholy expression. The little Princess Louisa, his sister, was if anything the greater favourite of the two. As she had been the comfort and consolation of her father's latter years, so was she equally beloved by her mother. Her chief happiness, says Madame de Maintenon, consisted in pleasing the Queen, and she would use her winning ways to keep their little family circle united, for her brother, to whom also she was

* Dangeau's "Memoirs," October 13, 1703.



PRINCESS LOUISA MARIA THERESA

FROM THE PAINTING BY MIGNARD IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUC DE LIFÉ

devoted, naturally had many diversions to draw him from the society of his mother. Her father had named her "La Consolatrice." Much as he lamented the death of his daughter Mary, he could never forget, though he forgave, the desertion of her and her sister in 1688. But with a smile for the little Louisa he would say, "Look what God has given us to be our consolation in our exile. I have now a daughter who has never sinned against me." She was tall, not unlike her brother, and had her mother's fine dark eyes. She had also inherited Mary d'Este's wit, and was naturally of a tenderer disposition than the Prince.

In April, 1712, only a month after Louis had the misfortune to lose his only son, the Princess Louisa was seized with small-pox, and died a little over a week later. Her half-brother, the Duke of Berwick, had been stopping at Saint Germain, and had left to attend a levée at Marly, as she showed every sign of recovery. When he returned the same evening, however, she was dead.* The loss of the Princess in her twentieth year was a great blow to the Queen; indeed, to the whole Court, for she was beloved by every one.

The severe pains in the chest from which her mother suffered was nothing less than cancer, though the immediate cause of death (in her sixtieth year) appears to have been inflammation of the lungs. In the autumn of 1714, during another retirement to the convent of Chaillot, she had lost flesh considerably, and her condition was considered serious, and in February the next year her life was despaired of. She, however, recovered to outlive the aged Louis XIV.

* Dangeau's "Memoirs."

On May 7, 1718, Dangeau records: "We heard this morning at the King's* that the Queen of England expired at Saint Germain. She died like a saint, and as she had always lived. It causes a dreadful affliction at Saint Germain, where she maintained a vast number of poor English."†

The numerous charitable calls upon her purse and the irregular payment of her pension had frequently necessitated considerable restrictions in her expenditure, which was never great at any time for her own use. One may judge of this economy when she declared that the shoes she wore cost but ten francs. When by herself at the Palace of Saint Germain she rarely dined in public. The card-table she had given up before her husband's death, and the only recreation she indulged in was an occasional hunt, which she enjoyed almost as much as James himself.‡

Reference is scarcely necessary here to the death of the Chevalier de St. George at Rome in January, 1766, or to the regal honours of his funeral. His half-brother, Berwick, who so distinguished himself fighting against his uncle Marlborough in the War of Succession, and who at Almanza restored the Spanish throne to Louis's grandson Philip, had his head shot off by a cannon-ball while inspecting the outworks at the siege of Philipsburgh. The Duc de

* His Majesty, Louis XV., had quite recently been released from his leading strings.

† Dangeau's "Memoirs."

‡ Martin Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena." It is here related that after the Queen's death her ladies of the bedchamber used to see that the candles on her Majesty's toilet-table were lighted night after night, as if she had still been using them.

Fitz-James (a French title afterwards conferred by Louis XIV. *) and Marshal of France was then sixty-three. His eldest son, James Francis, who inherited his father's Spanish titles of Duke of Liria and Xerica (once a Royal appanage of Aragon), was then between thirty and forty years of age. His mother was the widow † of Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, ‡ who had fought so valiantly for King James in Ireland. Dangeau refers to this union on March 26, 1695. "On Wednesday last M. de Berwick, natural son of the King of England, married at Montmartre the widow of Lord Luan (sic). The match was a love one, and the King and Queen of England consented to it with repugnance." The Duke of Liria's children by Catherine, daughter of Pierre, Duke of Veraguez, have had many distinguished descendants in Spain, one of whom was the Duke of Olivares.

The Duke of Berwick's second wife, Sophia, niece of Lord Bulkely and granddaughter of Lord Blantyre, was related through her mother to Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, and therefore in the descent is blood of the Royal house of Stuart on both sides. The line has been handed down to the present Duke through Charles, the fourth son. § It may be mentioned that by his mother the present

* The Spanish title of Liria descended to the Duke's heirs by his first wife, the French title of Fitz-James to his heirs by his second wife, hence now the distinct branches:—the Duke of Berwick and the Duc de Fitz-James.

† Honora de Burgh, daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde.

‡ The Duke of Monmouth's sister Mary married the Earl's elder brother William. *Vide* "King Monmouth," App. A., p. 403.

§ James, the eldest, died in his father's lifetime. Francis and Henry entered the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church. A daughter, Maria, married the Spanish Duke of Mirandola.

Duke's father,* Carlos, was a nephew of the Empress Eugénie. Jacobo, Duke Huescar, who succeeded to the Dukedom in 1901, is the tenth Duke of Berwick and Liria, eleventh Count of Montijo, seventeenth Duke of Alva, and twenty-first Count Hos. There are beside these three other Dukedoms, six Marquisates, and twenty titles of Count.

The Duke of Berwick's younger brother, Henry Fitz-James, Grand Prior of France (created Duke of Albemarle in 1696), survived his father only a little over a year.† He married Mary Gabrielle, daughter of the Marquis of Lussau, by whom he had a daughter, who died in infancy. His sister Henrietta, Lady Waldegrave, was far from "a consolation" to her father, for she not only turned against him in the last years of his life, but acted as a sort of spy for the English Court. Yet he had been a particularly kind parent to her. But when a widow‡ in 1695 we find her distinguishing herself at the Court of Saint Germain. "The Duke of Berwick's sister married a few days since Lord Galmot [Galmoye]"§ says Dangeau in his "Memoirs," March 26. "Their attachment had been one of long standing, and they had given proofs of it rather too visible. The King and Queen of England refuse to see her; she has not

* Born 1849. The present Duke was born in 1878. His mother was the Countess Maria del Rosario, daughter of the Duke of Fernan-Nunez.

† *Ob.* December 17, 1702.

‡ Her first husband died at Paris in 1689. A black marble grave-stone to his memory is in the body of the parish church of Saint Germain.

§ Viscount Galmoye, only son of the third Viscount who followed James to France, and was created Earl of Newcastle in 1692. Killed in the battle of Malplaquet in 1709. See *ante*, p. 237.

been at St. Germain these seven or eight months." A few months afterwards she removed to Flanders, and then, by permission of King William, to London. "Her mother," says Dangeau, November 5, 1695, "who is sister to Churchill, married some time before the King of England quitted that country, and has always since expressed much hatred and animosity against his Britannic Majesty, although he acknowledged her children in opposition to the Queen's urgent remonstrances to the contrary."

The marriage of Arabella Churchill referred to was with Colonel Charles Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household and Master of the Jewel Office. He died in 1714, aged 67.*

Horace Walpole, when he was a lad, saw old Mrs. Godfrey a year or so before her death in 1730, when she was an octogenarian. Alluding to the circumstance, he writes to Mann: "I have literally seen seven descents in one family. I was schoolfellow of the two last Earls of Waldegrave and used to go to play with them in the holidays, when I was about twelve years old. They lived with their grandmother, natural daughter of James II. One evening when I was there, came in her mother, Mrs. Godfrey, that King's mistress, ancient in truth and so superannuated that she scarce seemed to know where she was. I saw her another time in her chair in St. James's Park, and have a perfect idea of her face, which was pale, round, and sleek. Begin with her, then count her daughter, Lady Waldegrave; then the latter's son, the Ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriet Beard; her daughter, the present Countess Dowager of

* His monument is in the Abbey Church, Bath.

Powis ; and her daughter, Lady Clive ; there are six, and the seventh now lies in of a son, and might have done so six or seven years ago, had she married at fourteen. When one has beheld such a pedigree, one may say, 'and yet I am not sixty-seven !' "

In Horace Walpole's famous collection at Strawberry Hill, there was a miniature by Petitot of James when Duke of York, which he had given to his mistress, and which had descended to Mrs. Godfrey's legitimate daughter, Elizabeth, wife of Edmund Dunch.* Charlotte, the elder sister of this Elizabeth Godfrey, became maid of honour to Queen Mary, and secretly married Hugh Boscawen, afterwards created Viscount Falmouth.

James had another daughter, Arabella, by Miss Churchill, who became a nun and died in 1762, aged 90 ; and also a son named Francis, who died in 1712. His daughter by the Countess of Dorchester, Catherine "Darnley," married James Annesley, third Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was divorced, when she became the wife of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. The striking likeness between this lady and Catherine, the daughter and heiress of Colonel James Grahme (or Grahame), Lord Preston's younger brother and Privy Purse to James II., gave them by repute the same father, and there can be little doubt that Grahme was Catherine Darnley's parent, though when questioned on the point he evaded it with the reply, "Things are all powerful and one must not complain ; but certainly the same man

* It was recently in the collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and is engraved in the author's edition of the "Memoirs of Count de Gramont."



JOHN SHEFFIELD, EARL OF MULGRAVE AND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND HIS
DUCHESS (CATHERINE DARNLEY)

FROM THE PAINTING BY KNEELER IN POSSESSION OF SIR P. GREY-GREY.



is the father of those two women." * Catherine's mother, however, was much more outspoken when she told her daughter not to give herself airs, for the King was not her father. And upon one occasion, when her daughter expressed the desire to go to Saint Germain to see her father, she was told if she wanted to do that a journey to Charlton would suffice.

Charlton House, near Malmesbury, the old seat of the Earls of Berkshire during the latter part of his days, was a favourite residence of Colonel Grahme, although his real home was at Levens, in Westmorland, whose famous Dutch gardens were planned under his superintendence. The close association with Charlton was through his wife, Dorothy Howard, † granddaughter of the first Earl of Berkshire—his daughter Catherine's marriage with her cousin the fourth Earl—and the marriage of his son, Henry Grahme, to the widowed daughter ‡ of Charles II.'s mistress, Moll Davis, who was a native of Charlton, and by local report the illegitimate daughter of Charles Howard, second Earl of Berkshire, uncle to Colonel Grahme's wife (and thus her half-cousin). Charlton is also closely associated with the memory of James, for many of his pictures left behind at Whitehall were afterwards sent by King William to Colonel Grahme's town residence, and from thence they were removed to Charlton, where they remained wrapped up as they were sent

* Jesse's "Memoirs of the Court of England under the Stuarts."

† She had been maid of honour to Queen Catherine of Braganza.

‡ Mary Tudor married first, in her fourteenth year, Francis Radcliffe, eldest son of Sir Francis Radcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater. The Jacobite James, the third Earl, who suffered for his share in the 1715 insurrection, was her son.

for a century.* Among the portraits are many fair ladies of Charles II.'s Court, including Moll Davis and Lady Castlemaine, and James himself as Lord High Admiral.

As for the Countess of Dorchester, like Arabella Churchill, better late than never, she got a husband. The happy pair are roughly handled by Dorset's caustic pen—

"Though she appears as glittering fair
As gems and jests and paint can make her,
She ne'er can win a breast like mine.
The devil and Sir David take her."

The knight thus alluded to was Sir David Collyer, who became Lord Portmore, by whom she had two sons, and through Charles, the eldest, the title descended to the last century, when Ham House, the Countess's seat at Weybridge before mentioned, was dismantled. Her ladyship was clever enough to get a pension of fifteen hundred pounds out of William III., her original annuity having stopped with James's exit from the country. In Anne's reign, however, the grant of five thousand was renewed.

In the burial ground of the Society of Friends at Wisbech is a simple tombstone bearing the name "Jane Stuart," who died on July 12, 1742, aged 88. The romantic history of this old woman, as far as it is known, has been handed down to Lord Peckover (whose residence adjoins the burying ground) by his grandparents; but "the Royal Quaker," as she was called, was very reticent regarding her family connections or the name of her mother, who is said to have been a Protestant. But no secret was made of the fact that King James II. was her father and that

* "Colonel James Grahme of Levens," by Captain J. Bagot, 1886.

she was born in 1654, which made her but five years younger than the Duke of Monmouth. There were, however, occasions when she would be communicative and give her listeners glimpses of the various European courts she had known. Her half-sisters, Mary and Anne, appear both to have been kindly disposed towards her, and would have befriended her had she not preferred seclusion. She had nursed the little Prince of Wales when he was "a little white-headed boy," and she had travelled to Scotland in a chaise to see him at the time of the rebellion of 1715.

Misfortune had visited her like the rest of the Stuarts, for on the very day she was to have been married, her *fiancé* was thrown out of a coach and killed. Soon afterwards she became a member of the Society of Friends, and when her father quitted England she travelled in disguise to Wisbech, where she was employed on a farm as a reaper. After this she spun worsted and sold it in a stall in the market-place. This remarkable woman was well educated and could read Greek, yet preferred the seclusion of a cellar to notoriety, for grandees would come long distances to try and get a glimpse of her.*

Of more romantic interest is the tradition that James buried his crown and other Stuart relics in the village of Triel, in France. The story originated half a century ago by a mysterious lady taking possession of a house and lands there and commencing digging operations. Tales got about that "Madame Deville" was a daughter of George IV., and that her bed was adorned with royal escutcheons. At her death the land and supposed hidden crown passed

* Lord Peckover and the Misses Peckover have kindly supplied the above information to my friend, Mr. S. M. Ellis.

into the possession of a Parisian shopkeeper, and some fifteen years ago there was still a belief (which possibly exists to this day) that treasures would be found.

Of King James's original manuscripts, some ten or twelve volumes bound in leather with silver clasps bearing the royal arms were deposited by him in the Scottish College at Paris; but at the time of the French Revolution it was deemed advisable to remove them for safety to Saint Omer, but the person in charge during the transition stage, fearing the consequences should they be discovered in his house, burned the lot. Whether the Duke of Monmouth's pocket-book was originally among them it is impossible to say; in any case this, with some other manuscripts, was afterwards found in the English College at Paris, and, surviving "the Terror," was picked up in a Paris bookstall for a small sum in 1827.* Two trunks containing the King's correspondence were deposited by him with the English Benedictine monastery, from which they were removed at the time of the Revolution to the Literary Dépôt, Rue Marc, where in all probability they were destroyed.†

Fortunately, transcripts of the most important Stuart documents had been made in James's lifetime. These descended to his heir, the Chevalier de St. George, and afterwards to Prince Charles Edward, and were eventually transferred, thanks to the much maligned George IV., to Windsor Castle. These include James's memoirs, which were published in 1816 by the Rev. J. S. Clarke as the "Life of King

* *Vide* "King Monmouth," where there is an illustration of the book.

† "Dernier Stuarts," etc., see Haile's "Queen Mary of Modena."



JAMES FITZ JAMES DUKE OF BERWICK
FROM THE PAINTING BY CASSANA AT BLENHEIM

1871

James II.," the manuscript being mostly copied verbatim from the original which was destroyed.

Some of James's manuscript prayers and devotions, however, were retained in the possession of his widow, and it was her intention that they should eventually be sent to the Scottish College; but from Prince James Frederick Edward they descended to his son, Cardinal York, the last of the Royal house of Stuart, and from his executor to the Marchese Malatesta.*

A copy in the possession of R. Maxwell Witham, Esq., bears the following interesting note in Mary of Modena's hand:—

"This is a trew copy of the original papers which are now in my hands, and which, when the King my son and i make no more use of them, are to be deposited in the Scots College of Paris, there to be preserved with the rest of the King of ever blessed memory's his original papers, conforme to his Majesty's intencion.

"(Signed) MARIA R.

"St. Germain's, Ja. 27, 1702."

When these devotional papers were shown by the Queen to the sisters of the convent of Chaillot, "We compare them," they said, "to the works of saints for the unction they are full of."†

* The papers were exhibited in the Stuart Exhibition of 1889 by B. R. Townley Balfour, Esq.

† "Memoirs of King James II." Printed for D. Edwards, 1702 p. 80.

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